V. R. I.

QUEEN VICTORIA
HER LIFE AND EMPIRE

BY

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE
(NOW HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL)

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE

A PREFACE is an old-fashioned thing, we are told, and yet modern publishers repeat the demand made by their brethren of Queen Victoria's early days, and declare that one is wanted. If this be so, I am glad to take the opportunity thus given to me to thank the publishers for the quickness and completeness with which the matter printed in the following pages was issued. Nowadays there are so many able writers in the field of literary activity writing volumes, or articles in the newspapers or magazines, that very rapid work is necessary if a man desires to impress readers with his views of a character or of an event, before the public have listened to others. The long waiting, pondering, collating, and weighing, fit for the final labor of the historian, is impossible to him who rapidly sketches in his subject for the eyes of the generation which desires an immediate survey of the immediate past. We may deplore the fact that great themes cannot thus be worthily treated. The facts that are already public are alone those that may be dwelt upon. But these may be so grouped and illustrated that a first view of the history, in which the reader may himself have borne a part, can be presented to the eye. A just proportion also may be given to the various matters which have made history during the sixty or seventy years beyond which no man's memory may pass.

It is to be regretted that this necessity for speed and comparative haste makes it also necessary to be very brief. For in a long reign there is so much of importance that may and should be told that the narrow limits of one volume, presenting pictorial as well as written description of our times, cannot suffice. I had collected many interesting letters from men of mark telling of the great events of the hour, and had intended in this volume to give those speaking of days which have passed fifty years ago. But space defies the attempt; they are left aside, illustrative and interesting as many are. Only the strongest and highest surging of the currents of those days may be picked out as the stream of time hurries past.

Is it wrong to write at all when there is so much of what many must feel to be untoward haste? I do not think so, for men must be fed even though you cannot provide for them the best food best prepared. You must do all you can within the time allotted to secure for them the best available, or they may go farther and fare worse. This is the plea I would put in both for publishers and writer. If there is much that the subject of a biography has himself said or written, which may be presented because already public, the biographer is doubly fortunate in that, saying little himself, he can bring his readers within sound of the very voice to which he himself has been listening. We do not care to know the effect of life and events on the mind of a writer. We desire to hear the person whose life formed those events or whose existence illumined them. Comment on a character and the attempted dissection of motives and actions on the part of an

essayist or historian we must often feel to be an impertinence. Let the dead speak. Do not lecture around their shrines. To do so would be to confess that life is, indeed, a vain show. If the memory of those just taken from us does not suffice for comment, we confess they are already half forgotten. But it will be long before the hurrying waves of daily or hourly business in the struggle of life can efface any memory cherished by her people, or any judgment of character formed by the loving countyrmen of our dear Queen.

Fortunately, however slight must be the sketch of her reign, and however limited the space given for it, the great features of her life are described by herself, and the impressions made on a mind wonderfully open, honest, and truthful have been written down at the time by her own hand. It is this which reconciles me somewhat to the want in this volume of the letters giving the thoughts of the Queen's contemporaries on the wars, the changes in Church and State, and the social and literary landmarks of her days.

To Mr. Mildred I am indebted for excellent secretarial work, and for the use of shorthand, which is in itself one of the achievements of the late reign. The embodiment of the words of the author in pictures, the art of illustration, exercised for quick presentation of the scenes that the public desire to witness, has seen its popular development only in our time. I am indebted to Mr. G. Floyd for the judgment he has brought to bear on the choice of photographs, drawings, and pictures he has been enabled to collect for this work. To him is due the gathering in of most of the objects which have become mementoes of the days of the great

Queen. Mr. A. Rischgitz has kindly assisted by his wide knowledge of art. I fear it has not always been possible to trace the exact dates of some of the portraits, but the courtesy of those who have rights in these matters has been unfailing. To the proprietors of various periodicals I am indebted for allowing the reproduction of some things that have appeared in their pages. Above all, in this category of obligation, I must renew my thanks to Sir Theodore Martin, whose invaluable work has been largely drawn upon for the original documents which show the character of our late sovereign, as drawn by her own letters and the correspondence of Prince Albert. This work of Sir Theodore's was published at the instance of the Queen, who fully agreed that it was necessary that some authoritative and standard history of the transactions in which her Majesty and the Prince shared should be published to counteract the false impression that had been sown by gossip relative to the Prince's part in public affairs.

Determined as this nation is to govern itself, it was always easy for the envious or malicious to sow seeds of suspicion in regard to the conduct of a foreigner in our midst who held the high place of Prince Consort. The silence which must veil the councils of the Ministers of the Crown, especially on foreign affairs, is peculiarly liable to breed distrust, unless there be a clear understanding as to the limits of influence. Where there is family connection or relationship with foreign Courts there must be private correspondence. This may have an immense influence for good, and work for the peace of the world. But necessarily secret as

it is, the public were apt to be disquieted, unless they could hear and see something of what had passed, so that they might judge of the conduct of those likely to have influence in current events. The full publication of the part taken by the Queen and Prince in supporting their Ministers abroad in enforcing British influence and persuading foreign relatives to see matters in a British light, or at all events in clearly showing them the British position so that it might be understood, was an immense advantage to this country. Half the wars of the world come from misunderstandings. Half the triumphs of peace are unseen and unsung because the misunderstanding has been cleared away by correspondence. Were there no means of showing to each other the minds of contending peoples or governments except through the official machinery of diplomacy, there would be a greatly enhanced danger of war. Battle is joined now not by the rivalries and ambitions of princes, but because of the discussion and the consequent fanning of the flame of difference between peoples by the Press of the opposing nations. To prevent the dispute from growing high enough to be the sport of popular winds, to damp down the enmities by intimate representation and explanation, may be the happy and unseen result of the correspondence of the wearers of the crown. Nor need it be feared the pure national interests will thereby be endangered. No sovereign can retain the affection or trust of the people who does not show himself to be at least as full of the national spirit as any one of his subjects. He must represent himself as the national champion. The jealousy of foreign influence is so

marked a trait in Britain that no one would dream of trying to trick the country by using influence save through the Ministers responsible to the House of Commons and the constituencies. But Ministers have been known to be very ignorant not only of foreign affairs, but even of the vital conditions of our own dominions beyond sea. It is, therefore, possible for the wearer of the crown himself, if conversant with other rulers and other governments, to guide the counsels of his Ministers into channels of knowledge and of peace. To do otherwise would be against his own interest. And yet so sensitive was the country to the supposed influences from abroad of which they imagined Prince Albert might be the instrument, that at the very height of his usefulness the crowds in London believed that he had been committed to the Tower! The papers, letters, and conversations of the Prince, given to the world through Sir Theodore Martin, proved how absurd had been these suspicions, how unfounded the criticisms of the crowd.

As one of the Queen's Ministers wrote to her early in 1865, when it still seemed so hard for her to fight on alone after the loss of him who had worked so well for Britain, and had been so little understood—

"We ask not Time to take thy grief away,
Or waken memory of the joy that's gone,
But only that the years may bring repose,
And lead thee gently as they journey on.

"That as he lived to whom thy life was given
In high communion 'midst the things of earth,
Thou too mayst see in all things round thee here
The dawn and promise of the second birth.

"And though the sun that does not shine on us
May deepen shadows from the cloud above,
Those voices sink into the soul at last
In ceaseless witness of eternal love.

"And so upon the torn and bleeding heart
There come from nature and from human-kind
From faith and patience, and from duty done,
A holier sorrow, and the firmer mind.

. . . . . .

"For all the world is God's, and all its plain,
Though scarred with sorrow and with human ills,
Is hourly watered by the streams that flow
Fresh from the bosom of the Eternal Hills."

And nobly did the Queen force herself to work as before her loss, though she could not face as before the constant social representation of her office, which had been made easy for her by her husband. The way that she had to tread had henceforth to be taken without the constant sense of support and efficient aid she had known since her marriage. The look that she gave to all who came before her, gathering in, as it seemed from the gaze, the character she desired to read, used to be brief, and the impression gathered from it could be compared, confirmed, or modified by the wisdom of the Prince. But now that he was no more there, her quiet scrutiny had to tell her more. It had to place in a distinct niche in her memory what she thought of the countenance of each person, and the after-talk on character could not be corrected, as before. That quiet examination by the open blue eyes of the Queen before she let speech relieve the tension gave her an insight into the mind of any one standing before her which seemed a habit formidable enough to a stranger, but

was part of the quiet method which distinguished her in look, judgment, and action.

There is no doubt that the influence of her long life told greatly on the social manners of those open to the example of a Court. There is no doubt that when her ways and conduct were fully known and the force of her character recognized, a better, purer tone replaced the loose and loud and drunken bearing of some of the society of the men of her younger days. There was then courtliness enough in manner around her, and more of finer bowing and courtesying than we can show now. Men and women sat up in their chairs, and there was not so much relaxing of the muscles as there is now. But there was an infinitely greater relaxing of the mind, and the lolling in modern arm-chairs before dinner is not the prelude, as was much of the old stateliness, to a wholly relaxed attitude under the table, and a voice of well-turned compliment exchanged for a vinous snore.

The concentration of people in large towns, and the easy and quick communication with all parts of the country, and indeed with all parts of the world, have wholly modified the modes and manners of all. There is not so much individuality of character, outwardly at least, because the costumes, the thought, the habits of all have been made similar through constant intercourse. Even the peasant dresses which distinguished one part of a country from another are all but gone. In society it is thought extraordinary to hear a country accent. But the better has obtained mastery over the inferior. Crime is less frequent. The opportunity for acquiring an education is almost forced upon all.

The advance in knowledge of one man through study and invention becomes at once the advantage and the property of all. When all read all may rise. All can see clearly how the successful man has risen. In the Queen's girlhood the labor of acquiring the knowledge every man of the world can now hardly escape possessing was sufficient to deter the commonalty. When there was no railway between London and Windsor, and no bicycle, and horseflesh gave the only means of quick transit from place to place, travel was a luxury, and a wide acquaintance with men and things a comparative rarity. Open a newspaper of 1837 and see how meagre the news, and how few the data on which a reader could inform himself of the great events that might be passing. Now all that has happened, and a great deal of what has never happened, is detailed, with comment, so that no one need be at the trouble of making up his own mind on any subject unless he be paid to do so in a newspaper office, when a "leading article" may be wanted.

King George III. never used the Press as a means of communicating with his subjects. Queen Victoria often had her thanks to the nation conveyed to her people through the newspapers. Hers was the first of the eras in which "the thought of one is as the thought of all." Electric currents, though known for so long before, had never until her reign become the servants of man. And with the growing completeness of communication had come also the greater recognition of citizenship. The prison, the evil quarters of the cities, the condition of the poor, the treatment of the insane, were all changed for the better with the admission of

the main body of the people to power. Men of capacity and wealth had always been able to rise to places of influence before her time, but they were not as a rule included in the inner circle of government by becoming Cabinet Ministers. Britain was represented then by the men whose fathers had already risen. The "self-made man" came only into the Cabinet in the middle of the nineteenth century. In all the wise changes made in legislative and social work the Queen took the deepest interest, and as far as she was permitted by the unwritten laws of the Constitution, which exist in England in practice and not in parchment, her action was ever on the side of judicious and considerate improvement. The Queen of George III. had been strict in the discipline of her Court. Queen Victoria set her face resolutely against the attacks of the unworthy to lower the standard of conduct. Around her, at least, there should be no tampering with evil, and the sturdy moral wealth of the British people should be represented to the full in the unwritten laws of a clean and healthy tone. Plenty of enjoyment and fun, but in speech or character and company nothing low and nasty. This was good British common-sense, and vigorously it was maintained. The English love cleanliness and healthiness, and so did their Queen, in this a typical Englishwoman. In one word, she did all that woman and sovereign could do to influence for good all movements of her time. Through a moderating, wise, and motherly mind, she worked with effect for her countrymen in their relations with foreign powers, in the bettering of their own legislation, and for the social life of the whole community. She made herself understood, beloved, and revered.

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Taken in 1894, at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on the occasion of the baptism of the eldest child of H.R.H. the Duke of York

VICTORIA R. I.
HER LIFE AND EMPIRE

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CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

I WRITE at a moment of deepest sorrow. I am told that the words that fill in these pages must tell now more than they were intended to tell of the life of the great Queen just lost to us.

A rapid survey of the history of the century had been prepared. Now such a sketch would be colorless and of little interest were the presence of the mother of her people not felt throughout the events of her reign. It is good that this feeling exists. It is a benefit to a nation when all men and women can look on the head of the state with a human interest. It is well that love and sympathy should attend the sovereign, that no mere formal obeisance be made to one who in herself has represented what is best in the history of her time.

The virtues of a nation are the seed of victories. Without the love of hearth and home, the success of arms can only be a passing glamour. From the strong are strong men bred. A people forsaking private and public honor, and yielding to vanity and license, may be artists, but not conquerors. A dwindling population and a fraudulent government will mark its decline. Where scope exists to give an example which will feed the national power

by the silent teaching of virtue, one individual man or woman may hold the highest mission.

The occupant of a throne has in Britain such an opportunity; and most noble, most regal, and most womanly has been the Queen's example for the space of the lives of two generations. God be thanked for this! Under the sway of our dear mother He has allowed this nation to be strong in commerce and in colonies. He has blessed it with so manifest an increase that its sons, who have gone over sea founding nations in other lands, have ever turned to the old country for a model whereon to build the new fortunes, fed by new resources in regions altogether unknown to the spacious times of great Elizabeth.

And to our Queen, whose reign has lasted so long that the memory of few now living could recall its beginning, was justly ascribed all majesty and honor in fostering and in furthering the wondrous increase which seemed to speak the blessing of God. In other lands and under other reigns, if a man did anything base, he could say that no man need think evil of his conduct, in that the highest in the land did likewise. With us, through sixty years, it might always be held an incentive to worthy conduct that the head of the State lived a pure and noble life. Her conduct has been a light and guide, and up to the last she has done her work, ever laboring for the welfare of her people. The end has come quickly, after a long life filled with duty done. It has been the sudden quenching of the light of a planet where, as in the tropics, the bright dawn of day comes with little warning.

Before we enter upon the life of the Queen we must see into what kind of an English world that life entered. The long reign of George III. closed on January 29, 1820, and his son, who was known to his friends as the "first gentleman of Europe," succeeded him. Society was full of discussions on the subject of the disagreements between the King and his wife. There was a conspiracy against the ministers of the most desperate kind, and it was only owing to a secret warning given to one of the political

leaders that the objects of the conspirators were defeated. A man who had served as a subaltern officer in the West Indies, named Thistlewood, had returned to England, after having resided in France, where he had become a revolutionist and demagogue. He had actually sent a challenge to Lord Sidmouth after insulting him, and, furious that it was not accepted, determined to try other means of revenge. He gathered around him a reckless crew. The plot they hatched was one which certainly implied the sacrifice of their own lives; for, as they were a mere handful in number, it was not likely that such open outrage as they contemplated would have allowed them to escape. A certain number were to devote themselves to the assassination of the ministers, another party were to seize upon the artillery in London, while the Mansion House, which was to be seized, was to be fortified by the guns they had taken, and then an attack was to be made upon the Bank, while incendiary fires should distract the attention of the troops and the police. Happily this conspiracy failed, and its authors received their deserts.

Taxation had been very high since the great war with France. One shape which these imposts took was particularly disliked, in that it took the form of a tax on light. For every window used it was necessary to pay so much, the result being that windows were bricked up and houses darkened to escape the tax. The sovereign's income was then £1,057,000. Our navy cost us five and a half millions a year.

The questions with regard to giving a more equal measure of power, according as towns might possess a small or large number of people, were already rife. This question of so-called reform continued until far into Queen Victoria's reign. Lord Wellesley, the brother of the famous Duke of Wellington, was Governor and Viceroy of Ireland, and it is to be noted, with some curiosity, that the family originally, as did Wellington himself in his early years, signed themselves "Wesley." The name was the same

as that of the famous preacher who founded so large a religious community, and it is not clear why "Wellesley" was assumed in preference. Mr. Canning had been nominated Governor-General of India, a post which would take him away from participation in home politics for a time. The great Napoleon was about to die at St. Helena in the midst of a terrible storm of thunder and lightning; and, amid the volleying discharge of the thunder, he seemed to imagine that he was again on a field of battle, the last words those around his bed could hear being: "*Tête d'Armée.*" Then, again, "*Fils*" and "*France.*"

In 1821 the King visited Ireland, where there was great overcrowding of the people upon poor land. They imagined that the mere coming of the King might bring about a great change, for it is ever a characteristic of Celtic people to expect the governments and their leaders to do more for them than they can ever do for themselves, and disappointment was proportionately keen when it was apparent that the royal visit could not counterbalance the failure of the potato crop. But the British government placed half a million at once at the disposal of Lord Wellesley, and enormous subscriptions were sent from England to Ireland to mitigate the sufferings of the people, aggravated by fever—a sure comrade of famine.

The personal presence of the King both in Ireland and in Scotland had created a most favorable impression. His manner was most gracious, and his tact in conversation unfailing. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm that was shown at Edinburgh when, in 1822, he landed at Leith, being welcomed there by an immense throng who went with him up to Auld Reekie. He wore a Highland dress of red Stuart tartan, a close-fitting jacket being of the same pattern as the kilt, a proceeding based upon a somewhat fruitless emulation of the Pretender—his cousin—of a previous generation.

An incident that shows the difference between the success of our excise administration of the present day, in contrast to its inefficiency in some respects in those days,

occurs to me as having been mentioned by an old servant in a house on the Clyde. Describing the success with which smugglers brought in spirits, and also the ease with which it was possible to get illegally made whiskey without payment of the duty, he said that George IV. had been told by George Duke of Argyll that the best whiskey was that made in secret. The King asked him if he could procure any, and he undertook to do so. The native whiskey-makers were communicated with through some secret friend, and were told that a good cask was wanted. They, on their part, stipulated that the Duke must go in a boat alone to the base of a certain ravine where they would meet him, and, appearing according to promise, a good-sized cask was brought down in the darkness to the boat, which was shoved off, and in due time the cargo was presented to the King, "the fountain of law, order, and government," at Edinburgh, and the illegal contents "discussed."

Among the events of the last years of this King's life was the war undertaken by the Indian government against Burma, a country destined to be annexed to the British Empire late in the Queen's life, when Lord Dufferin was Viceroy of India.

The Greeks, having risen against the Turks, fell before the cruel onslaught of Ibrahim Pasha, and the movement with which the great poet Lord Byron had associated himself ended in blood and ruin. The Turks did a great deal of damage at Athens to the Parthenon, damage which was never sought to be repaired. It was the ruined condition of the building which led, in after years, Lord Elgin to secure for the British Museum the famous marbles which at that time seemed destined to become a prey to neglect, if they even escaped being burned for lime or destroyed by an enemy. Most of the remains of Attic art taken by Elgin arrived safely in England, but one vessel, with many noble objects of sculpture and decoration, suffered shipwreck off Cerigo. It is only within the last few months that diving operations, at the instance of the King of

Greece, have been undertaken, and bronze statues worthy of the best period of Greek art have been rescued from the water to fill places in those fine museums which it has been the privilege and the pride of the King of the Hellenes to see established on the famous centres of ancient Greek life and action.

Another of Queen Victoria's uncles, the Duke of York, died in 1827. It was he who built the fine house at the corner of the Green Park and Pall Mall, known to our generation as Stafford House. The Duke had not been so careful in money matters as he was in military administration, and being unable to finish the building it was bought by the Duke of Sutherland, who added the whole of the top story, and decorated with the most excellent taste the hall and the fine rooms surrounding it on the two first floors.

The Duke of York's funeral was said to be the cause of Mr. Canning's death, which took place after a period of vigorous participation in public affairs. He was called the first debater and the most dexterous wit of the House of Commons.

The coming of a new reign was heralded by a bill being introduced to allow a stamp to be used for the King's sign manual, for George IV. was near the end of his days, and the signing of so many documents was painful to him. Nothing is more remarkable, as showing the devotion to duty of Queen Victoria, than the extraordinary number of documents which were always signed by her. She wrote easily a fine handwriting. In spite of the daily necessity of writing so many letters, her handwriting was always clear and legible, exhibiting the determined character of the hand which guided the pen. It was seldom that papers accumulated in arrear of work, and quite to the end it was remarkable how seldom any document waited for the sign manual. It was a most unwonted circumstance that a batch of Queen's Counsel had to wait for their "silks," because the signatures necessary for their assumption of the honor had, owing to her illness, not been given.

George IV. bravely met the intimation of the doctors

that they could not divert the stroke of death, calmly answering, "God's will be done," and then receiving the sacrament. He lingered for some more days, dying on the night of Friday, June 25th. He shortly before feebly called to an attendant: "O God! I am dying!"

His brother, the Duke of Clarence, William IV., who succeeded him, told the members of the cabinet that he was anxious their services should be continued, a token of good-will which did not prevent them from resigning shortly afterwards. Bluff, sailor-like, outspoken, and wanting the refinement in manner of his brother, he was yet calculated to win more popularity. His chief pleasure had been in entertaining at a very generous table, and he continued throughout his reign to be so hospitable that it was calculated that he gave, on an average, dinners to some thousands of his acquaintances every year. He naturally delighted in having his old messmates of the navy under his roof. Under Canning he had accepted the position of Lord High Admiral, being reckoned therefore to have taken office under that minister. His was the last tenure of that office, which has since remained in abeyance, the work being performed by the Board of Admiralty. This body has always contained among its members many of the best of the superior officers of the navy. They have always been able to meet together in consultation, so that the professional opinion of the service has always been made immediately to bear upon the civil head, the First Lord of the Admiralty, who represents, in Parliament, ministerial responsibility for the efficiency of the navy. Many, therefore, in the army looked to the efficiency of the navy as having been greatly promoted by the free consultation, and therefore by the corporate action, of the professional rulers of the navy at Whitehall. The King was always thoroughly in touch with the spirit of the service. Not only all the admirals were asked, as a matter of course, to his table, but many others who had not attained that rank, but who were able to speak of ancient memories common to them and to the

King. It was said that a nautical freedom prevailed at his house, a freedom which gave a peculiar heartiness to the conversation, and dignity was sometimes lost sight of. It was even declared that the King, the "fountain of honor," had once made a joke on the sacred subject of his own decorations. A gentleman had troubled him often for some distinction, he had complained, but the King continued: "You know how I got rid of him? I made him a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order." "Serve him right, sir," exclaimed an admiral present, amid much laughter.

The King lived much at Bushey Park, a melancholy place except in summer, when all the neighborhood of London is pleasant, and the proximity of Hampton Court and the fine chestnut avenues made Bushey pleasant among other places. The ground about the house is very flat and damp in winter. There are some fine clumps of evergreens in the gardens, dedicated apparently to the Goddess of Dulness. There are excellent stables, and the King lived there very happily. He had by his marriage two girls, who both died when babies, and it became evident that the Princess Victoria might succeed to the crown.

During this period important revolutions took place in France and in the Netherlands. Charles X. of France was held to be despotic and bigoted, and he was compelled to fly to England. The disturbances in the Netherlands finally ended in separation between the Dutch and the Belgians, and the constitution of the Belgian monarchy ended in a Coburg — a relation of Prince Albert's — being called to the throne under the title of King Leopold. This King, the father of the present occupant of the throne at Brussels, was notable for the coolness of his judgment, and throughout his life he was a most sincere and valuable friend to Queen Victoria. His knowledge of England was great, for he had been chosen as the husband of Princess Charlotte, the daughter of George IV., who, until the death of herself and her child, was the heir to the English throne.

The year 1819 seems far away. In many respects the changes have been enormous, and yet many of the discussions upon the questions of the day seem very familiar. The machinery of government worked smoothly enough. Government succeeded government according to the success of their respective parties in obtaining majorities in the House of Commons. Important as Parliamentary history is, it is somehow very dull to read, except at times of crises. Just as it is tiresome to listen to an old politician's anecdotes of the House of Commons, so it is difficult to interest the casual reader in the talk in the Upper or Lower House unless any speeches immediately effected mighty political movements.

It was said, in describing broadly the reigns of the last three kings, that public and private virtue had especially signalized the sixty years of George III. upon the throne. While this could not be said of his successor, George IV., it was held that his days were notable for national glory in victories obtained by sea and by land. And William IV., when he became King, although not before, may be said to have shown the blessings of kindness and to have enjoyed happiness.

In the metre much used in the poetry of the day, Miss Knight wrote:

"Of George the Third's long and arduous sway
A reign of worth and virtue we may name;
With George the Fourth we see our isle display
The brilliant scenes of victory and fame;
Affection's kind domestic joys we view
In our late William's short benignant reign.
Oh! may our Queen her grandsire's steps pursue,
And love and glory as reward obtain,
Possessing in all British hearts the place
Her noble ancestors so justly won;
And may the honors of the Brunswick race
Resplendent shine coeval with the sun."

It is wonderful with what indifferent poetry the court

of the Georges was satisfied. The flame of Byron, the trumpet notes of Campbell, the ringing verse of Scott, could not entitle them to the laureateship. It was held that anybody would do for that, much as the late William Morris opined.

In painting, also, the pleasing vanities of William Beechey were preferred to the stronger character that the brushes of his more distinguished fellow-painters placed upon the canvas.

The Queen's life of eighty-two years began just as her grandfather's equally long life came to a conclusion. Thus these two lives cover a space of over one hundred and sixty years. Yet the steadfastness of the English character, and the excellence of the Constitution the nation had built up for itself, showed throughout this long period in loyalty to the throne. Any differences in politics between rival parties in the state were comparatively trifling, so that a foreign critic exclaimed in envy, "What are your differences? They are merely shades of variation."

When the Queen first saw the light it was only four years after the battle of Waterloo, when the establishment of peace, after the great war, was to last for many a long day. Not that there lacked occurrences which would have led to events of greater gravity in other countries, and which produced anxiety in this.

As we have seen, the state of Ireland was not one that could be looked upon with satisfaction, and in Britain trade had seldom known a time of greater stagnation.

It was said that the death of the Princess Charlotte, and the consequent failure of her direct succession to the crown, induced several of the royal family to enter into matrimony. The Duke of Clarence was accepted by the Princess of Saxe-Meiningen; the Duke of Kent by the Dowager Princess of Leiningen, sister of Prince Leopold; and the Duke of Cambridge by the Princess of Hesse. Parliament voted sums for these several couples to maintain the dignity of their position.

There is no one now alive who could tell us much from

personal memory of his recollections of the father of Princess Victoria.

The Duke of Kent's tutor had been the same Dr. John Fisher who afterwards taught Princess Charlotte. The Duke had led a very varied life, for at seventeen years of age he left England for Hanover, where he entered the Hanoverian army, well known even then among German armies as favoring an iron discipline. He used to tell how, being placed as a cadet at Hanover, the regiment at duty was dismissed in the usual form after parade. "But," he wrote, "the general commanding happened to forget to dismiss me from the post I had been ordered to take up —such dismissal being always accompanied by a distinct and peculiar ceremony—and I continued in a very uneasy position. I was actually forgotten for four hours, when the commanding officer rode up and apologized. I should have remained but for this at my post until I should have fainted from fatigue."

From Hanover he went to Geneva, by direction of his parents, but he returned to England without their leave. For this proceeding he was dismissed to Gibraltar, and in 1791 was ordered to Canada, sailing thence to the West Indies to join Sir Charles Grey. He displayed conspicuous gallantry at the capture of Guadeloupe and Martinique. Three years later he went to Canada, serving as major-general at Halifax till 1798.

He much enjoyed the sports of that interesting coast, indented with so many bays cutting into its well-wooded and rocky scenery. He hunted deer and moose in the back country, made many expeditions to see his old friends at Quebec, and was popular with every one with the exception of some of the men immediately under his own command.

With one of these old friends, Colonel De Salaberry, he ever afterwards kept up a correspondence. The colonel was in command of the forces which came into collision with invaders at Chateaugay. The invasion was checked through the ability of the French Canadian leader. His

family still possess many letters from the Duke, who had a great desire to be nominated Governor-General of Canada.

A fall from his horse made the Duke return to England, and in his thirty-second year he obtained his peerage and the title of Duke of Kent, with £12,000 a year to support the dignity. He was general and commander-in-chief in Canada again until 1800, when ill-health made him return home.

But, intent upon pursuing his military career, he undertook the governorship of Gibraltar, where there was a large garrison. He is described as usually rising before the sun, abhorring the excesses of the table, sober almost to a fault, and punctual in the discharge of duties, however numerous and exacting. He never asked for anything he was not ready himself to do. Yet it was found quite impossible for the soldiers to imitate his self-discipline.

He was specially particular in regard to dress and all the minutiæ of uniform. No one was allowed to wear his hair except according to an exact pattern. Incessant parades and very strict punishment made his friends in vain give him hints that the discipline was too rigid. He had much to say on his side why soldiers should be thoroughly brought under control. They were slovenly and insubordinate, the people had complained frequently of the conduct of members of the garrison, and intoxication had been only too common.

The Duke shut up the wine houses, confined the troops to barracks, and insisted upon reports being made in all cases of inebriety. At the end of twelve months of this vigorous action a conspiracy was fortunately discovered just in time to prevent the assassination of the commanding officer.

The feeling among the troops was so hostile to him that it was considered better to have a change, and he returned to England in 1803. Certain it is that, with merits superior to his brothers, he was kept without his peerage longer than any of them; he was kept away from home,

and the help given to others of the family who were in debt was denied to him.

In order to economize, he settled at Brussels in 1816, and it was from that city that he made an excursion into Germany, and met Princess Victoire Marie Louise, youngest daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg. She had married Prince Charles of Leiningen, a man greatly her senior, who on his death had appointed his widow regent of his principality. When the death of the Princess Charlotte in England made it necessary for the Duke of Kent to think of marriage, he turned to the Princess of Leiningen, and they were married at Coburg in May, 1818. After complying with the conditions of the royal marriage act, they lived at Amorbach, not far from Heidelberg, and, desiring that the child of their marriage might be born in England, came to London two months before that event, lack of means preventing an earlier journey. The Duke of Kent drove the carriage himself the whole way through Germany to the coast, and after the arrival in England he again took the reins.

He continued the same exact life in England. The Duke rose very early, and it was said that one servant had to remain up in order to call him in the morning, not being allowed to go to bed until he had lit an early fire in the dressing-room. At six o'clock a cup of coffee was brought by one man, and another removed the tray. This was according to a system which obliged all the servants to make their appearance in turn.

A bill of the expenses of the previous day was next brought by the house steward, all items being carefully classed. All the bills were numbered. Attention, cleanliness, and smartness were insisted on. So as to give separate signals to the five persons who were regularly in attendance, there were five bells, each for a separate person. Mr. Canning is said to have liked this arrangement so much that the Kensington Palace bell system was copied at the Treasury.

The Duke was fond of having many clocks with musical

chimes, so that one might be audible in every apartment. He was always active in charitable work, scarcely ever refusing to help any well-known and established institution, although himself frequently pressed for money.

One of the doctors who attended him said that his last words to his wife were: "Act uprightly, and trust in God."

There was nothing in the state of the country to make the parents of the expected child do anything but rejoice at the great prospects which might open to their offspring. The Duke and Duchess of Kent came at a time of the year when London was looking its best, when the parks were full of well-equipped carriages with horses coveted and bought by all the world. Much attention had already been given to those which had to work in harness as well as to the racers and the hacks, which were acknowledged to be the best in the world.

The beautiful alleys of Kensington Gardens were getting into leaf. The white blossoms of the chestnuts and the red and white of the may were only just coming into bloom, and the wonderful greenness so characteristic of England was already mantling the country. The pleasant apartments, looking on the one side to the High Street of Kensington, which then was bordered by houses not built so high as to overlook the gardens, had been arranged for the Duke and Duchess. The set of these rooms swept round to the eastward, where another private garden looked towards the Round Pond and Hyde Park.

It was in one of these that the Duchess took up her abode, and it was here that Princess Victoria was born. All the old palace was full of historical memories. The higher main block of buildings, with brick pilasters and crowned by the great decorated vases in the centre of the south front, had been completed by William the Third after the melancholy death of his wife, who died of small-pox in a room facing the main court. You may read the date of this building from the stamp on the leaden water-pipes. Formerly it was the custom to stamp with initials not only one's water-pipes, but even one's wine bottles. Each bottle

was stamped on the shoulder, and each water-pipe was stamped in every joint with the initials of the person to whom the house belonged. Double "R's," standing for Rex and Regina, with the "M" of Mary and the "W" of William between them, formed a cipher, like two joints of one of the sliding folding-gates which nowadays bar the access to lifts in houses. Thus, if these evidences have been allowed to remain on any buildings, you may tell the age of the wall by the plumber's work upon it.

Stretching above the southern rooms which the Duke and Duchess occupied was the great gallery called the King's, where King William III., after his return from Hampton Court, where he had been hurt by the fall of his horse, had thought himself sufficiently recovered to take a walk on the arm of his physician. It was there that a sudden shivering attacked him, and from thence he retired to the bed which he was never more to leave alive. It was in a room at the head of the open staircase, which was afterwards replaced by a marble one, that the Jacobite members of the Privy Council had assembled when Queen Anne was dying—in one of the rooms in which the Queen's toys are now exhibited—with the intention of proclaiming Queen Anne's brother, known to his Protestant adversaries as the Old Pretender, as Charles III. It was there that this Jacobite cabal had been surprised by seeing the doors suddenly thrown open and the figures of the Whig Dukes of Argyll and Somerset appearing uninvited to take their places at the table and to thwart their intentions. Thackeray, who long afterwards lived in a house near the present barracks, tells how these dukes foiled the conspiracy which had been carefully matured. The Jacobites had gone so far as to bring the Pretender over to London, and arranged an interview for him with the Queen in the grounds of the palace. Certain it is that she was seated in these grounds and gardens in front of the old Orangery, recently restored, when the Duke of Hamilton brought to her the agreement which consummated the legislative union between England and Scotland. The

palace had been built hastily in King William's time before his return from Ireland. The somewhat heavy panelling and cornices—to be seen also in Castle Howard—may be witnessed even now as William and Anne saw them executed entirely in oak. The woodwork is the best thing in the house, but the material of the yellow bricks was poor and not calculated to stand, while the cornice and all the parts finished in superior red brick have until the present day well withstood the effects of the ever-increasing murkiness of the London air. The chimney-pieces are almost all of marble, with a great bevelled moulding, but with no marble shelf. They are surmounted by oak panelling, on which hung pictures, a fine collection of which filled the rooms.

The whole of the space to the south down to Kensington High Street on the one side, and to the east up to the Orangery, was taken up by carefully planted flower-beds arranged in symmetrical pattern. The old black and white marble pavement had long disappeared from before the Duchess of Kent's rooms, gravel and sward taking its place. The love of the royal family for the place had continued after the law of the Protestant Succession had given the throne to George I. It was from here that his son started out to take part in the campaign, the last in which an English monarch appeared personally in the field, which was distinguished by the bloody battle of Dettingen. He shared his father's liking for Kensington, and added considerably to the comfort of its apartments. The range of rooms that the former sovereigns had inhabited included the long ballroom, with its coved ceiling, still known as the Queen's Wing, and at the far end of this long apartment, then lit by a double row of windows, was a wonderful and gigantic musical box. The great brass rollers, studded with pins to give forth the tunes for this complicated piece of machinery, were arranged in ornamental cabinets between the windows throughout the eastern side of the room. In the smaller rooms Frederick, Prince of Wales, had his little dinners and suppers, and a

picture hangs in one of them depicting such a scene. One of the guests is pouring wine from one glass into another, the lower being held at a great distance from the upper in the manner of an American bartender composing a "cocktail."

George II. died here, and it was to the good taste of his Queen that we owe the existence of the Round Pond. George III. did not care to live so far from town, nor did his successors, and the state rooms had until recently been allowed to moulder into decay. The last time that there was any considerable number of people inhabiting the old palace was on the occasion of the great Exhibition of 1851, when a large body of troops were quartered within the precincts.

In George II.'s time the surroundings of the palace were kept private, and the King is said to have been robbed by a footpad. When he was taking a walk near the palace, a man suddenly appeared from over the wall which then bounded not only the west side, but was continued along the High Street, where opposite to the centre of the palace a large stone alcove, now removed to the Serpentine, formerly stood. The robber is reported to have been polite enough to apologize for finding the King alone, and for his own necessities, which obliged him to ask his sovereign to give up the watch he wore, as well as the silver shoe-buckles ornamenting his "pumps."

It was on April 15, 1819, that the Duke and Duchess of Kent arrived in England from Germany and took up their abode at Kensington Palace, where, on May 24th, the Duchess gave birth to a girl.

The christening was the occasion of a large gathering a month later. The beautiful gold font was placed on a table in the Grand Saloon. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated with the Bishop of London. Alexandrina Victoria were the names given, but they were too long to be commonly used, and the second of these was that chosen. Familiar as the word is now to us, it seemed at that time to be long and fanciful when men's ears had become ac-

customed to the Georges and the Charlottes. Sir Walter Scott, who saw the child and her mother, wrote that he hoped the name would be changed—a wish that none of us nowadays would repeat.

The sponsors were the Prince Regent; the Emperor Alexander, represented by the Duke of York; the Queen Dowager of Wurtemberg, represented by Princess Augusta; and the Duchess Dowager of Coburg, represented by the Duchess of Gloucester. The Prince Regent and all the royal family were present either at the service or afterwards at the dinner given by the Duke of Kent. All day long carriages thundered under the old archway surmounted by the ciphered wind-vane put up by William and Mary; or, if they had no pass for the court-yard, discharged their passengers at a door situated near the present white colonnade, which brought them through the long corridor to the black and white marble hall and staircase leading to the great reception-rooms.

The royal baby was duly vaccinated, proving that Jenner's great discovery had received the full confidence of the public.

The Princess began her military experience at the age of four months, when she was taken to a review at Hounslow Heath in her father's carriage. That same autumn witnessed the birth of her future husband, Prince Albert, who was born at Rosenau on August 26th. Bishop Fulford, of Montreal, in Canada, speaking long afterwards, said he remembered walking at Kensington in that year, and his appearance must have inspired the confidence of the baby's nurse, for he was allowed to stop her in order to have a look at the baby in her arms. And the next year Mr. Wilberforce, the famous abolitionist, and father of the eloquent Samuel, Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, says that in consequence of a very civil message from the Duchess of Kent he waited on her in the morning. She received him with her fine animated child on the floor by her side with its playthings, of which, he declares, he soon became one.

In the autumn the Duke and Duchess took the baby to Sidmouth. "Two or three evenings before," wrote one of the Duke's friends, "I was at Kensington Palace, and on my rising to take leave, the Duke intimated his wish that I should see the infant Princess in her crib, adding, 'As it may be some time before we meet again, I should like you to see the child and give her your blessing.' The Duke preceded me into the little Princess's room, and on my closing a short prayer that as she grew in years she might grow in grace and in favor both with God and man, he responded in an emphatic Amen. Then he continued, 'Don't pray simply that hers may be a brilliant career, and exempt from those trials and struggles which have pursued her father, but pray that God's blessing may rest on her, that it may overshadow her, and that in all her coming years she may be guided and guarded by God.'" The Duke and Duchess were delighted with the picturesque scenery of their Devonshire abode. The place that they lived at was called Woolbrook Cottage, and here the first peril in Princess Victoria's life came to her from a mischievous boy, who was sparrow-shooting outside the windows, and who accidentally fired into the nursery, some of the shot passing within a few inches of the child's head.

The Duke of Kent wrote: "My little girl thrives under the influence of a Devonshire climate, and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy; too healthy, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family, by whom she is regarded as an intruder. How largely she contributes to my happiness at this moment it is needless for me to say to you, who are in such full possession of my feelings on this subject." He had been determined that the child should if possible be born in England. He had wished that the child should be as British in feeling as was his revered father, George III.

The Duchess was at this time described as fresh and youthful in appearance, with fine brown eyes and hair, naturally cheerful and friendly, and altogether most

charming and attractive. She was fond of dress, and dressed well and with good taste. Nature had endowed her with warm feelings, and she was naturally, therefore, affectionate and unselfish, and full of sympathy and generous. A terrible blow—the loss of her husband—came upon her soon afterwards. Delighting in exercise, and too full of health to be careful about himself, the Duke had one day come home in January and had neglected to change his boots. A cold resulted, developing into inflammation of the lungs, and he died on Sunday, January 23, 1820. For five nights the Duchess had remained by his bedside. He was only 53 years of age.

Croker writes to Lord Lowther on January 24, 1820: "You will be surprised at the Duke of Kent's death. He was the strongest of the strong. Never before ill in all his life, and now to die of a cold when half the kingdom have colds with impunity. It was very bad luck indeed. It reminds me of Æsop's fable of the oak and the reed."

A few days after the Duke's death the widow left Sidmouth and set out for London, accompanied by her brother and the baby Princess, who, "being held up at the carriage window to bid the assembled population of Sidmouth farewell, sported and laughed joyously, and patted the glasses with her pretty dimpled hands in happy unconsciousness of her melancholy bereavement." After their return to London the Duchess of Clarence, afterwards Queen Adelaide, took a great interest in the little child.

Naturally enough there was much correspondence between the Coburg family and the Duchess of Kent, the presence of the two little children so nearly of the same age being an obvious subject for letter-writing. From the very earliest days hopes were entertained that a match might some day result between Princess Victoria and Prince Albert. About this period the Dowager Duchess of Coburg wrote in one of her letters, "The little fellow is the pendant to the pretty cousin"—referring to the Princess Victoria.

The Queen used to say that her earliest recollection

was that of crawling on the floor upon an old yellow carpet at Kensington Palace, and playing with the badge of the Garter belonging to Bishop Fisher of Salisbury, who, having formerly been tutor to her father, naturally took a very deep interest in the welfare of the child.

For the first few years of her life the health and physical development of the little Princess were most closely watched over by the Duchess of Kent, who proved herself in all ways a most exemplary and devoted mother.

Whenever the weather permitted, the little child was to be seen in the gardens at Kensington Palace in charge of her nurse, Mrs. Brock, and usually accompanied by her half-sister, the Princess Feodore.

The family life at the palace was simple and regular in the extreme. Early strollers in the gardens during the summer often saw breakfast served at eight o'clock in the open air, a practice to which Queen Victoria in later years adhered whenever possible. The little Princess usually breakfasted on bread and milk and fruit at a small table by her mother's side.

After breakfast the Princess Feodore studied with her governess, Miss Lehzen, during which time the Princess Victoria went out for a walk or drive. At two o'clock the children had their plain dinner while the Duchess had her luncheon, and in the afternoon came the usual walk or drive. In the evening, when the Duchess dined, the Princess had her supper laid at her side.

At nine o'clock the child was accustomed to retire to her bed, which was placed close to her mother's. In fact, until the time of her accession to the throne, Princess Victoria never spent a single night away from her mother.

The following anecdotes refer to these early days of childhood, though in the case of some of them it is not now possible to tell the precise year. Some of these stories afterwards received confirmation from her Majesty, but others rest upon the memory of persons who were brought into contact with her:

When a very small child the Princess was taken up in

his arms by a bishop, whom she sadly discomfited by capturing his wig, tearing tufts of hairs out of it, and smothering him with the powder.

She used to ride about Kensington on a donkey, led by an old soldier who was a great favorite of hers. So great, in fact, was his influence over the little Princess—who early gave evidence that she possessed a strong will of her own—that he could usually persuade her to dismount and walk when every one else failed.

The story has often been repeated that, when not quite two years old, she was nearly killed by the upsetting of a pony carriage in which she was riding, and that an old soldier named Maloney caught her before she reached the ground and restored her to the lady-in-waiting. He is said to have been suitably rewarded at the time, and in later days the Queen, hearing that he was in great poverty, granted him generous assistance, though she was never able to remember the supposed accident, and always thought the account must have been greatly exaggerated.

When she commenced lessons we are told that she one day inquired, "Why should I learn the alphabet?" But upon being shown some books, and being told that without the alphabet she would never be able to read them, she eagerly exclaimed, "I learn too! I learn too!"

A description of the little Princess at this time says that "her large blue eyes, beautiful bloom, and fair complexion made her a model of infantile beauty."

Miss Martineau records that "the Princess was reared in as much honesty and care about money matters as any citizen's child."

Princess Victoria was provided with a small amount of pocket-money, and was not permitted on any account to exceed it. One day, when staying at Tunbridge Wells, she visited a shop and spent all her supply of ready money on presents for some of her friends. She then remembered that one of her cousins had been forgotten, and she chose a fancy box priced at 2*s.* 6*d.*, but her purse was empty. Of course the shopman proposed to enclose the box in the

parcel without payment, but the watchful governess immediately interposed. "No," she said; "you see the Princess has not the money, and so, of course, she cannot buy the box." The shopkeeper then offered to reserve the article until such time as it could be purchased. This was done, and when the next supply of pocket-money became due, Princess Victoria mounted her donkey, and was at the shop to buy the box by seven o'clock in the morning.

In later life Queen Victoria showed her own approval of such a system of home discipline by bringing up her children with all possible simplicity and freedom from extravagance. She often spoke of the dangers of children in high stations.

One day she was playing in the hay-field, and was making a hay-cock, when some fresh object of interest diverted her attention. She threw down the rake, and was running off, when the governess stopped her. "No, no, Princess, you must always finish what you have commenced," she said; and the little lady had to finish her hay-cock before she was permitted to go.

These little details serve to indicate the thoroughness of her home training, and if they seem to us a trifle overstrict, they at any rate bore good fruit in the methodical business habits which always characterized Queen Victoria.

Leigh Hunt, in his own delightful fashion, gossips about her in his well-known book, called "The Old Court Suburb":

"We remember well the peculiar pleasure which it gave us to see the future Queen—the first time we ever did see her—coming up across the park from the Bayswater Gate, with a girl of her own age by her side, whose hands she was holding as if she loved her. A magnificent footman in scarlet came behind her, with the splendidest pair of calves in white stockings which we ever beheld."

The little Princess is said to have early exhibited considerable wit, in illustration of which the following story

has often been told. One day the lesson in Roman history told how Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, spoke of her sons as "My jewels." The Princess remarked, "She should have said 'My Cornelians.'"

All who knew Queen Victoria in later times were impressed with her absolute truthfulness. Nothing was so foreign to her nature as dissimulation of any kind. Even as a child she displayed this valuable quality. One day she had been rather inattentive during school hours, and the Duchess of Kent happened to come in, and inquired if the lessons were going on well. The governess was obliged to reply, "Oh, once she was rather tiresome." The truthful little Princess gently touched her arm and said, "No, Lehzen; twice. Don't you remember?"

Probably wilfulness was the child's most conspicuous fault. One day the music-master was compelled to remonstrate with her and said, "There is no royal road to music, Princess; you must practise like everybody else." Whereupon the angry little lady at once locked the piano, and, putting the key into her pocket, retorted, "There, now! you see there is no 'must' about it at all."

The Princess was so extremely fond of music that the Duchess of Kent, in order to give her pleasure, sent for an infant prodigy of the time—a child about five years old, called Lyra—whose performances on the harp had become somewhat famous. While this young musician was playing, the Duchess, seeing the Princess absorbed in the music, left the room for a few minutes. On her return she found the harp deserted. The lonely little heiress of England, who so rarely played with a child of her own age, had beguiled the youthful musician from her instrument by the display of some of her toys, and the two children were seated side by side on the hearth-rug in a state of high enjoyment, surrounded by the Princess's playthings, from which she was making a selection for the little Lyra.

One day Queen Victoria was paying a visit to Queen Adelaide, and was asked to choose what would be the

PRINCESS VICTORIA AND THE CHILD MUSICIAN

(From a drawing by Alec Ball)

greatest treat she could desire for her day's enjoyment. To the astonishment of the good Queen she eagerly begged to be allowed to clean the windows as the very acme of enjoyment!

The Dowager Queen's residence, as a widow, was at that time Marlborough House, and the dining-room was the same as that now used, but two "corkscrew" stairs were awkwardly situated within the room, and led up to the first floor. Whitewash or plaster concealed the fine paintings of Marlborough's battles in the hall and on the stairway walls, and it was not until the house was prepared for the Prince of Wales in 1850, that the concealment disappeared, and the paintings were cleaned and admired.

On another occasion, seeing a crowd collected round the door of a house to which her mother had taken her to pay a visit, the child, accompanied by some indiscreet attendant, stole out by a side door and mixed with the crowd, listening to the remarks on the royal equipage and herself with evident delight. But we suspect this must have been at a rather more advanced age.

She was warned one day on no account to play with a certain dog which was of very uncertain temper, but she continued to do so until the animal betrayed himself by a sudden snap. "Oh, thank you," she said; "he did not bite me; he only warned me."

Needless to say, such escapades got the little Princess into considerable trouble with her somewhat strict mother, whose watchful eye was quick to note all that went on.

The little Princess seems early to have displayed something of that tact which afterwards so greatly distinguished her. She was present at a children's ball given by the Duke of Gloucester, and noticed her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, taking his departure. She ran after him and cried, "Won't you give me a kiss before you go?" When the Duke stooped to do so the Princess hurriedly whispered in his ear, "You have forgotten to say good-night to mamma."

Of the impression made by the Queen in these early years

we have a record from the letters of Miss Jane Porter, author of *The Scottish Chiefs* and other novels popular many years ago. This lady dwelt with her mother in a cottage near Claremont, and often saw the young Princess, and was "delighted to find that she resembled her lamented aunt, the Princess Charlotte. She was a beautiful child, with the cherubic form of features, clustered round by glossy, fair ringlets. Her complexion was remarkably transparent, with a soft and often heightening tinge of the sweet blush rose upon her cheeks that imparted a peculiar brilliancy to her clear blue eyes. Whenever she met any strangers in her usual paths she always seemed by the quickness of her glance to inquire who and what they were."

Another description of her at this period states: "Her Royal Highness is remarkably beautiful, and her gay and animated countenance bespeaks perfect health and good temper. Her complexion is excessively fair, her eyes large and expressive, and her cheeks blooming. She bears a very striking resemblance to her late royal father, and indeed to every member of our reigning family."

The little Princess had practically no playmates of her own age, and in later years she spoke of her childhood as being very dull. To make up for this she had a large stock of toys, some of which may now be seen in Kensington Palace. She was especially fond of dolls, of which she had quite an extraordinary number, most of them representing historical personages. Many have been given away, but about one hundred and thirty still remain in the royal collection.

We might give many illustrations of the kindness and sympathy which early exhibited themselves in Princess Victoria's conduct. We are told that when her uncle, the Duke of York, was lying in his last illness his little niece visited him every day, bearing with her own hands a bunch of flowers as a reminder that he was thought about and sympathized with.

One day the Princess was in a jeweller's shop, when

she saw a young lady customer looking at some gold chains. The one the girl most admired was evidently too expensive, and with obvious regret she gave it up and purchased one at a lower price. After she had left the shop, the Princess purchased the more expensive chain and directed the jeweller to enclose it with the chain purchased by the young lady. She also sent a note stating her high approval of the stranger's evident prudence and self-denial.

When visiting Plymouth, the Duchess of Kent and her little daughter paid a visit to the house of Admiral Ross, whose eldest daughter was ill and confined to her room. After luncheon the royal ladies went up to the invalid's room to talk to her. Miss Ross at once rose from the sofa to get a chair for the Princess, but was stopped by the Duchess, who said, "Pray don't rise, Miss Ross; you are ill; Victoria will get a chair for herself." And, sitting down, the royal ladies chatted with her for some time.

The Princess was five years old when she paid her first visit to Ramsgate. "When first I saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent," says a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, "she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting in all the redolence of youth and health on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. She wore a plain straw bonnet with a white ribbon round it, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen from China to Kamschatka. She was allowed to play with other children, and used to have many donkey rides."

When about five years old, Princess Victoria began to receive regular instruction. The Rev. George Davys, afterwards Dean of Chester and Bishop of Peterborough, was engaged to give elementary lessons. The Duchess, however, very wisely insisted that the child's mind should not be forced in any way.

About the same time Miss Lehzen, who had come over to England with the Duchess of Kent to take charge of the Princess Feodore, was appointed governess to the

future Queen. She was devotedly attached to her young charge, and in recognition of her merits King George IV., shortly before his death, created her a Baroness of Hanover. After the Queen's accession the Baroness remained with her till her marriage. Two years later she retired to Germany, and died in 1870.

During 1824 and the following year the Duchess of Kent and her daughters repeatedly spent considerable periods of their time at Claremont, where she was the guest of her brother, Prince Leopold. The Queen, in later years, used to say that these were by far the happiest days of her childhood.

Miss Jane Porter mentions the following interesting incident:

"One day at Esher Church, my attention was particularly attracted to the Claremont pew, in which she and the Duchess of Kent and her royal uncle sat. The pew occupies a colonnaded recess, elevated a little in the interior of the south wall of the church; parallel with it runs a small gallery of pews from one of which (my mother's), being directly opposite to the royal seat, I could see all that passed. I should not voluntarily have so employed myself at church, but I had seen a wasp skimming backward and forward over the head and before the unveiled summer-bonnet of the little Princess, and I could not forbear watching the dangerous insect, fearing it might sting her face. She, totally unobserving it, had meantime fixed her eyes on the clergyman, who had taken his place in the pulpit to preach the sermon, and she never withdrew them thence for a moment during his whole discourse.

"Next day a lady, personally intimate at Claremont, called at our humble little abode, and I remarked to her the scene I had witnessed on the preceding morning at church, wondering what could possibly have engaged the young Princess's attention so unrecedingly to the face of the preacher, a person totally unknown to her, and whose countenance, though expressive of good sense, was wiry and rough-hewn and could present nothing pleas-

ing enough to fix the eyes of a child. 'It was not himself that attracted her fixed eyes,' replied our visitor, 'it was the sermon he was preaching. For it is a custom with her illustrious instructress to inquire of Princess Victoria not only the text of the discourse, but also the heads of its leading subjects. Hence she neither saw the wasp when in front of her nor heard the whisking of her uncle's protective handkerchief behind her. Her whole mind was bound up in her task—a rare faculty of concentration in any individual, and therefore more wonderful in one hardly beyond infancy—and with a most surprising understanding of the subjects, she never fails performing her task in a manner that might grace much older years.'"

In the year 1826 Princess Victoria received for the first time an invitation from the King to accompany the Duchess of Kent on a visit to him at Windsor. The castle had for many years been in an extremely neglected state, and was only now undergoing necessary repairs. The King was living in the royal lodge in the park, and as there was no accommodation for visitors, the Duchess and the young Princess stayed at Cumberland Lodge, where they remained for three days. The King was greatly pleased with his little niece and with the affection she exhibited towards him.

One day during this visit the King entered the drawing-room, leading his niece by the hand. "Now, Victoria," said his Majesty, "the band is in the next room and shall play any tune you please. What shall it be?" The quick-witted little Princess instantly replied, "Oh, Uncle King, I should like 'God Save the King.'" At the end of her visit he asked her what she had enjoyed most during her stay at Windsor. "The drive I took with you, Uncle King," was the answer.

This was the first time that Princess Victoria saw the historic home which was to be associated for so many years with the life and reign of England's greatest sovereign.

In the autumn of this year some time was spent at

Virginia Water, to which the following reference is made in a letter from the Dowager Duchess of Coburg to the Duchess of Kent:

"I see by the English newspapers that his Majesty and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent went on Virginia Water. The little monkey (Princess Victoria) must have pleased and amused him; she is such a pretty, clever child. The bigger monkey (Princess Feodore) was always much in favor."

About this period the little Princess was going on a special visit to the King, when she turned to the Duchess of Kent and asked, "Oh, mamma, shall I go on my donkey?" Her donkey had been the present of her uncle, the Duke of York, and was regarded by the child as her greatest treasure. The King had never seen it, and she had the idea that to take her donkey with her would be the greatest compliment she could pay him.

The following little incident may seem trivial, but it serves to illustrate her early thoughtfulness for others. She slipped one day and fell, while out with her mother, and her first words on being picked up were, "Does mamma know that I am not hurt?"

We have already referred to the fact that Princess Victoria possessed a very strong will of her own, though she was early taught that she must keep it in check. It is related that on one occasion when she was slightly unwell she refused to take her medicine. When the physician called again, this was mentioned to him, and he gravely said, "As that is the case, I must discontinue my visits, as they are altogether useless unless her Royal Highness will conform to my rules as to her health." The Princess was fond of the doctor, and when he rose to go she begged him most earnestly to return, saying, "Do, pray, doctor, come and see me again; indeed, I will take my medicine properly in future."

Here is another story showing the kindliness of her disposition. The doctor was attending her for a severe cold at a time when his own boy was recovering from an

PRINCESS VICTORIA AND HER MOTHER IN 1834

(From a drawing by Sir George Hayter)

illness. Some cakes were in the room, and the doctor noticed that his patient's eyes often glanced wistfully at them. So he thought it well to remark, "Your Royal Highness is not yet well enough to eat anything in that tempting basket, but in a little time I hope it will be otherwise." The Princess instantly turned from the sugared pile, and with a gentle smile said to the doctor, "But your little boy, though he has been as unwell as I am, is now better, and these can do him no harm; I beg you therefore to take them to him."

Looking out of a window at Kensington Palace one very wet day, her quick eyes noticed an old man standing under one of the trees for shelter. He was evidently soaked with the rain, and the little Princess called to an attendant in the room, "Run to that poor man with an umbrella; he is very old and will catch cold."

Lord Albemarle, in his autobiography, tells how at this period he was in attendance on the Duke of Sussex at Kensington Palace, and thus describes the appearance of the Princess at the time:

"One of my occupations on a morning, while waiting for the Duke, was to watch from the window the movements of a bright, pretty little girl of seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the water-pot between the flowers and her own little feet. Her simple but becoming dress contrasted favorably with the gorgeous apparel now worn by the little damsels of the rising generation—a large straw hat and a suit of white cotton; a colored fichu round the neck was the only ornament she wore."

The little Princess was again a guest at the royal lodge in Windsor Park in 1827, when the King presented her with a badge worn only by members of the royal family. This badge she carefully treasured to the end of her life.

About the same period she went to a state dinner at Carlton House, but was only present for a few moments to see the King and royal family. It was, in fact, a con-

stant subject of dispute between the King and the Duchess of Kent that the Princess was brought up in such seclusion, but her mother very wisely considered that the surroundings of a court, and especially of *such* a court, were not the best possible atmosphere in which to bring up a young child, and certainly the end fully justified her decision.

During the summer of this year the usual visits were paid to Claremont, and afterwards some weeks were spent at Tunbridge Wells and at Ramsgate, where the child enjoyed herself finely on the sands.

Mr. Charles Knight, the pioneer of cheap publications, gives the following interesting account in his *Passages of a Working Life*:

"In the summer of 1827 I delighted to walk in Kensington Gardens. Sometimes of a holiday afternoon with my elder girls—more frequently in the early morning on my way to town.

"In such a season, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk I saw a group on the lawn before the palace which to my mind was a vision of exquisite loveliness.

"The Duchess of Kent and her daughter, whose years then numbered eight, are breakfasting in the open air, a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance. The matron is looking on with eyes of love, while the fair, soft, English face is bright with smiles The world of fashion is not yet astir, the clerks and mechanics passing onward to their occupations are few, and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which is, I think, more commonly found in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation. What a beautiful characteristic it seems to be of the training of this royal girl that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye, that she should not have been burdened with the premature conception of her probable high destiny, that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature, that she should not be restrained

when she starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre, that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her. I passed on, and blessed her, and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

As the young Princess was very fond of flowers, some ladies who were in the habit of taking their walks in Kensington Gardens were accustomed to present her with a small nosegay, until after a time little Victoria would expect the present as a matter of course, and ask for the flowers if they were not readily forthcoming. This her governess told her she must not do. One morning she met the ladies, and saw that they were without the usual bouquet. Knowing that she was not permitted to ask for it, and a little girl with a reticule in her hand passing at the time, the Princess cried out to her, "Little girl, have you any flowers in that bag?"

On another occasion, meeting the Bishop of Salisbury while on her walk, she resolutely declined to speak to him, and not all the threats of her mother's displeasure would induce her to open her lips. At last she ran away, and when fairly out of reach turned and kissed her hand repeatedly to the aged prelate. Many stories, more or less authentic, have been told by old servants and others, which go to show that the somewhat strict discipline which prevailed at Kensington Palace had by no means suppressed the natural high spirits of the young girl. Indeed, the Duchess of Kent was far too wise a mother to attempt anything of the kind.

Early in the year 1828 the Queen's half-sister, Princess Feodore, the daughter of the Duchess of Kent by her first marriage with the Prince of Leiningen, was married to the Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. This was a great blow to the future Queen, for, although Princess Feodore was by many years her senior, she had been her constant companion, and was almost her only playmate.

Princess Feodore had three children, the eldest of whom

had a son who is well known in England, for he is a distinguished British officer, namely, Count Gleichen. He served with the Grenadier Guards in the South African campaign, and was wounded at the Modder River. The Princess died on September 23, 1872.

There was also a son by the first marriage of the Duchess of Kent, Prince Charles Emich, who was of course Queen Victoria's half-brother. At the time of the second marriage of the Duchess of Kent, this boy was Prince of Leiningen, having succeeded his father as a minor in 1814, five years before the birth of Princess Victoria.

The boy remained at Leiningen to complete his education, when the widowed Duchess of Kent resolved to reside permanently in England for the sake of her little daughter. Thus it came about that Princess Victoria saw hardly anything of him during her childhood, though he occasionally paid brief visits to England. His death took place in 1859. His son Ernest, Prince of Leiningen, is an Admiral in the British Fleet, and was for some time in command of the royal yacht.

Sir Walter Scott noted in his diary for this year, on May 19th, an interesting reference to the future Queen:

"Dined with the Duchess of Kent; was very kindly received by Prince Leopold and presented to the little Princess Victoria, the heir-apparent to the throne, as things now stand. This lady is educated with much care, and is watched so closely that no busy maid has a moment to whisper, 'You are heir of England.' I suspect, if we could dissect the little heart, we should find some pigeon or other bird of the air had carried the matter."

Whether this was so or not is difficult to say. There is no doubt that every care was taken to avoid premature disclosures on this subject; but Queen Victoria used to say that she had a vague idea of the state of affairs from almost her earliest years. Something of the kind could hardly be avoided. When she was very small indeed she is reported to have asked her nurse, "Why do all the gentlemen raise their hats to me and not to Feodore?"

Baroness Lehzen wrote to the Queen many years afterwards: "I ask your leave to cite some remarkable words of yours when only twelve years old, when the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, you ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highnesss agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys had gone, the Princess Victoria opened as usual the book again, and seeing the additional paper said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed, 'Many a child would boast, but they do not know the difficulty There is much splendor, but more responsibility.' The Princess having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand before she spoke, gave me her little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urge me so much to learn even Latin. My aunts Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me that Latin was the foundation of English grammar and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished. But I understand all better now.' And she gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.' I then said, 'But your aunt Adelaide is still young, and may have children; and, of course, they would ascend the throne after their father, William the Fourth, and not you, Princess.' She answered, 'If it were so I should be very glad, for I know, by the love Aunt Adelaide bears me, how much she loves children.'"

The Queen afterwards referred to the intimation of her probable succession, and wrote, "I cried much on hearing of it," but she subsequently added that the account was not quite accurate.

The following anecdote is related by Mr. A. T. Story, who vouches for its truth: "The Princess Victoria had set her heart on buying a doll she had seen in a shop window. But her mother, the Duchess of Kent, did not let her buy it until her next allowance of pocket-money enabled

her to do so. At last the day came, when she hurried to the shop, paid over the six bright shillings, and got the long-coveted doll. On coming out of the shop with her treasure in her arms the young Princess encountered a wretchedly miserable tramp, who plucked up his courage and asked for help. The Princess Victoria hesitated a moment; then, realizing that she no longer had any money left for the man, she returned to the shopkeeper and gave him back the doll. He gave her the six shillings again, promising also to keep the doll for her for a few days. The little lady hurried out of the shop and thrust the whole of the money into the hand of the poor beggar, who was astounded at the extent of his good fortune."

In the year 1829 the education of the little Princess began to assume more considerable proportions. As we have already noted, Miss Lehzen and the Rev. George Davys gave her general instruction; but, in addition, teachers were now engaged for special subjects. Mr. Steward, who was at that time writing-master of Westminster School, taught her writing and arithmetic; while Mr. J. B. Sale, who had been a prominent member of the choir at the Chapel Royal, came to assist in her singing lessons, though later on she received musical instruction from the famous Lablache. Dancing lessons were given by Madame Bourdin, and it is considered probable that the grace and dignity which characterised every attitude and movement of Queen Victoria were very largely due to this lady's early instruction.

She was taught drawing by Mr. Westall, the distinguished Academician, under whose teaching she soon displayed remarkable proficiency. Drawing was, with music, one of the favorite recreations of her after-life, and some pleasing sketches and etchings—the latter often done with Prince Albert's assistance—have been published.

The Princess studied French under Monsieur Grandineau, while German was imparted by Monsieur Barez. It is worthy of remark that the Duchess of Kent, although speaking English herself with some difficulty, always insisted

that the conversation at Kensington Palace should be carried on in that language. She was most anxious that Princess Victoria should grow up a thorough Englishwoman. The idea, therefore, that she learned German from her mother's conversation is an error. At a somewhat later date, Sir Charles Murray relates: "Her Majesty speaks French perfectly, and both reads and understands German, but does not like speaking it. She is also a good Italian scholar." As she grew older, she mastered Latin and made considerable progress in Greek; and is stated to have been the best educated young Englishwoman of her day.

English history was always a favorite subject of study. One day in conversation with a bishop she was asked what opinion she had formed of Queen Elizabeth. The Princess gave a very discriminating reply: "I think that Queen Elizabeth was a very great queen, but I am not quite sure that she was so good a woman."

The lessons which the little child always enjoyed most were those in riding, in which she became very efficient. In the early days of her reign, nothing delighted her more than a fast gallop through Windsor Park. In fact, so daring was she, that these rides were the terror of many of her ladies-in-waiting.

On May 28th of this year (1829) Princess Victoria made her first acquaintance with the ceremony of a Court. It was at a juvenile ball given by the King in honor of the child-queen of Portugal, Dona Maria Da Gloria. Contemporary reports tell us that the little Queen presented a most splendid appearance, her dress being encrusted with jewels, but "the elegant simplicity of the attire and manners of the British heiress formed a strong contrast to the glare and glitter around the precocious Queen. These royal young ladies danced in the same quadrille, and, though the performance of Dona Maria was greatly admired, all persons of refined taste gave the preference to the modest graces of the English-bred Princess."

This was the first occasion on which Princess Victoria

danced in public, and she had for her partners Lord Fitzalan, heir to the dukedom of Norfolk, Prince William of Saxe-Weimar, the young Prince Esterhazy, and the sons of Lords De la Warr and Jersey.

The account given in *Greville's Memoirs* for May 29, 1829, is perhaps worth quoting:

"Yesterday the King gave a dinner to the Dukes of Orleans and Chartres, and in the evening there was a child's ball. It was pretty enough. I saw for the first time the Queen of Portugal and our little Victoria. The Queen was finely dressed with a ribbon and Order over her shoulder, and she sat by the King. She is good-looking, and has a sensible Asturian countenance. In dancing she fell down and hurt her face, was frightened and bruised, and went away. The King was very kind to her. Our little Princess is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese. However, if Nature has not done so much, Fortune is likely to do a great deal more for her. The King looked very well, and stayed at the ball till two."

It is noticeable that this description of the Princess is hardly so flattering as others we have quoted. But Greville was not addicted to observing the best sides of people or things.

Part of the summer of this year was spent at Broadstairs, where the old inhabitants used to tell with what evident delight the little girl played about on the sands. On the way back to Kensington, a visit of two days was paid to the Earl of Winchilsea at his country seat near Ashford. In the same year Princess Victoria saw her uncle, George IV., for the last time. His health was failing fast.

The Duchess of Kent was now less straitened in means, more generous provision having been made by Parliament for the maintenance of her household, in view of the prospects and probable future position of the Princess. It thus became possible for the Duchess and her daughter to indulge more freely in travel. The wise mother was quick to take advantage of this opportunity, for she very rightly

held that if her daughter ever became Queen of England, it would be of the greatest advantage to her to have formed a general acquaintance with the chief parts of her country.

In the summer of 1830 two pleasant months were spent at Malvern, where the Royal party stayed at "Holly Mount," a fine old-fashioned mansion on the hillside, commanding one of the finest views in England.

While here the days were spent in rambling about the hills and—in climbing trees, a taste that was rather perilous in one so young. Local tradition says that on one occasion she was found perched in an apple-tree, unable to descend till a gardener came to the rescue.

On the way to Malvern a brief visit had been paid to the famous home of the Marlboroughs at Blenheim, and some time had been spent at Stratford-on-Avon, where the various associations with Shakespeare were studied with no small interest. Warwick, Kenilworth, and Birmingham were also included in the line of route. At the last-named town many of the principal manufactories were visited, attention being particularly paid to the glass-blowing and coining.

While at Malvern excursions were made to Earl Beauchamp's seat at Madresfield; to Eastnor Castle, the home of the Somersets; and to other noblemen's seats, as well as to the cities of Hereford and Worcester. At the latter city the Royal Porcelain Works came in for a good deal of notice.

On the return from Malvern, Badminton and Gloucester were visited, and the journey was continued through Bath to East Stoke Park, where the acquaintance of Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, was made.

In his diary he notes: "The Duchess sang a duet or two with the Princess Victoria, and several very pretty German songs by herself. I also sang several songs, with which her Royal Highness was much pleased."

The party now proceeded over Salisbury Plain, and visited Stonehenge on the way to Salisbury, where the young Princess was received with the greatest enthusiasm,

and, as usual, was immensely interested in studying the antiquities at the Cathedral.

It needs to be remembered that these journeys were much more serious undertakings than such excursions would be at the present day. There was no rapid travelling by railway then, but all the journeys had to be taken by post-chaise or coach, with, however, the compensating advantage that the country was seen to far better purpose.

The next stay was at Portsmouth, where the Princess visited the *Royal George* yacht and the *St. Vincent* man-of-war, and spent considerable time in exploring the dock-yard. Even at this early age she exhibited great interest in all matters connected with the Navy.

In the December of this year, a Regency Bill was passed, appointing the Duchess of Kent to be Regent in the event of her daughter, the Princess Victoria, ascending the throne during her minority. The speeches delivered by Ministers in both Houses on this occasion showed how entirely the country approved the course taken by the Duchess in the education of the future Queen. This was no small satisfaction to Her Royal Highness, who at first had been considerably misunderstood.

At the close of the year Parliament was prorogued by the King, and the Princess Victoria witnessed the State procession in company with the Queen and Royal Family. On this occasion the Queen took her young niece by the hand, and, leading her to the front of the balcony, introduced her to her future subjects.

In the following year (1831) an important addition to the household of the Princess was made by the appointment of a State Governess, the Duchess of Northumberland. This lady, however, had nothing to do with the teaching of her charge, her function being mainly an ornamental one. She was supposed, however, to accompany the Princess on all public occasions, and to give any hints that might be necessary upon Court etiquette.

It was in the month of January that the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria commanded a performance at

Covent Garden Theatre, which was the first playhouse her Majesty ever visited. The Duchess and her daughter occupied Prince Leopold's box, the second from the stage on the left side of the house. The audience was largely composed of children, and after the performance of the farce, "The £100 Note," there were cries of "God Save the King," which directed attention to the Royal visitors, who were warmly cheered. A pantomime was played, and the Princess entered into the spirit of the performance with great enjoyment, and laughed heartily at the eccentricities of it.

On February 24th the Princess made her first appearance at a Drawing-room. It was held in honor of Queen Adelaide. During the reception she stood on the left of the Queen, dressed very simply in white, with a pearl necklace and a diamond ornament in her hair. Henceforward she attended Drawing-rooms twice every year, but did not take part in State balls or evening ceremonies until a considerably later period.

Baroness Lehzen, writing in May of this year, said: "My Princess will be twelve years old to-morrow. She is not tall, but very pretty; has dark blue eyes, and a mouth which, though not tiny, is very good-tempered and pleasant; very fine teeth, a small but graceful figure, and a very small foot. She was dressed to receive me in white muslin, with a coral necklace. Her whole bearing is so childish and engaging that one could not desire a more amiable child."

Just about this time occurred what appears to be Prince Albert's first message to his future bride. It is merely one of "best remembrances to our dear cousin," but it serves to show that the two took some slight interest in one another. It was not till some time later, however, that they met for the first time.

In August of this year the Princess paid her first visit to the Isle of Wight, where she stayed for two months in company with her mother. During this time she made a tour round the western part of the island, visiting Ryde

and Ventnor, Yarmouth and Newport, and on the way home paying a visit to her uncle, Prince Leopold, at Claremont.

Claremont is interesting on account of its previous history. It was built by the great Clive, who, after his marvellous career in India, bought the estate, and spent a great deal of the money won in the East on its adornment. The house is a most comfortable brick parallelogram, with a central hall in which is the stairway, and lit from above. In front there is the inevitable portico, so favored by architects in the eighteenth century, and from the platform underneath its huge columns there is a fine view over to the distant Epsom Downs. A large front hall, decorated in Adam's style, which blended Roman massiveness with the delicate semi-Greek decoration of Pompeii, is paved with marble. A library and large dining-room are on the right, and on the left are good rooms in which Louis Philippe lived. Extending along most of the back of the house is a great room which the French family used for receptions. There are fine cedars, and even cork-trees, on the lawns around, which rise on one side to mounds covered with good timber. Near the stables, on the other side, is a very large kitchen-garden, with massive brick walls, and groves of pine-trees commence beyond a little lake, which, surrounded by woods and masses of rhododendron, is stocked with water-fowl. The pasture-lands in front of the house fall away in pleasant slopes, and possess a large farm-yard, in the centre of which, on a column, stands a bronze peacock, placed there by Clive, in memory of his days in India, where, as in Persia, the beautiful bird is constantly used as an ornament, sometimes wondrously jewelled on the thrones of princes, and sometimes in sculptured relief around the halls of their palaces.

Beneath an old brick tower which rises from the wooded mound near the house may still be seen the model fortifications dug by the young French Princes, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres, who, unable to pursue a military career in the French army, took part in the Amer-

ican Civil War on the side of the North. Their uncle, the Duc d'Aumale, had been compelled to leave his command in the Army of Algeria, when the news of the King's flight from the Tuileries reached Africa. He bitterly felt the necessity which robbed him of military ambition, but was fortunate in possessing that love of art and literature which is one of the best resources, for it enabled him to give to his country valuable works in history, and a collection of pictures and of things of interest and beauty nobly bequeathed to the French nation at his death with the Palace of Chantilly.

Queen Victoria bought Claremont, and lived there occasionally, but its associations remind one more of George IV.'s handsome and unfortunate daughter, Princess Charlotte, who, not too happy with her father, had a brief period of good fortune when she wedded Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians, and Claremont was her home during the time when it was believed that she would become Queen of England. The L's of King Leopold are still to be seen on the iron railings surrounding a terrace in front of a conservatory on the slopes of the hill overlooking the little lake. It was at Claremont that the Princess and her babe died. A memory still more sad for the Queen clung to the house, for her dear and gifted son, called after King Leopold, had this place as his home; alas! only for a few short years.

In the following summer an extended tour was taken by the Princess and her mother. Passing through Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and Shrewsbury, they proceeded to Powys Castle. Thence they went by way of the Menai Bridge to the Isle of Anglesey, where they stayed at the "Bulkeley Arms" at Beaumaris, which had been taken for a month. Here the Princess performed what seems to have been her first public function. The National Eisteddfod was in session, and she presented the prizes to the successful competitors.

The stay at Beaumaris was cut short by an outbreak of sickness in the locality, and the royal party removed to

Plas Newydd, where the Princess laid the first stone of a boys' school, and exhibited considerable interest in the educational arrangements of the place. Bangor, Conway, and Holywell were next visited, after which the royal party went on to Eaton Hall. During their stay there a visit was paid to Chester, on which occasion the new bridge over the Dee was opened and received the name of "Victoria." Next they visited the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, from which centre Matlock and many neighboring places of interest received attention.

On their way back to Oxford they contrived to visit an extraordinary number of towns in the Midlands, careful notes upon all of which were recorded in the Princess's diary. Among others a visit was paid to Bromsgrove, where the Princess was especially interested in the manufacture of nails. She was greatly delighted to receive a present from the Bromsgrove nailers consisting of a thousand microscopical nails of all patterns enclosed in a quill and presented in a little gold box.

At Oxford addresses were presented by the Vice-Chancellor on behalf of the University and by the Mayor and Corporation on behalf of the City. Several of the colleges were visited, as was also the University Press, where the Princess was presented with a handsomely bound Bible and an account of her visit printed on satin.

The early part of 1833 was passed at Kensington, where the usual studies were kept up, though the Princess now went rather more frequently into society. In April the Duchess of Kent gave a dinner to the King at Kensington Palace, but the Princess as usual did not dine, but merely appeared in the drawing-room before and after dinner.

On her fourteenth birthday, which occurred this year, a juvenile ball was held at St. James's Palace in her honor. The King led her into the ballroom and again to supper, where she sat beside him in the seat of honor. King William IV. seems to have been warmly attached to his little niece, and did not approve the action of the Duchess of Kent in allowing her to be with him so seldom.

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN

From this period the Princess frequently attended the opera, where she heard most of the leading singers of the day.

During the summer, visits were made to Sion and Claremont; in July the Princess went with her mother for a second tour in the Isle of Wight. This time she was accompanied by her half-brother, the Prince of Leiningen, who was in England spending his holidays. The party stayed principally at Norris Castle.

It was on this occasion that Princess Victoria first made the acquaintance of Osborne Lodge, an old-fashioned house which she afterwards bought, and upon whose site Osborne House was built. She attended service at old Whippingham Church, and was present at the consecration of the church at East Cowes.

A prolonged tour in the yacht *Emerald* was now taken. Southampton and Portsmouth were first visited, and the flagship *Victory* was inspected. The Princess delighted the men by sharing their dinner at one of the tables, and remarked in her diary with satisfaction on the neatness and order of the ship. The royal party next went by water to Weymouth, where the town was illuminated and addresses were presented.

It should be noted that by this time it seemed certain that Queen Adelaide would have no children, and that the Princess Victoria would succeed King William IV., whose health was now fast failing. Thus she was received with royal honors wherever she went, and was everywhere welcomed as the coming Queen. The King made many jokes about what he called "little Victoria's royal progresses," though he seems to have somewhat disliked the fuss that was made.

From Weymouth visits were paid by land to Melbury and Bridport, whence they returned to the *Emerald*, in which they proceeded to Torquay.

On their way to Plymouth the yacht collided with a hulk and greatly damaged her masts and rigging. Reports at the time stated that the pilot snatched up the

Princess and carried her to a safe position, and that a moment later the mast fell on the spot where she had been standing. But the Queen herself afterwards said that there was more fear than danger, and that comparatively little harm resulted from the accident.

At Plymouth the Princess reviewed the 22nd, 84th, and 89th Regiments, and presented new colors to the last. Afterwards a visit was paid to the *San Josef*, a vessel which had been taken by Nelson from the Spaniards at St. Vincent. This and the *Caledonia*, another warship which Princess Victoria boarded, each carried 120 guns. Not content with this, the Princess visited the *Revenge*, a two-decker of seventy-four guns, and one of the last built of her class. She was known long afterwards as the *Empress*, and is to be seen at the present day fulfilling the functions of a training-ship on the Clyde. The Eddystone Lighthouse was also visited, and the Plymouth breakwater was explored.

Space would fail to describe in detail all that was done during this lengthy tour, during which Dartmouth, Teignmouth, Dawlish, Exeter, Honiton, Axminster, Dorchester, Wareham, and Swanage were all visited.

During their stay in the Isle of Wight this year an American visitor, entering Arreton Churchyard to see the grave of the famous Dairyman's Daughter, found a young girl sitting by its side reading Leigh Richmond's pathetic story aloud to an older lady, and subsequently learned that they were the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent.

The year 1834 was a comparatively quiet one, and but little is recorded of the movements of the Princess. The following lines of Southey, then Poet Laureate, were written on her fifteenth birthday:

> When regal glory gems that brow,
> So humble, meek, and gentle now,
> May England's haughty foemen bow,
> And England's children brave
> The glory of their name avow—
> The lords of land and wave!

The principal event occurred in June, when she went in state with the King and Queen to the first performance of the Royal Musical Festival at Westminster Abbey. On the way she was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm as the future Queen.

The first visit of the Princess to a racecourse occurred about this time, when she was taken to Ascot, where in the crowd was an American gentleman who wrote: "In one of the intervals I walked under the King's stand, and I saw her Majesty the Queen and the young Princess Victoria very distinctly. They were leaning over a railing listening to a ballad singer, and seeming as much interested and amused as any simple country folk could be. The Princess is much better-looking than any picture of her in the shops, and for the heir to such a crown as that of England unnecessarily pretty and interesting. She will be sold, poor thing—bartered away—by those dealers in royal hearts whose grand calculations will not be much consolation to her if she happens to have a taste of her own." There is no need to say how completely this prediction failed to fulfil itself.

In the autumn Calverley House was taken for two months at Tunbridge Wells, a town which at that time was a more fashionable resort than it has now become, and to which the Duchess of Kent was greatly attached. Afterwards two quiet months were spent at St. Leonards, which was then a somewhat exclusive and little-frequented marine resort.

The King and Queen and many members of the royal family attended her confirmation, which took place on July 30, 1835, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. She received the Holy Sacrament for the first time on the following Sunday at Kensington. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Chester, her tutor, officiated. Soon after her Confirmation Princess Victoria again accompanied her mother to Tunbridge Wells, where she took great interest in the schools, frequently visiting them and making minute inquiries into the progress of the pupils.

In September a lengthy tour was undertaken. The first visit was paid to the ancestral home of the Cecils at Hatfield. Next came visits to Stamford, Grantham, Newark, Doncaster, and York. Here the famous old minster greatly interested her, and a short stay was made with the Archbishop at the palace at Bishopsthorpe.

Some days were next spent in studying the manufactories at Leeds, Wakefield, and Barnsley. By way of Rotherham they proceeded to Belvoir Castle and to Wentworth House, where an amusing incident occurred.

The Princess was running about one wet morning on the terrace, when the gardener warned her to be careful, as the ground was "slape." She turned and asked, "What is 'slape'?" At that moment her heels flew up and she sat down suddenly on the slippery ground. "That is 'slape,' miss," replied the old servant, as he hastened to her assistance.

Next a short stay was made at Burghley. Greville, in his *Memoirs*, gives some interesting particulars. He says: "There are vast crowds of people to see the Princess Victoria, who comes over from Wentworth to-day." On September 21st he adds: "Came here on Saturday to meet the Duchess of Kent and Princess Victoria. They arrived from Belvoir at three o'clock in a heavy rain, the civic authorities having turned out at Stamford to escort them, and a procession of different people, all very loyal. When they had lunched, and the Mayor and his brethren had got dry, the Duchess received the address, which was read by Lord Exeter as Recorder. It talked of the Princess as destined 'to mount the throne of these realms.'"

On September 27th Greville adds: "The dinner at Burghley was very handsome; all went off well, except that a pail of ice was landed in the Duchess of Kent's lap, which made a great bustle. Three hundred people at the ball, which was opened by Lord Exeter and the Princess Victoria, who after dancing one dance went to bed."

From Burghley the royal party proceeded to visit Peter-

borough, Thornley, Wisbech, and King's Lynn. Next a short stay was made at Holkham.

"Great was the preparation," says Lord Albemarle, "on this occasion. Their Royal Highnesses were expected at dinner, but they were detained two hours by the 'bankers' (navvies) of Lynn, who, in an excess of loyalty, insisted upon drawing the royal carriage round the town. The Egyptian Hall at Holkham was brilliantly lighted up, and filled with persons anxious for a sight of their future Queen.

"At length the carriage and four, escorted by a body of Yeomanry Cavalry, drove up to the door, and three ladies alighted. Mr. Coke, with a candle in each hand, made them a profound bow. When he recovered his erect position the objects of his homage had vanished. They were the dressers!

"Soon after their Royal Highnesses appeared in person. Both were most affable. The youthful Princess in particular showed in her demeanor that winning courtesy with which millions of her subjects have since become familiar."

After leaving Holkham, a short stay was made at Euston Hall, after which the royal party returned to Kensington. Later on a quiet month was spent at Ramsgate, and short visits were paid to Walmer Castle and Dover.

Thus we have seen how from very early years the future Queen of England was taught to guard her health by abundant exercise and almost rigid temperance; to acquire fearlessness by familiarity with riding and sailing; to practise strict economy, though never at the expense of a discriminating charity; and to cultivate that self-reliance which, while it made her independent in her opinions, was never allowed to degenerate into mere self-will.

Year by year her intellectual development was provided for by a liberal and systematic education, while she found her chief recreations in travel and in the practice of music and drawing.

Her father, the Duke of Kent—at any rate during the later years of his life—favored the Whig party, and the

young Princess's early instructions in politics were probably derived, in great part, from that source. It was very largely due to the subsequent influence of the Prince Consort that Queen Victoria adopted that attitude of absolute neutrality in matters of party politics which distinguished her throughout the long years of her reign.

In the year 1836 began certain other influences which were to strengthen all that was good in the training received in the more plastic time of childhood. King Leopold, whose brother was Prince Albert's father, the Duke of Coburg, had taken a natural interest in the succession to the throne, which, upon his own wife's death, had passed to the Princess Victoria. He had always expressed a strong hope that the young Coburg Prince might some day become the Princess's husband.

With this end he asked his private secretary, Baron Stockmar, to make careful inquiries into the life and character of the Prince. No better agent could have been found than this gentleman, of whom Lord Palmerston once said, "I have come in my life across only one absolutely disinterested man—Stockmar." His report was highly favorable, and King Leopold persuaded the Duchess of Kent to invite the Duke of Coburg and his two sons to visit Kensington Palace. They arrived in May, and spent nearly four weeks in England. Thus for the first time the Princess saw her future husband.

The two young men were treated to a round of gayety on a scale to which they had not been accustomed. They were fêted at Windsor and at St. James's Palace by the King and by various members of the royal family, and they had opportunities of seeing all the chief attractions of the metropolis. They were especially impressed by the anniversary service of the London Charity Schools at St. Paul's Cathedral. After the service they were entertained at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and met a large gathering of the chief citizens.

Prince Albert confessed to being rather bored by all these festivities, and could hardly keep awake through the long

hours of the balls and parties. But he was careful to mention in a letter that "Our aunt Kent is very kind to us, and our cousin also is very amiable."

It was from the first to be a *sine qua non* that the object of the visit should be kept strictly secret from the Princess as well as from Prince Albert, so as to leave them completely at their ease. But at the close of their visit the Princess was told of the hopes cherished by her uncle, and she wrote to him, after the departure of Prince Albert: "I have now only to beg you, my dearest uncle, to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on this subject, now of so much importance to me."

Nothing was said to Prince Albert of this letter, but the Princess was kept informed of the studies and movements of the brothers, whether they were staying at Brussels or at Bonn.

From that time onward an occasional correspondence was kept up between the two cousins, Prince Albert sending accounts of his tours on the Continent, with little books of views of the places visited.

The fun that was latent in Prince Albert's nature made his society most amusing to his companions, for he was an excellent mimic, and used to take off the professors at college. But, able as he was to see the humorous side of anything, he always left any frivolities for the lighter moments of life.

How seriously he took serious things was shown in his letter to the Princess a year later, when he heard of the death of her uncle, the King. "Now," he wrote, "you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe. In your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with all its strength in that high but difficult task! I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious; and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects."

On May 24, 1837, the Princess celebrated her eighteenth

birthday, and attained her legal majority. At seven o'clock in the morning she was serenaded at Kensington Palace by a band of thirty-seven performers. She sat at an upper window during the concert, and asked that a song containing expressions complimentary to her mother might be repeated. All through the morning congratulatory visits were paid to the Duchess and her daughter, and numerous valuable presents arrived. The King sent a magnificent grand piano valued at two hundred guineas.

In the evening a state ball took place at St. James's Palace, when the Princess for the first time took precedence of her mother, and occupied the chair of state. The King and Queen were absent, owing to the serious condition of the former, who was now upon what proved to be his death-bed. London was illuminated at night, and fêtes were held in many provincial towns.

A notable incident was the visit of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, who proceeded in state to Kensington Palace to present the congratulations of the City. For many days afterwards addresses poured in from all parts of the kingdom.

I shall make no apology for further reference to the Queen's childhood, for it is impossible to ignore the interest which attaches to legitimate domestic details among the Teutonic peoples. All such which are not of an indiscreet character, but which help to show the nature of the person whose memoirs are being written, are of legitimate interest. No better proof of this could have been given to me than that which arose from an incident showing knowledge in America of the family life of the late Chevalier de Bunsen, who for some years held the office of Minister of Prussia in London. One of his most gifted sons, George de Bunsen, an old friend of mine, and a member of the German Reichstag, came to see me in Canada. I had only a few hours' notice of his arrival, and was desirous to get some prominent men among the statesmen and judges at the Canadian capital to meet him. Going to their houses to ask these friends to dine with me, and telling

them who was the guest they were to meet, I found that they and their families knew almost as much about De Bunsen's father and himself as I did, for the Memoirs of the Chevalier had been read by almost all of them. His was certainly a fascinating personality, though it was not so much the distinguished part he took in Prussian and German politics, or his writings upon the Egyptian dynasties, or other works which had made him well known, but the pleasant pictures given of him as the father of his family—a good husband and a devoted friend.

The experiences, therefore, of those who, in her girlhood, had to do with our Queen and our Queen's education, cannot be passed over and omitted as mere nursery tittle-tattle, but have a value of their own. They indicate character; they often show the germs of that excellence which became afterwards apparent to all the world. One of the most charming narrations of this kind is given in a journal kept by her tutor, the Rev. G. Davys, between April, 1823, and 1825, now published for the first time. He writes:

"On Monday, April 7, 1823, I was introduced to the Duchess of Kent by Captain Conroy.

"Wednesday, April 16th, I attended the Princess Victoria. She was not yet four years old. Her first lesson was the alphabet, which the Princess had learned before. Then the following line, b—a, b—e, b—i, b—o, b—u, b—y, which we did not quite conquer. The Duchess of Kent afterwards translated a page of French into English. The Duchess seems to be very anxious for the improvement of her little daughter, and had promised her a reward if she said a good lesson. The Princess asked for the reward before she began the lesson.

"17th.—Princess Victoria took a lesson of about three-quarters of an hour. The Princess had a good pronunciation, though there were a few words which she could not make quite right. She confused the sound of 'v' with that of 'w,' and pronounced *much* as *muts*. We tried to count as far as five, and could not quite manage it. I tried to teach her to make an 'o' on a slate, but could not

make her move her hand in the right direction. The Duchess took no lesson. Princess Feodore read in *Belzoni's Travels.*

"21st.—I wrote some short words on cards for Princess Victoria, and endeavored to interest her by making her bring them to me from a distant part of the room as I named them.

"24th.—Princess Victoria wished to make an 'o' when I wished her to make an 'h.' I had promised her that if she made a good copy of 'h's' to-day she should have a copy of 'o's' to-morrow. We spelled some words of three letters.

"25th.—A lesson of two hours with Princess Victoria and Princess Feodore to-day. When we were to begin our copy of 'o's,' Princess Victoria wished for 'h's.' She seems to have a will of her own. She seems to be a sweet-tempered child, and is soon brought to obedience. By the Duchess's desire I brought the nursery rhymes, and read a story of a little girl who cried to be washed.

"May 2d.—A lesson with Princess Feodore. Princess Victoria not well enough to take the lesson. I asked her to spell a few words, among the rest the word *bad.* I believe she imagined that the word was intended to be applied to herself (which it was not), and she cried. She appears to be a child of great feeling.

"5th.—Princess Victoria took a lesson at half-past eleven, the hour being altered in consequence of the heat of the weather. When the Princess took her walk or ride before her lesson, the Duchess gave some advice to her little daughter on her conduct in a beautiful manner, teaching her that her behavior should be just the same whether she was seen or not. 'Your Father in Heaven sees your heart at all times.'

"Tuesday, 6th.—I persuaded Princess Feodore and Mlle. Lehzen to stand up with Princess Victoria in a class, as in the National Schools, to excite the attention of the young Princess. This seemed to please her. She had not

behaved well in the nursery, and very honestly told me of it.

"7th.—Princess Victoria and the Duchess took lessons. A very good report from the nursery of Princess Victoria's behavior. She improves in *sounds*.

"12th.—The little Princess has great feeling. I tried to encourage her to form some letters by telling her that she would then, in time, be able to write a letter. 'Yes,' she says, 'I will write to ask about Richard Hayes.' This, it seems, is a man who used to wait on the Princess, but who broke his leg and went afterwards to Prince Leopold.

"13th.—She will spell little words by the *sound*, though she cannot read them.

"May 17th.—I asked whether the little Princess had been good in the nursery. The Duchess said she had been good that morning, but that the day before there had been a little storm. The little one very honestly added: 'Yes, two storms—one at dressing, and one at washing.'

"20th.—The Princess Victoria and Princess Feodore read. When I came away dinner had just been announced to the little Princess. I said I hoped she would be very good, and that she would attend to her book and read a good lesson. 'Yes,' she said, 'and I will eat a good dinner.'

"21st.—Princess Victoria took a lesson. She seemed more attentive, and persevered for nearly an hour.

"24th.—Princess Victoria's birthday, therefore no lessons for her. Many presents made to her on the occasion were spread on a table. She had a party of little friends in the evening, and, as I afterwards heard, was very generous in lending and giving playthings to her companions. The King sent his picture set in diamonds.

"28th.—The Princess Victoria improves in reading, but is still not fond of keeping her eyes long together on the book. I have observed in the Princess a character of particular honesty, a willingness to confess when she has done wrong. On asking her whether she did not feel *unhappy* when she had done wrong, she replied, 'Oh no'; and some days afterwards, when her mamma said, 'When

you are naughty you make both *me* and *yourself* very unhappy,' she replied, 'No, mamma, not *me*, not *myself*, but *you*.'

"My little boy fell ill of the measles, and I therefore did not attend at the palace until June 30. The little Princess seemed to have improved rather than gone back during my absence. Princess Feodore had taken pains with her.

"July 1st.—A lesson of two hours and a quarter with Princess Victoria and Princess Feodore. The little Princess improves in attention. She attended well for an hour. I was glad that the Duchess asked me to go half an hour sooner than usual, as before there was scarcely time enough to do much.

"August 15th.—On this day the Duchess and her suite went to Ramsgate on board the steam-packet from the Tower at eight o'clock, intending to stay two months, so that having now a cessation from business, and not having kept any daily account of our progress, I shall here write down such observations as have occurred to me during the late lessons. The Princess is volatile, dislikes fixing her attention, and though willing to listen to any story when read to her, is not persevering enough to try to make out any little stories for herself, though she very easily could. She is very good-tempered and very affectionate, and almost cries at any little account of distress which her little books relate She is much pleased with stories of kindness to animals, and shows the marks of a tenderness of disposition. She is so young that much progress could not be expected. Still, upon the whole, I am not quite satisfied with her progress in reading, though she advances in knowledge.

"October 6th.—The Duchess and family returned from Ramsgate on the 2nd, and we resumed our lessons on this day. The Princess seemed somewhat less averse to looking at her book.

"Saturday, October 11th.—I attended every morning this week, excepting on this day, when the family went to

Claremont to Prince Leopold to make a stay of some weeks. It was agreed that I should go over twice a week.

"October 14th.—I went to Claremont in a gig belonging to the Duchess. It was a cold, foggy morning, and the Duchess showed much kindness and fear lest I should take cold. She ordered some hot tea immediately, and wrote to Kensington to give orders that I should no longer come in a gig without a head, and a new gig was accordingly ordered. I mention this to show the kind and considerate disposition of her Royal Highness. I stayed about two hours, and the princesses took their lessons. Prince Leopold was present, and joined in hearing the little Princess read her lesson. She can spell little words when they are sounded to her, but does not like to read them from the book herself. At this the Prince seemed mortified.

"October 21st.—The little Princess had not been behaving well in the morning, and the Duchess told me that she was afraid we should not have a good lesson, which proved to be true. The Princess was very inattentive.

"24th.—A pretty good lesson. We walked to Prince Leopold's farm. The little Princess showed a great desire to see the farmer's wife's baby, and then a lamb, and, in short, everything. She was, of course, gratified. She is of a very affectionate disposition.

"1824, January 12th.—I found the Duchess returned to Kensington. She was so obliging as to present me with a very pretty book. The Princess Victoria is improving in reading. Miss Lehzen has taken great pains with her.

"June 15th.—During the long time that I have omitted to write down any remarks the little Princess has made very considerable progress in her reading. She is often much amused with the little stories in her books, and reads nursery rhymes with great spirit. Her eyes are much more steadily fixed upon her book, but there is still room for improvement in this respect. She can write very well for her age in pencil. Miss Lehzen's management of the Princess is extremely good. She allows of no indulgence of wrong dispositions, but corrects everything like re-

sistance, or a spirit of contradiction, such as all children will indulge if they can. The little Princess is, however, of a most amiable disposition and very affectionate. An old nurse who had been with her from her birth, and had now left her, came one day to visit her, and the little girl was so affected at the sight of her that she could not recover herself for some hours, shedding tears and sobbing at the thoughts of her 'dear Boppy.'

"1825, April 6th.—The Princess Victoria began to take lessons of a writing-master, Mr. Steward. I had previously, however, found it necessary, for the sake of fixing the attention of the Princess, to teach her to write, and she can already write on a slate short sentences. This makes also a lesson in spelling. I have not lately kept a journal, one day being so much like another, but continued experience convinces me of the delightful disposition of the child. She is also quick of comprehension, and takes an interest in the accounts which she reads; but there is still a great reluctance in giving that attention which is required to master difficulties. The Princess, however, is under six years of age, and consequently much cannot be expected. I have endeavored to teach the Princess a little arithmetic. She can now read with tolerable facility."

The diary stops here, but was taken up again from January 1 to April 25, 1837. It just mentions that the Princess is reading Hume, Virgil, *Paradise Lost*, *Rokeby*, Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, President Jackson's Message to Congress, a speech by Sir Robert Peel to the Glasgow University, and the *Memoirs of Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson*, but there are no observations, except that the Princess wished they had hanged Titus Oates and Bedloe instead of Ireland and Coleman.

Bishop Davys used to remark on the Princess's punctuality. However interested she seemed to be in the book, as soon as the clock struck she would stop and say, "Twelve o'clock, Mr. Dean." There is still a letter from her, written in large printed characters, "My dear sir, I have not forgotten my letters, and I will not forget you."

The Duchess of Cleveland, who was the life-long friend of Queen Victoria, was good enough to contribute some of her personal reminiscences of the early days of her late Majesty. They have never before been made public, and are of special interest as coming from one of the very few persons lately living who took part in the coronation ceremonies of 1838. They also possess something of the charm that distinguished their author's brilliant conversation. The Duchess was present as a child at the first ball the Princess Victoria attended; she was train-bearer to the sovereign at her coronation, and was one of the bridesmaids at her wedding.

The following note refers to the first of the above events, but came to hand too late to be inserted in its proper place:

"My mother always told me that the Queen and I used to be measured together as little children, but I remember nothing of it.

"My first recollection of her is at a Court ball given for the Queen of Portugal. I wrote (I always was made to write in French): 'Je vis à cette occasion très bien notre future reine, Victoria: c'est une petite princesse qui a un visage enfantin. Ses cheveux sont retroussés derrière les oreilles à l'allemande: elle portait une simple robe blanche, toute unie: et un fichu. Son cou est un peu épais; elle n'est pas jolie, du reste.'

"This, I think, always remained strictly true. The Queen never, at any time, could have been called pretty; but when, at eighteen, she came to the throne, she was distinctly attractive: her small, fair head, well set on extremely pretty shoulders, singularly graceful in all her movements, with a great charm of manner, the brightest and gayest of smiles, and a remarkably clear and musical voice.

"There was something pathetic, too, in her extreme youthfulness: her face had still the flush and flower-like look of childhood, from which, small and slim as she was, she might easily be supposed to have not yet emerged. Yet this little figure was not one to be overlooked. She

had so much natural dignity, and such an air of distinction, that it was said of her—and, I think, with perfect truth—that in whatever dress, or even disguise, she might appear, she would always be recognized as a great personage when she came into the room."

Early in the year 1837, King William IV. gave a magnificent fête in London in honor of the Queen, the young Princess Victoria going to pay a visit of congratulation to her Majesty. She was reported by loyal observers on this occasion as "in high health and spirits, and much admired for the elegance and simplicity of her manner."

These festivities were the last in which the King was fated to join. The cares of State had not spared him, and it was believed that the great change in his habits had done harm to his health. He took less and less interest in State affairs, and seemed to do everything with a great sense of weariness. He suffered pains in the chest, and died early in the morning of June 20, 1837, at the age of seventy-two, after having reigned nearly seven years. It was remembered in his praise that at the time of danger he had been able to steer a middle course, being less secluded than George IV., and with less familiarity than was to be found in the manners of Louis Philippe.

CHAPTER II

ACCESSION AND CORONATION

IN the small hours of the morning of June 20, 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Howley) and the Lord Chamberlain (the Marquis Conyngham) might have been seen coming post-haste from Windsor to London. About five o'clock they reached Kensington, shortly after daybreak, and made their way through the gardens, where the dew lay thick and the birds were singing merrily, to the outer gate of the palace. Nobody was astir, and we are told that they knocked and rang and thumped for a long time before they gained admission.

When the gate was at last opened, the two lords were left waiting in one of the ante-rooms until their patience was entirely exhausted. They called an attendant, and demanded to see the Princess at once. Presently one of the ladies-in-waiting appeared and said that the Princess was still asleep and must not be wakened. The Lord Chamberlain then said, "We are come on business of State to *the Queen*, and even her sleep must give way to that." This startling message at once had the desired effect.

There are four long windows on the first floor in the west wing facing south at Kensington Palace. They are the first next to the great central mass of the building. The one farthest to the west was the little room which was used by Baroness Lehzen as a study. The other three belonged to the bedroom used by Queen Victoria. Just beyond these two rooms the other apartments of the wing belonged to the Duke of Sussex, and when the Princess at times had been inclined to be too noisy the Baroness used to tell her not to talk so loud as she would disturb Uncle Sussex.

It was to the door of this room that a hurried footstep came early in the morning to say that two messengers had arrived from Windsor and had insisted upon an immediate interview with the Princess. Only half awake, she heard that she was Queen, for King William had died. Rising, she put on a dressing-gown, and a shawl over her shoulders, and slippers on her feet, and went down the stairs to where the two were awaiting her. Lord Conyngham knelt down before the little figure that stood looking so slight, with her hair falling down over her shoulders, and formally presented a paper announcing the King's death. The Archbishop added that he, on his part, had been asked by Queen Adelaide to come at once to Kensington, as it was thought the Queen, as he now called the Princess for the first time, would like to hear how peaceful had been the end of the King.

Meanwhile, the usual messengers had been despatched to the Privy Councillors, and an address, assuring the new Queen of the homage of her subjects, had been drawn up and taken by Mr. Leonard, the chief clerk, to Kensington.

When the clerk to the Privy Council was introduced to the central room, facing the Round Pond, which, like the council-room next door, has a ceiling supported by round white wooden columns, that official found only six persons present, among whom were the Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Melbourne. Afterwards, about a dozen ministers, prelates, and officials were admitted. The address was read aloud and signed by the Duke of Sussex, when the doors were opened, and a young lady, small, slight, and of fair complexion, apparently about fifteen years of age, appeared. She was dressed in a close-fitting dress of black silk, her hair parted and drawn from her forehead. She wore no ornaments whatever on her dress or person. The Duke of Sussex advanced, and embraced and kissed her. Lord Melbourne and others kissed hands in the usual form, and the usher took the address, closed the folding-doors, and the Queen

THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE NEWS OF HER ACCESSION AT KENSINGTON PALACE, JUNE 20, 1837

disappeared. No word was uttered by her Majesty or any of those present, and no sound broke the silence which seemed to add to the impressive solemnity and interest of the scene.

This was all very soon over, and the first council met at eleven o'clock. The Queen was present in a black dress, although Sir David Wilkie thought it more fitting to the purpose of his picture to paint her in white. Her two uncles introduced her to the council-room, where a seat had been prepared for her at the end of a table which took up much of the space in the apartment.

"Never," said Greville, who was present, "was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behavior, and certainly not without justice. It was very extraordinary and something far beyond what was looked for. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see how she would act on this trying occasion. There was a considerable assembly at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice which was given to the Privy Councillors. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn. The two royal dukes first by themselves—and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to her eyes as if she felt the contrast between her civil and her natural relations. This was the only sign of emotion which she evinced. Her manner to them was very graceful and engaging. She kissed them both and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came up

one after another to kiss her hand, but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner or show any in her countenance to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her and Melbourne and the ministers when the Duke of Wellington and Peel approached her. She went through the whole ceremony—occasionally looking at Melbourne for instructions when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred—with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered."

The Queen's address at this first council was as follows:

"The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of his Majesty, my beloved uncle, has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this empire. This awful responsibility is imposed on me so suddenly, and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden, were I not sustained by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for the performance of it, and that I shall find, in the purity of my intentions and in my zeal for the public welfare, that support and those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and to long experience.

"I place my firm reliance on the wisdom of Parliament and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also a peculiar advantage that I succeed to a sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country, have rendered his name the object of great attachment and veneration.

"Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country.

"It will be my unceasing study to maintain the Reformed

THE QUEEN PRESIDING OVER HER FIRST COUNCIL

(From a painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A.)

religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote to the utmost of my power the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

Peel said how amazed he was at her manner and behavior, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted, and afterwards the Duke of Wellington said the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

Lord Grey wrote: "When called upon for the first time to appear before the Privy Council to take upon herself the awful duties with which, at so early an age, she had been so suddenly charged, there was in her appearance and demeanor a composure, a propriety, an *aplomb*, which were quite extraordinary. She never was in the least degree confused, embarrassed, or hurried. She read the declaration beautifully, and went through the forms of business as if she had been accustomed to them all her life."

Lord Palmerston also declared that the Queen went through her task with great dignity and self-possession. One saw she felt much inward emotion, but it was fully controlled. Her articulation was particularly good, her voice remarkably easy.

In the *Life of Dean Stanley* the following account is given of the Queen's own version of the news of her accession, as given to the Dean:

"It was thus: About 6 A.M. mamma came and called me, and said I must go and see Lord Conyngham directly —alone. I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and went into a room, where I found Lord Conyngham and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Lord Conyngham knelt, kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death.

"In an hour from that time Baron Stockmar came. He had been sent over by King Leopold on hearing of the dangerous illness. At 2 P.M. that same day I went to the

council, led by my two uncles, the King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge.

"Lord Melbourne was very useful to me, but I can never be sufficiently thankful that I passed safely through those two years to my marriage. Then I was in a safe haven, and there I remained for twenty years. Now that is over, and I am again at sea, always wishing to consult one who is not here, groping by myself with a constant sense of desolation."

The ceremonies on the accession of a sovereign follow quickly one after the other. On the next day the Queen had to go to St. James's to witness herself proclaimed by the heralds to a great crowd in the court-yard beneath, who cheered most heartily. But those who stood nearest were thrilled more deeply when they looked at the central figure of that great assemblage and saw that the tears were falling fast from the young Queen's eyes.

"She saw no purple shine,
For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
Were happier pageantries!
And while the heralds played their part
Those million shouts to drown—
'God Save the Queen,' from hill to mart—
She heard through all her beating heart,
And turned and wept;
She wept to wear a crown.

. . . . . .

"God bless thee, weeping Queen,
With blessings more divine,
And fill with better love than earth
That tender heart of thine;
That when the thrones of earth shall be
As low as graves brought down,
A piercèd Hand may give to thee
The crown which angels shout to see.
Thou wilt not weep
To wear that heavenly crown."

—MRS. BROWNING.

Staying in town she had to preside over another council a few hours later. "She presided," wrote one who was present, "with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had tried between them to make some confusion of the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature, and without much pretension to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance gave her, on the whole, a very agreeable appearance; and, with her youth, inspired an excessive interest in all who approach her, which I cannot help feeling myself." After the council she received the archbishops and bishops, and after them the judges.

Another wrote: "The Bishop of London said that when the bishops were first presented to the Queen she received them with all possible dignity and then retired. She passed through a glass door, and, forgetting its transparency, was seen to run off like the girl she is. This is just as it should be. If she had not now the high spirits of a girl of eighteen, we should have less reason to hope she would turn out a sensible woman at thirty." Lord Conyngham, when he told her of the King's death, had brought a request from the Queen Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral. The Queen sent, in reply, a letter couched in the kindest terms, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to remain at Windsor just as long as she pleased. "In short, she appears to act with every sort of good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and, as far as it has gone, nothing can be more favorable than the impression she has made; nothing can promise better than her manner and conduct. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a propriety and decorum beyond her years."

It was at Windsor that the obsequies of William IV. were

performed. The coffin lay in State, covered with a crimson pall, in the Waterloo Chamber. The two crowns of England and Hanover lay on it, with a great purple canopy above. The banners of the two German States, Hanover and Brunswick, hung around those of the British kingdoms. The gentlemen-at-arms, the yeomen of the guard, and the lords of the bedchamber, guarded the body thus gorgeously surrounded. On the day he was to be laid to rest a procession was marshalled in St. George's Hall, and, taken out into the upper ward, was brought through the Norman Gateway to the music of the "Dead March" down to St. George's Chapel. A purple canopy above the coffin was borne by ten peers, sixteen admirals and general officers. Six dukes, of whom Wellington was one, and four eldest sons of dukes supported a purple velvet pall, ornamented with the escutcheons of the imperial arms. Wellington stood with the Duke of Norfolk near the chief mourner, who was the old Duke of Sussex, in red uniform and black skull cap. Prince George of Cambridge, then a lad, was present, as he was sixty-four years later as a field-marshal, in the last dread but beautiful ceremony of February, 1901.

Kensington Palace was to know the Queen no more as a resident. Buckingham Palace was to be her London home. Great crowds assembled wherever she went, and the first great State ceremonial which gave her people an opportunity to see her as sovereign was the dissolution of Parliament, to which she went in a State carriage, clothed in white, a lofty tiara of diamonds on her head, and the blue ribbon of the Garter across her chest. Lord Melbourne stood at her side while she was seated on the throne. She declared her sense of the deep responsibility imposed upon her, adding: "I am supported by the consciousness of my own right intentions, and by my dependence upon the protection of Almighty God. It will be my care to strengthen our institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, by discreet improvement, and to do all in my power to compose and allay animosity and discord. Acting upon these principles, I

shall, upon all occasions, look with confidence to the wisdom of Parliament, and the affection of my people, which form the true support of the dignity of the crown and insure the stability of the constitution."

King Leopold came to pay her a visit at Windsor soon afterwards. Sir Charles Murray wrote of this visit: "I was presented and kissed hands, after which I joined the cavalcade consisting of twenty-five or thirty equestrians, and we made a promenade about the Great Park for about two hours. There was little or no formal ceremony observed as to precedence. The Queen rode generally in front, accompanied by the Queen of the Belgians, the King, and the Duchess of Kent. And now and then she called up Lord Cowper, Wellington, or Melbourne to ride beside her. Her Majesty's seat on horseback is easy and graceful, and the early habit of command observable in all her movements and gestures is agreeably relieved by the gentle tone of voice and the natural playfulness with which she addresses her relatives and the ladies about her. I never saw a more quick or observant eye. In the course of the ride it glanced occasionally over every individual of the party, and I am sure that neither absence nor impropriety of any kind could escape detection. At half-past seven the guests and the household again met her Majesty in the corridor, and we proceeded to dinner, the arrangements for which were handsome and without parade. The ladies retired to the drawing-room, and we followed in a quarter of an hour. The band was in attendance at and after dinner, and played some excellent music, the chief of which was by Rossini and Bellini. During the evening her Majesty conversed with her principal guests. She also played two games of draughts with the Queen of the Belgians, both of which she gained. There was a whist table at which were the Duchess of Kent, the King of the Belgians, the Duke of Wellington, and Lilford."

On another day he says: "We rode out at four o'clock and went rather slowly, and had but a short ride. Our young Queen's manner to King Leopold is most respectful

and affectionate. Indeed, her manner to every one about her is perfectly winning and appropriate, and her countenance lights up with the most agreeable and intelligent expression possible. On Sunday we accompanied her Majesty to the chapel, and the party included her royal visitors as well as the Chancellor, the Premier, the Master of the Horse, etc. In the afternoon she took a short ride in the Great Park, and I went out on the terrace, which presented a very gay and beautiful appearance, as the bands, both of the Grenadiers and Life Guards, were playing near the new fountain, and all the officers of the new regiments, as well as the belles of Windsor and the neighborhood, were enjoying their holiday promenade.

"At dinner I had a very interesting conversation with Baroness Lehzen, who has been for many years her Majesty's governess. I know of nothing more creditable to herself, or to her illustrious pupil, than the fact that one of the first acts of her reign was to secure the Baroness a situation about her own person. The Queen treats her with the most kind and affectionate confidence. I am told that all the Queen's private correspondence was carefully copied by the Baroness before and since coming to the throne, but that since her Majesty's accession she has not shown her one letter of cabinet or State documents, nor has she spoken to her, nor to any woman, about or upon party or political questions. As Queen she reserves all her confidences for her official advisers, while as a woman she is as frank, gay, and unreserved as when she was a young girl. I had a long conversation with her on the 24th, while riding, chiefly on the subject of modern languages. Her conversation is very agreeable. Both her ideas and her language are natural and original, while there is latent independence of mind. Her strength of judgment is discernible through the feminine gentleness of tone in which her voice is pitched. Every day that I have passed here has increased my admiration for the excellent judgment shown by Madame Lehzen in her education, and

for the amiable and grateful feeling evinced by the Queen towards her governess. It does the highest honor to both.

"There is another person in the household whose character it is not easy to penetrate or to describe—viz., Baron Stockmar. He is certainly possessed of great abilities, and is silent and reserved, while his general state of health seems almost to preclude the possibility of his being lively or communicative. At dinner he eats nothing, and talks less than he eats; but I observe he holds quiet conversations with Lords Melbourne and Palmerston in the morning, and I should think it likely that he was much in the confidence of the Queen. He is a most intimate friend of the King of the Belgians.

"A day or two ago the Queen inspected the Life Guards and Grenadiers on horseback, accompanied by the Duchess of Kent, Lords Hill, Conyngham, and the rest of her suite. She was dressed in a habit of Windsor uniform, and wore a military cap with a gold band passing under the chin. As the several companies and squadrons passed and saluted her, she raised her hand and returned the salute of each, and the grave earnestness of her manner, as well as the graceful self-possession of her attitude, struck me particularly."

Greville thought the new Queen inclined to be liberal, but at the same time prudent, with regard to money, for when the Queen Dowager proposed to her to take her band into her service, she declined to incur so great an expense without further consideration; and one of the first things she spoke to Melbourne about was the payment of her father's debts.

"George Villiers, who came from Windsor on Monday, told me he had been extremely struck with Lord Melbourne's manner to the Queen and hers to him—his so parental and anxious, but always so respectful and deferential, hers indicative of such entire confidence and such pleasure in his society. She is constantly talking to him, let who will be there. He always sits next her at dinner, evidently by arrangement, because he always takes in the lady-in-

waiting, which necessarily places him next to her, the etiquette being that the lady-in-waiting sits next but one to the Queen. It is not unnatural, and to him it is peculiarly interesting. I have no doubt he is passionately fond of her, as he might be of his own daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love. It has become his providence to educate, instruct, and form the most interesting mind and character in the world. No occupation was ever more engrossing or involved greater responsibility. I have no doubt Melbourne is both equal to and worthy of the task, and that it is fortunate that she has fallen into his hands, and that he discharges this great duty wisely, honorably, and conscientiously.

"There are, however, or rather may be hereafter, inconveniences in the establishment of such an intimacy and in a connection of so close and affectionate a nature between a young Queen and her Minister; for whenever the government, which hangs by a thread, shall be broken up, the parting will be painful, and their subsequent relations will not be without embarrassment to themselves, nor fail to be the cause of jealousy in others. It is a great proof of the discretion and purity of his conduct and behavior that he is admired, respected, and liked by all the Court."

From Windsor the Queen proceeded to Brighton, where she stayed a few weeks at the quaint Pavilion with its many domes and minarets, returning to London in November.

The Lord Mayor's Day this year was notable, in that the reigning monarch took part in the festivities. The royal procession from St. James's Palace to the Guildhall included two hundred carriages, was a mile and a half long, and took two hours and a half on the way. At the banquet the Queen proposed the health of the Lord Mayor, upon whom she conferred a baronetcy, in addition to knighting the two sheriffs, one of whom was Mr. Moses Montefiore, the first Jew who ever received the honor in England.

On the 20th of the same month the Queen opened her first Parliament, which during its session voted the sum of £385,000 as the annual income of the monarch. We have already mentioned that the first use made by the Queen of this money was to pay all her father's debts, and it is said that her mother met with a pleasant surprise one morning by finding on her breakfast-table receipted bills for all her outstanding accounts. In the mean time the Queen was learning more and more how much in the way of actual work was involved in her high position.

The following lines were copied out by the late Mrs. Smith, of Jordanhill, in April, 1840. They were probably written just after the Queen's accession; the author is unknown:

"Pray for your Queen! upon your Sovereign's brow
Youth lingers still, nor has experience there
Written her duties in the lines of care.
The hand that holds fair England's sceptre now
Is but a gentle maiden's: can it clasp
That mighty symbol with a steady grasp?
Dark clouds are lowering o'er our sunny sky:
If they should gather, could that fragile form
'Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm?'
Wisdom, strength, energy, are from on high—
Wouldst thou enrich her with these blessings? pray;
One reigns above that heaven and earth obey.

"Pray for your Queen! hers is a woman's heart,
And woman's perils lurk around her way;
Pleasure may lead her heedless steps astray,
Or flattery soothe when conscience wings its dart.
Love, that sweet well-spring of domestic joy,
Scarce rises in a Court without alloy;
And woman's sorrows may be hers to share
Sunshine hath beamed upon her path thus far,
But this bright scene one sudden storm would mar,
And England's Rose might droop, though now so fair.
Say, wouldst thou shield her from these perils? pray;
Strength shall be granted equal to her day."

And now it was time for the Queen to be crowned. This took place on Thursday, June 28, 1838. It was remarked that it was the first time that the British people had had occasion to crown a young and pretty woman. Queen Anne had suffered from gout and had become middle-aged, so that at the time of her crowning she could neither walk far nor stand long. Queen Elizabeth was a good deal older when she succeeded.

It was resolved that befitting pomp should accompany so novel a situation; but the government had had a considerable deficit in their annual budget, and so they intended to make the ceremony as brief as possible. Lord Fitzwilliam, in the House of Lords, made a speech in which he implied that a great deal of show on such an occasion was only fit for a barbarous age. But he found no response in the assembly he addressed. Nevertheless, Lord Melbourne was persuaded to forego some of those observances which had been carried out when George IV. became King, such as the walking procession of all the estates of the realm, and the great banquet in Westminster Hall. It was remembered that on the last feast, as soon as the chief personages had quitted their seats, a rush had been made by the well-dressed people in the stands and galleries to despoil the tables of some of the small plate, which was carried away as souvenirs.

The tradesmen remonstrated at the proposed curtailment, but were assured there would be sufficient ceremony to attract crowds and to make the purchase of costumes necessary. The famous Marshal Soult, who had opposed our troops so vigorously in the Peninsula, was sent as Ambassador from the King of France, and brought over with him a State carriage that had been used by the Prince of Condé. At a party given by the Duke of Sutherland at Stafford House, Soult met his old opponent, the Duke of Wellington, who asked him to come with him to see the pictures in the gallery. Taking Soult's arm, the Duke led him to where, enshrined in gorgeous frames, were two famous pieces of "loot" that Soult had taken from the

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN IN HER ROBES OF STATE

(From the painting by Sir George Hayter)

galleries of Madrid—viz., the two splendid paintings by Murillo, the one representing the visit of the three angels to Abraham, and the other, more striking in color and in composition, the return of the prodigal son. Soult was much interested in seeing his plunder thus worthily set among masterpieces of the great European schools. Murillo's paintings had been captured by the allies at the occupation of Paris, and, having been put up for sale, had thus found their way to England.

Soult's was not the only remarkable carriage in the coronation procession, for the Duke of Devonshire had a gorgeous vehicle which had been built when he went as Envoy Extraordinary to St. Petersburg.

The procession formed near Buckingham Palace and started at 10 A.M., with trumpeters and a squadron of the Household Brigade. Then followed foreign ambassadors and ministers, bands, more cavalry, and the carriages of the Duchesses of Kent and Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and the Duke of Sussex, more mounted bands, and the Queen's barge-master and nearly fifty watermen, these preceding twelve royal carriages conveying the household. Then more cavalry and more music, and the staff and distinguished officers; the Royal Huntsmen, the Yeomen Prickers and Foresters, the Yeomen of the Guard and their officers. Then, in her State carriage, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, the Queen. She was followed by the captain of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland, and cavalry.

Proceeding along Constitution Hill, Piccadilly, down St. James's Street to Pall Mall and Charing Cross, the procession wended its way to Whitehall and Parliament Street, and thence to the west door of Westminster Abbey. Galleries had been raised to hold four hundred persons—a small provision compared with that of the Jubilee time. A temporary organ and orchestra had been placed at the west end of the choir. Upon an open colonnade of pointed arches another gallery at the east end beyond the altar was arranged for six hundred persons, and reserved for the Com-

mons. Two more galleries above St. Edward's Chapel provided space among others for the trumpeters. Above the sacrarium were boxes for the sovereign, the Earl Marshal, the ambassadors, and the Lord Chamberlain. The peeresses were in the north transept, the peers in the south, the judges and Knights of the Bath and aldermen in the choir, the bishops on the floor to the north with the clergy of Westminster, and the royal family opposite. The royal box was filled with relatives from abroad. The clergy headed the procession, followed by heralds and household officers, then prelates and officers of State, then the Duchess of Cambridge, wearing a robe of purple velvet, her train borne by a lady. After her the Duchess of Kent. Both these royal duchesses wore a circlet on their heads, having their coronets borne before them. Of the regalia, the St. Edward's staff was carried by the Duke of Roxburghe, the golden spurs by Lord Byron, the sceptre with the cross by the Duke of Cleveland, a third sword by the Marquis of Westminster, the curtana by the Duke of Devonshire, and the second sword by the Duke of Sutherland. The coronets of these noblemen were carried by pages. After the Black Rod, the Deputy Garter, and the Lord Great Chamberlain of England came the Duke of Cambridge in his robes of State with his baton of field-marshal, his coronet borne by the Marquis of Granby, his train by General Sir William Gomm. The Duke of Sussex in his robes of State followed, his coronet borne by Viscount Anson, his train by Edward Gore and Lord Coke. Then came the Duke of Leinster as High Constable of Ireland, the Earl of Errol as High Constable of Scotland, the Duke of Norfolk as Earl Marshal, with his baton, and the Duke of Wellington as Lord High Constable of England, with his staff and field-marshal's baton. The sword of State was borne by Viscount Melbourne, and the sceptre with the dove by the Duke of Richmond; St. Edward's crown by the Duke of Hamilton, the orb by the Duke of Somerset, the patina by the Bishop of Bangor, the Bible by the Bishop of Winchester, and the chalice by the Bishop of Lincoln. They preceded the Queen, who wore a royal

robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold lace, the collars of the orders of the Garter, Thistle, Bath, and St. Patrick, and a circlet of gold.

Her Majesty was supported on either side by the Bishops of Bath and Wells and Durham. Her train was borne by the Ladies Adelaide Paget, Frances Cowper, Anne Fitzwilliam, Mary Grimstone, Caroline Lennox, Mary Talbot, Wilhelmina Stanhope, and Louisa Jenkinson, assisted by the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Conyngham, followed by the Groom of the Robes, Captain Francis Seymour, with ten gentlemen-at-arms on either side, with their lieutenant, standard bearer, clerk of the check, and harbinger. After these came the Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes; Lady Lansdowne, First Lady of the Bedchamber; the other ladies of the bedchamber—Ladies Normanby, Tavistock, Charlemont, Lyttelton, Barham, and Portman; the maids of honor—the Hon. Margaret Dillon, Harriet Pitt, Caroline Cox, Matilda Paget, and the Misses Murray, Cavendish, Spring Rice, and Lister; the women of the bedchamber—Ladies Forbes, Digby, Clive, Barrington, Copley, and Gardiner, and the Hon. Mesdames Campbell and Brand. Then came the Gold Stick of the Life Guards, Field-Marshal Combermere; Master of the Horse the Earl of Albemarle, Captain-General of the Royal Archer Guard of Scotland, Captains of the Yeomen of the Guard, gentlemen-at-arms, lords-in-waiting, and a number of others.

The sight in the Abbey was brilliant in the extreme. Galleries had been erected in the aisles, and above ten thousand of the greatest and most famous people in the land were present. The array of fine dresses and of jewels is said to have been dazzling in the extreme. The Austrian minister seems to have surpassed every one else in magnificence, and was literally covered with jewels down to the heels of his boots. A lady who was present wrote that he looked "as though he had been snowed upon with pearls, and had also been caught out in a rain of diamonds, and had come in dripping!"

As the Queen entered the Abbey, preceded by the officers

of State bearing the regalia, the anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord," rang through the long arches, and echoed back from the distant roof, while the booming of cannon could be faintly heard from without. Next came the national anthem, and then a deep hush as the Queen knelt before the altar for a few moments in silent prayer. When she rose, the boys of Westminster School, acting upon ancient right, chanted "Victoria, Victoria, Vivat Victoria Regina," and then came the Recognition. This was a very striking ceremony. The Queen and the Archbishop of Canterbury turned to the four quarters of the compass, and the prelate called out in each direction, "Sirs, I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted Queen of this realm; wherefore, all you who are come this day to do your homage, are you willing to do the same?" To each of these challenges the people addressed made answer, "God save Queen Victoria!"

After the Recognition, the Queen went with her attendants to the altar, and, kneeling upon the steps, offered a golden altar-cloth and an ingot of gold of a pound weight. Then followed the Litany and the first part of the communion service, the sermon being preached by the Bishop of London, after which came the elaborate ceremonies of the coronation service.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, addressing the Queen, asked, "Is your Majesty willing to take the oath?" to which she replied, "I am willing."

"Will you solemnly promise and swear," asked the prelate, "to govern the people of this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and the dominions thereto belonging, according to the statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the respective laws and customs of the same?"

"I solemnly promise so to do," answered the Queen.

"Will you, to your power, cause law and justice, in mercy, to be executed in all your judgments?"

"I will."

"Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the

THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA

(From the picture by Sir George Hayter)

laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion established by law? And will you maintain and preserve inviolable the settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, as by law established within England and Ireland, and the territories thereunto belonging? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of England and Ireland, and to the churches there committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them or any of them?"

The Queen replied, "All this I promise to do"; after which she went to the altar, and laying her right hand upon the book of the Gospels, said, "The things which I have heretofore promised, I will perform and keep. So help me, God." Then kissing the book, she signed the oath, and knelt in prayer while the choir sang the hymn, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire."

Next came the ceremony of the anointing. The Queen took her seat in St. Edward's chair, and a canopy of cloth-of-gold was held over her while the Archbishop anointed her with oil on the head and hands, saying:

"Be thou anointed with holy oil as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed. And as Solomon was anointed king by Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet, so be thou anointed, blessed, and consecrated Queen over this people, whom the Lord thy God hath given thee to rule and govern. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

The Archbishop then pronounced a blessing on the Queen; and the various insignia of royalty, the sceptres, orb, spurs, etc., having all their civil or ecclesiastical significance, were handed to her with appropriate exhortations. The words used by the prelate as he placed the sword of State in the monarch's hands were so significant that we quote them in full: "Receive this kingly sword, brought now from the altar of God, and delivered to you by the hands of us, the servants and bishops of God, though un-

worthy. With this sword do justice, stop the growth of iniquity, protect the Holy Church of God, help and defend widows and orphans, restore the things that are gone to decay, maintain the things that are restored, punish and reform what is amiss, and confirm what is in good order; that doing these things you may be glorious in all virtue, and so faithfully serve our Lord Jesus Christ in this life that you may reign forever with Him in the life which is to come. Amen."

The imperial mantle of cloth-of-gold was then placed upon the Queen's shoulders, and the ruby ring upon her finger. Unfortunately, the ring was rather small, and she suffered considerable discomfort in the process.

Next came the most important act of all. The Archbishop, having first offered prayer, took the imperial crown from the altar and placed it on the Queen's head. Instantly all the great crowd of peers and peeresses assumed their glittering coronets, and the Abbey rang with the shouts of "God save the Queen!" The crowd outside caught up the shout, the church bells were set ringing, and a signal from Whitehall set the guns firing, not only in London but at all the chief ports and garrison towns. The crowds in the streets waved hats and handkerchiefs and cheered themselves hoarse. Then followed the presentation of a Bible to the Queen, and the singing of the *Te Deum*, after which she was conducted to a throne placed in the centre of the church.

The act of homage was next performed by the lords spiritual kneeling around the Queen pronouncing the words of homage and kissing her Majesty's hand. The princes of the blood royal ascended the steps of the throne, took off their coronets, knelt, pronounced the words of homage, touched the crown upon her Majesty's head, and kissed her left cheek. The Duke of Norfolk and sixteen other dukes present did the same, with the exception of kissing the hand instead of the cheek. Their example was followed by twenty-one marquises, ninety-three earls, nineteen viscounts, and ninety-one barons. Lord Rolle,

THE QUEEN IN HER CORONATION ROBES

who was very infirm, on ascending the throne slipped, when the Queen rose, and extended her hand, expressing a hope that he was not hurt. The words used in doing homage were these: "I do become your liege man of life and limb, and of earthly worship, and faith and truth I will bear unto you to live and die against all manner of folk, so help me God." The Duke of Wellington was much cheered when performing his homage, and when this part of the ceremony was concluded the members of the House of Commons gave nine hearty cheers, accompanied with frequent cries of "God save Queen Victoria," which were repeated throughout the building by the congregation. The peers present were in number two hundred and forty-five; the peeresses one hundred and fifty-eight.

The crown which had been made for George IV. weighed more than seven pounds, and was considered too heavy for the Queen's use. A new one was, therefore, made for the occasion. It weighed considerably less, and was formed of hoops of gold covered with precious stones over a cap of rich blue velvet, surmounted by a ball, in which were small diamonds, having on the top a Maltese cross of brilliants, a splendid sapphire in the centre, and a cluster of brilliants and fleur-de-lys and Maltese crosses around the centre of the crown. The large heart-shaped ruby worn by the Black Prince was in front of it, a large oblong sapphire below it, and clusters of dropped pearls, with emeralds, rubies, sapphires, and other gems in a circlet.

During the homage the Earl of Surrey, Lord Treasurer of the Household, threw to the occupants of the choir and the lower galleries the coronation medals, which were scrambled for with great eagerness. The Queen was divested of the symbols of sovereignty and received the holy sacrament, after which, again resuming her crown and holding the sceptre, she took her seat. After the blessing had been pronounced the service was concluded by the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus."

The sovereign, still wearing the crown and holding the

sceptre and the orb, now rose and went to the west door, where she mounted a state carriage in which she could well be seen by the people. Among these was one who wrote: "When she returned, looking pale and tremulous, crowned and holding her sceptre in a manner and attitude which said, 'I have it, and none shall wrest it from me'; even Carlyle, who was standing near me, uttered, with emotion, a blessing on her head."

The late Duchess of Cleveland, who, as Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, was one of the train-bearers, contributed the following recollections:

"The Queen looked very well, and was perfectly composed. She wore a circlet of splendid diamonds, and was dressed in gold tissue, over which was fastened a crimson velvet mantle, bordered with gold lace, and lined with ermine, with a long ermine cape, which very ponderous appendage we were to support.

"As train-bearers we stood according to our rank, as follows: Lady Caroline Lennox and Lady Adelaide Paget; Lady Mary Talbot and Lady Fanny Cowper; Lady Anne Fitzwilliam and myself; Lady Louisa Jenkinson, and last, not least, Lady Mary Grimston.

"We were all dressed alike, in white and silver. The effect was not, I think, brilliant enough in so dazzling an assembly, and our little trains were serious annoyances, for it was impossible to avoid treading upon them. We ought never to have had them; and there certainly should have been some previous rehearsing, for we carried the Queen's train very jerkily and badly, never keeping step properly; and it must have been very difficult for her to walk, as she did, evenly and steadily, and with much grace and dignity, the whole length of the Abbey.

"The Abbey itself was a beautiful *coup d'oeil*, as we marched up amid thunders of applause and handkerchiefs and scarves waving everywhere. The Queen acknowledged her reception very graciously.

"I think her heart fluttered a little as we reached the throne; at least, the color mounted to her cheeks, brow,

and even neck, and her breath came quickly. However, the slight emotion she showed was very transient, and she stood perfectly motionless while the Archbishop, in an almost inaudible voice, proclaimed her our undoubted sovereign and liege lady. After this she took the oaths, the Litany and communion service were read, and the Bishop of London gave us a very good sermon, though we, who were standing the whole time, thought it somewhat of the longest.

"The ceremonies that followed were minute and rather tedious. Before the anointing we accompanied the Queen into St. Edward's Chapel—as unlike a chapel to all appearances as possible—where she was robed in a sort of white muslin wrapper, trimmed with very fine Brussels lace, and the dalmatic, a robe of cloth-of-gold, worked with the rose, shamrock, and thistle in colors, and lined with crimson. The diamond circlet was taken off, and the mantle (to our great relief), and she reappeared in the Abbey bareheaded, and simply wearing the dalmatic.

"As she knelt before the altar, with clasped hands and bowed head, with her loose robe of gold brocade hanging from her shoulders, she looked exactly like the representation, in some old picture, of a fair young devotee in the costume of the Middle Ages.

"She was assisted into St. Edward's chair by the old Archbishop, and there solemnly crowned and anointed Queen. The burst of applause in the Abbey when the crown was placed on her head, and the sight of all the peers and peeresses crowning themselves at the same moment, was really most impressive, and in the midst of the cheering Handel's magnificent anthem, 'The Queen shall rejoice!' thundered in.

"After this the Queen was enthroned, and we took up our station on the steps of the throne during the homage, and amused ourselves with watching Lord Surrey, the Treasurer of the Household, dispensing medals in the midst of a most desperate scramble, and nearly torn to pieces in the universal excitement. The pages were par-

ticularly active, and some of them collected ten or twelve medals apiece. The train-bearers wrung out one each from Lord Surrey, whose temper was entirely gone, and who looked as red and voluble as a turkey-cock. I had another given to me by one of the pages.

"I saw little of the homage. The Duke of Wellington was prodigiously cheered. Lord Rolle fell down, and was carried away by two strong peers; and a great deal more of the same sort may have happened, but I saw none of it. I merely had the advantage of seeing them put on their coronets again after the ceremony was over, Lord Wilton fitting on his being in itself a study.

"After the homage we returned with the Queen to the chapel, where her mantle—now a purple one—was fastened on, and we waited for three-quarters of an hour for the procession to form in the same manner as on entering the Abbey.

"The Queen complained of a headache, from having her crown very unceremoniously *knocked* by most of the peers —one actually clutched hold of it; but she said she had guarded herself from any accident or misadventure by having it made to fit her head tightly. She had, besides, to bear the heavy orb and sceptre across the Abbey; but when she reached the robing-room she disembarrassed herself of them, unclasped her mantle, took off her crown, and, having got rid of all her royalty, sat down on the sofa and amused herself. We, too, were allowed to sit down for the first time."

But her day of fatigue was not yet over, for she had to entertain one hundred persons at dinner in the palace. The Duke of Wellington had a great ball at Apsley House, two thousand persons having been invited. The cabinet ministers gave State dinners. Illuminations, fireworks, a fair in Hyde Park, and free admission to the theatres were provided for the gratification of her Majesty's subjects in London. There was no accident of any importance, except in one case where a balloon made a bad descent. The House of Commons voted £70,000 on account

of the coronation, a very small sum when compared with the large amounts given for similar ceremonies abroad. A number of peers were created or raised a step in the peerage, among these being the father of General Lord Methuen; twenty-nine baronets, among them Lytton Bulwer and William Herschell.

Referring to the period immediately following, Greville wrote: "The life which the Queen leads at Windsor is as follows: She gets up soon after eight o'clock, breakfasts in her own room, and is employed the whole morning in transacting business. She reads all the despatches, and has everything of interest and importance in every department laid before her. At eleven or twelve, Melbourne comes to her and stays an hour or less, according to the business he may have to transact. At two she rides with a large suite, and she likes to have it numerous. Melbourne always rides on her left hand, and the equerry in waiting generally on her right. After riding she amuses herself for the rest of the afternoon with music and singing, playing, romping with children, if there are any in the castle—and she is so fond of them that she generally contrives to have some there—or in any other way she fancies. The hour of dinner is nominally half-past seven o'clock, soon after which time the guests assemble. But she seldom appears till near eight o'clock, when the guests are all assembled. The Queen comes in, preceded by the gentlemen of her household, and followed by the Duchess of Kent and all her ladies. She remains at table the usual time, but does not suffer the men to sit long after her.

"We were summoned to coffee in less than a quarter of an hour. In the drawing-room she never sits down till the men make their appearance. Coffee is then served to them in the adjoining room, and then they go into the drawing-room, where she goes round and says a few words to each. When this little ceremony is over, the Duchess of Kent's whist-table is arranged. At about half-past eleven her Majesty goes to bed. She orders and regulates every

detail herself; she knows where everybody is lodged in the castle, settles about the riding or driving, and enters into every particular with minute attention."

I may say that the traits of character here mentioned continued to be shown to the last. She always remembered the day fixed for the coming and the departure of every guest, and for every one of those of the household who came on duty or whose waiting was ended and their term over. Till the last, the regularity of the division of her day, and the keeping to an appointed hour for each kind of business, were persevered in, and the method so mastered and practised enabled her to get through an amount of work with a degree of calm and an entire absence of hurry and fuss which gave a wholesome lesson to many a younger head with far less to do. She had also, even in her youthful years, a remarkable dislike to any precipitate action. She knew that it was best to pause for a time and to consider before taking action, for in civil life and in measures of state it is exceedingly rare to have to decide any matter of importance on the spur of the moment. She would advise, if one were moved to write hastily upon any passionate impulse, that it was best not to send the letter until the following morning, that time might mingle with resolution to produce a greater justness of expression, and a more temperate view of the matter in hand.

Here we must ask what were the men like who had the right, during the opening years of her reign, to advise her? First in place of responsibility was the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne. A jovial, clever, loud-talking squire, with fine features and strong language, conveying good-natured expression of an easy-going and capable mind, he had risen to be Prime Minister, apparently because he did not care to fill the place. He had become more careless with age, and a happy indolence led him rather to consult his comfort in taking the broadest road, than to listen to his vigorous understanding hinting at the narrow path of difficulty. "Can't you leave it alone?" was supposed to express his frame of mind whenever a trouble presented

itself to be fought by his more combative colleagues. But he had great loyalty of nature, and a capacity which made his judgment sure. The Queen liked him, and he was as devoted as a father to her. Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindliness of his manner towards her. It sprang from a real affection and the goodness of a true and manly heart. No wonder that she appreciated his loyalty and listened to his advice. A good horseman, he used to accompany her when she rode with her ladies and members of her Court at Windsor, and, though almost old enough to be her grandfather, was so young in mind that he never wearied her.

Those who were personally interested in the young Queen complain that she was overworked and teased with needless details. "They send all manner of things in the various official boxes for signature, and she, not knowing yet what is substance and what is form, reads all. It is suspected that this is done to give her disgust of her business. I do not suspect any such deep design, but certainly the proper way would be that once or twice a week one of the secretaries of state should attend with all the papers that require her signature and explain what is important and what not. Lord Melbourne sees her every day for a couple of hours, and his situation is certainly the most dictatorial, the most despotic, that the world has ever seen. Wolsey and Walpole were in strait waistcoats compared with him. His temper and feelings lead him to no great abuse of this enormous influence," says Mr. Croker, "nor would his political position out of the palace permit him to do anything essentially wrong in it. But as between him and the sovereign he is a perfect *maire du palais.*"

Then there was a great man with whom all took counsel, and who in later days let himself serve the Queen as Prime Minister, rather than desired the post. He is the central figure in the group of men of influence of his time. This was "*the* Duke"—Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington. No subject since Marlborough had so great a reputation as a commander. As a statesman he held a far higher place,

for men knew that they could place an absolute trust in him, and this could hardly have been said of John Churchill. Of spare frame and middle height, with eagle nose and blue eyes, his hair was already white, but his eyebrows were still dark and very thick. He shaved all his face but a short whisker. His face and figure were the best known in London. "There goes the Duke," men would say, and look after him, feeling that it was to him Britain owed her freedom from foreign domination and the grand place won among European peoples. "He never lost an English gun," was often repeated as the great soldier's campaigns were mentioned. Soon after the new reign had begun one of Wellington's greatest opponents in the field, Marshal Soult, visited England, and was most cordially received. Soult was one of the bravest men, yet when he trusted himself for the first time to one of the new railway trains, it is recorded that he frankly confessed his fear, and put his head out of the carriage window and roared to the deaf engine-driver ahead that he must stop! He was a man of frank and simple nature, and was delighted with the kindly feeling shown to him in England.

Our portrait gallery of the famous men of the opening of the reign must now show a man, less indeed than the great captain of his age, but yet one so full of confidence in himself that it was said of him that he would, at a moment's notice, take command of the Channel fleet. He was not a sailor, nor a soldier, but the younger son of a Whig family which had taken to politics since the days of the Commonwealth. This was "Little Johnny"—Lord John Russell. A tiny man, wearing only the little whisker of the time, with finely formed, determined mouth, a nose with rather too much of an enlargement at the end, arching eyebrows, and good blue eyes. He spoke in a deliberate and somewhat nasal voice, and, like the featherweight he was, delighted in being, if possible, always abreast, if not a little ahead, of any movement he saw in the political world. He was the leader of the Whigs; and they prided themselves on taking Time by the fore-

lock, and managing him as a man may lead a bull—with a ring passed through the bull's nose. There is no doubt that they swayed the fortunes of the State for the period, when they held a middle position between the extreme Radicals and the "High Tories." They were able to shape the form in which changes took place. Their fault in the eyes of their opponents was that they were too exclusive in the distribution of office. It was alleged that few had a chance of preferment unless they belonged to one of the families who, connected by marriage with each other, presumed on an almost hereditary right to be of the select governing body. Many of the heads of these families were able to influence elections to such a degree that they could each of them be sure of sending several nominees to Parliament. Happily this state of things no longer exists, at least not in England. Lord John Russell, when he stood at the table of the House, or rose from the front Opposition bench to make a speech, was so small of stature that little of him was seen above the brass-bound boxes on the table, but he stood as far back from this furniture as the narrow space would allow, and, folding his arms across his chest, spoke with a resolution and confident slowness of speech which were the sign that he knew there was strength in his opinions, supported as they were by the class that gave weight to anything coming from the carefully reforming house of Russell.

In one of those who in future was to become also a first minister of the crown, Lord John Russell's manner and confidence produced a lifelong feeling of irritation. Disraeli could not abide him. To the last days of Disraeli's life, when he loved rather to speak of books and matters unconnected with politics, this dislike would occasionally break through the more amiable conversation with which he entertained his guests. Lord John was to Disraeli the personification of all that is politically evil. Much as the future Tory chief enjoyed the "sustained splendor of the stately lives" of the nobles of this country, he could not tolerate that the assurance their manner exhibited

should be worn by their younger brothers or sons, especially when they advocated changes which, while keeping themselves in power and the Tories out of office, were antagonistic to the doctrines of the Conservatives—as the party which Disraeli had joined began to be styled. Some cherished antipathy is not inconsistent with great talents and knowledge of the world. Disraeli's antipathy was to Whiggism, and this dislike centred on the head of the confident "Johnny."

With the exception of Lord Melbourne, Lord John was the minister of whom the Queen had seen the most, and she liked him and his family. The Bedfords were the head of a race who, by their historical traditions, formed the proper stock from which prime ministers might be taken, and the little man, whose persistent and courageous manner gave him for many years, sometimes in conjunction with Lord Palmerston and sometimes as an adversary, the opportunity of conference with the monarch, was an agreeable talker. He was a man of the world, whose company at Windsor and London was never unwelcome. With plenty of confidence, and with quite sufficient of the quality of patrician pride, Lord John knew well how to study the Queen's wishes, and at the same time to be firm in the utterance of his own opinions. None more courteous in manner, he was correct in believing that by speaking out his mind he won the appreciation of the Court, and both the Queen and Prince Albert had a high opinion of him. The Queen gave him as his residence a charming villa, possessing a little domain full of magnificent oaks and other timber. The windows looked down from the high plateau of Richmond Park on a view almost unrivalled, where the Thames in shining curves flows through rich meadows studded with fine timber, past the banks once adorned with the palaces of Sheen and Nonsuch, and still bedecked with many an ancestral home. When he died she allowed his widow to live on at that charming spot, which had been the favorite haunt of the later Tudor monarchs of England. He would speak of the difference between

those days and our own whenever he took his guests to a little mound on the brink of the wooded cliff overlooking the Thames on one side, and on the other giving a view over Richmond Park towards London. On a clear day the turrets of the Tower of London could be distinguished from this place, and he was wont to recount the legend that the eighth Henry had waited to discern in the distance a signal which told him that Anne Boleyn's head had rolled on the scaffold. At Pembroke Lodge, in his later years, Lord John's small but vigorous figure could be seen taking exercise, not only with his legs, but also with his lungs, for as he sauntered over many of the well-kept walks amid bordering clumps of rhododendron, or under the old oaks, he would often recite to himself some passage in a speech which he was preparing for a coming debate in the House. In his more advanced age he was still fond of reciting aloud to his guests, not portions of his speeches, but pages of Italian or English poetry, and after tea or lunch he would take them out to a pretty rose-surrounded lawn, and set them to play bowls, at which game he was a master.

Now and then the Queen used to drive down to visit him at the place she had given him, and he would be fond of quoting, with pride and affection, what she had said. He was yet apt to leaven with a little hint of criticism, fitting the robust spirit of the descendant of men who in former centuries were the counsellors of the crown, the ever genuine love he had for the occupant of the throne. The privileges and limitations of the power of the crown had been partly the result of the actions of his own ancestors. He would never encourage any increase in the constitutional powers of the Queen, and would speak his mind freely enough at all times, in her presence or when he was alone with his friends. One day, when one of the young princes had received some little present, and had, in Lord John's opinion, not been sufficiently grateful, he said to him, "'Thanks' is a little word, and costs nothing." At another time, when mentioning the name of one who was re-

ported to have been in special favor, he wrote: "So-and-so has been made much of, and I fear he will become unbearable." There was a great deal of the spirit of democracy in the little man, and he always desired to be abreast of his time, perhaps quite as much to control the pace of the advance-guard as for any reason for desiring its more rapid progress.

In his view the office of the crown should not be allowed to aggrandize itself, even if others magnify it to the detriment of the liberty of the people. So, also, it was desirable that its wearer and any of her family should, in the interests of the social commonweal, show an equal politeness and courtesy, to be demanded from the highest to the lowest.

A Conservative of an interesting type was Sir Robert Peel. It was always said that he did not find favor personally with his young sovereign. But she liked his rectitude of conduct, and greatly valued his abilities. In manner, however, he was not fortunate: of a good presence and striking features, he was reserved, and this is too often mistaken for haughtiness. Some called him pompous; others said they did not know what to make of him. Excellent as a financier, the abilities that gave him judgment in the arrangement of national income and expenditure did not fail him, as is too often the case with mere calculators, in the wider fields of political contest. In one instance he changed an opinion long held on the question of taxation of foreign corn. He acknowledged himself converted to a doctrine which the majority of his party believed to be ruin for the agriculturist. Yet, great as was the abuse poured upon him for this recantation of a belief which had been held until the country was convulsed with the conflict it bred, his motives were not impugned. What he said was recognized as the honest belief of a man of integrity, prepared rather to sacrifice his position in his party than to continue to lead it on lines of which his maturer judgment disapproved. The well-known picture of him standing arm-in-arm with the Duke of Wellington

marks the friendship that existed between the two men. The one, bred in the city, was the type of the civilian, as the Duke was the best of the military type of which the early Victorian years could boast.

Peel and Melbourne were the leaders of parties, and men looked with some apprehension to public affairs. To be sure, England seemed to be free from the violent revolutionists who nine years after brought about an almost universal upheaval upon the Continent. But there was enough to produce disquiet. The Duke of Wellington, in 1835, wrote: "I am not surprised that Sir Robert Peel should be alarmed. All that I hope for is that the change in the position of the country may be gradual, that it may be effected without civil war, and may occasion as little destruction of individual interests and property as possible. We may all by degrees take our respective station in the new order of things, and go on till future changes take place *ad infinitum*. All that will result from such a state of things will be shame and disgrace to the public men of the day, and I confess that I, for one, look back with no satisfaction to the events from the year 1830 to the present time. It is true that I would have improved them if I could, but I am not certain that the course which I took was the right one."

Lord Stanley, afterwards Lord Derby, was already remarkable for force in debate. Impetuous and eager, he remained almost boyish in his boisterous energy, even when Prime Minister. "The Rupert of Debate," as Lord Lytton called him, was an ideal Tory noble, doing his duty as a country gentleman, whether in giving a ball or a shooting-party, or in Quarter Sessions, with the same keenness as he showed during a night's hot discussion in the House. It is a proof of the opinion his friends held as to his unselfishness that at a time when Peel was about to go out of office it was gravely suggested that Stanley might consent to join the dying Cabinet merely in order to show that it was respected by him, and not with any view of arresting its dying agonies. He was only asked to share them.

And who else was there of marked influence on the politics of the day? We will only look for a moment at one man. This was O'Connell, a burly figure, with a tremendous and yet agreeable voice. "The Liberator," as his Irish followers called him, the champion of Irish independence, and yet at that time advocating what none since who wished for popularity in that country have called for, namely, emigration. The troubles that came afterwards from the neglect of that advice were evident. His power over a meeting was most remarkable. Great as has been the eloquence of many from Erin, O'Connell's was by far the most remarkable. It was he who

> "Taught so well
> Rebellion's art is never to rebel."

He has left little enduring mark in the results of his labors, but the impression made by him on those who heard him was deep. Mr. Gladstone, for instance, was never tired of reciting the impression made upon him by the oratory of the famous agitator. Unlike many of those who aspired to lead Irish "aspirations," he was a thorough Irishman in blood, and his name is one of those borne by the most illustrious of the ancient heroes, who is still remembered in many place-names, not only in his own land, but also in that to which the Irish colonists went, namely, the west coast of Scotland, where the Falls of Connel, near Oban, and Inchconnel Castle, in Lochawe, speak of the fame of his namesake who lived twelve centuries before.

And now, if these were the chief features of the men, who were the most beautiful or most famous women? First, Harriet Duchess of Sutherland must be named. She was the Queen's greatest friend, not only during the first years, but on until the Duchess's life closed in the "sixties." A daughter of Lord Carlisle, she married the Duke, who was a good deal her senior, and who had inherited immense estates in Sutherland and in Staffordshire. The Duchess had excellent taste, and wherever she went took notes of

beautiful buildings and gardens abroad. The results were seen at Dunrobin and at Trentham, where the beautiful site was worthily used for the enlargement in the one case of an old Georgian brick house, and in the other of an old Scots castle, into lovely creations, showing the best taste at a time by no means too rich in that respect. She came of a Whig family, and married into another, and was in many respects in her own person an example to prove the reason of the influence which made Disraeli angry. Hers was a mind that lent itself to the encouragement of revolution abroad and of changes at home which Toryism believed would sweep away the position of the persons holding power. As it was by such position that influence appeared to be gained, the ultra-Conservative heart was seared at once with anger and envy. Her husband, one of the most excellent of men, was so deaf that he withdrew himself early from affairs, and attended only to the management of his estates; but he was very liberal in his political views, uniting with these a strong opinion on the dignity of his rank, and was very indignant when it was at one time proposed to give the ducal dignity less honor in precedence than it obtained, partly thanks to his action and that of his friends. But the eyes of society centred on his beautiful and gracious wife, who made her assemblies the most sought after in London. The Duke of York had squandered so much money that he was forced to sell his house when it was in an unfinished condition. The lease was one from the crown. The Duke of Sutherland bought it, and added a story to the building, re-naming it Stafford House. He decorated it beautifully and placed in its gallery a fine collection of pictures, these consisting of about one-half of those which had belonged to his father.

His second brother, Lord Francis, had become the heir to the Duke of Bridgewater's property, and half of the old Stafford collection went to him. Francis employed Barry to build a house which should be as fine as was Stafford House, and should have the advantage of being built, not

on a crown lease, but on a freehold. The result was Bridgewater House, with its fine gallery of pictures. The brothers were ardently attached to each other, and the Duchess was very fond of Francis, but it was always a little trial to her that Stafford House was not freehold. She tried to persuade Lord Melbourne to advise that the crown should sell her the freehold, but Lord Melbourne for once was obdurate to a fair lady's entreaties, and said that he thought his duty was to advise the crown to keep what it possessed. This did not prevent the Duchess from lavishing money on the structure. She was specially awake to the wrongs of the poor and the suffering. Whether it was the state of the prisoner, of paupers in poor-houses, of miners in the coal-pits, or the grievances of Poles under the Russian government, or Italians at Naples, or the blacks in slavery in America, her house was always open to meetings to advocate their cause. This made many in high Tory society laugh at what they called, after the French manner, her "engouements," or enthusiasms. But they were all glad to attend the festivals she gave, and among those who most appreciated her in after-years was Prince Albert. The young Queen could have no better friend, and the Duchess was devoted to her sovereign.

It is difficult to speak of the Duchess without thinking of another most beautiful woman who had cause to be most grateful to her for the part she took in showing friendship when trouble came. This was Mrs. Norton, one of the three brilliant sisters of the Sheridan family, one of whom was mother to Lord Dufferin and Ava, and the other became Duchess of Somerset. Mrs. Norton was a friend of Lord Melbourne's, and political enmity bred accusations against him and her, which led to a trial. Society displayed itself in no kindly form to the lady. It was characteristic of the courage and goodness of the Duchess that she took the earliest and most public opportunity of showing how baseless and base she considered the gossip to be, and few could successfully question a social judgment coming from one who, as Mrs. Norton in one of her eloquent

poems said, "went like a swan through the waters of life," its dross seeking in vain to cling to her snowlike purity.

Lady Douro, wife of the Duke of Wellington's son, was very much admired. Lady Radnor and Lady Joscelyn's faces also look upon us from the "late thirties" in the canvases of Swinton and Winterhalter, and from the "keepsake" books which were then much in fashion. These books were beautifully illustrated with copperplate and steel engravings, and were very popular among those who could afford to buy them.

The magazines were scarce, and had no engravings. *Blackwood* remains as unchanged as the Chinese Empire, and it had no peers and few to rival it. The *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Fraser's* were popular. The *Illustrated London News* began its career in 1841. It was held to be a marvel of "enterprise." Its engravings were, as a rule, small in size, but there was at once much honesty in the attempt to give actual sketches of the scenes described. Daguerre's invention, the precursor of photography, could give it no assistance. Much labor was expended on giving effects to the stage, in opera and drama, and dancers like Taglioni had more fame than has fallen to the lot of their successors, both in popular portraiture and in social recognition.

Many of the celebrated ladies who formed the society of the Court were painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, but Hoppner had been the favorite painter. One of the best of Hoppner's portraits is that of Lady Charlotte Campbell as Aurora, treading on clouds suffused with morning rays.

CHAPTER III

BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN

In 1837 a dispute began on a domestic matter affecting the Queen which no one would expect to have led to a change of ministry. Sir R. Peel, however, later, refused office because, when he had formed a cabinet, he could not also have his way in nominating the ladies who should hold a place at Court. He "took himself very seriously," as was said, and what others considered a trifling matter he regarded as very important.

He and his friends complained that some of the ladies selected by Lord Melbourne to compose her Majesty's household had a marked political bias. The men holding household appointments, they said, should be "of the same political color as the ministry, and vote with the government. But there should be a marked difference between those engaged in political conflict and the more moderate and measured deportment desirable in those who form the private society of the sovereign, who, it must never be forgotten, is not the sovereign of one party, but of all, who expects to see at her Court the various shades of political opinion showing a common respect for the station, and affection for the person, of the monarch. But this intercourse and interchange of courtesy and duty can never be as free and impartial as it ought to be if the constant attendants on the Court are to be active partisans. We know to what unhappy scenes a departure from this understanding gave rise in former reigns, and we trust they may not be repeated; but we must say that appointments of wives and daughters of cabinet ministers to household offices are highly objectionable. The first in

rank of one of those attendants is the daughter of one and the sister of another cabinet minister. The second is the wife of the Lord President of the Council. A third and fourth, and we believe half a dozen more, are daughters of the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and their political colleagues. It is impossible to make the slightest objection to the personal character of any one of these ladies, but we do say that the accumulation of political and household offices in the same family is liable to serious inconveniences. It is neither constitutional in principle nor becoming in practice that the sovereign should be enclosed within the circumvallation of any particular set, however respectable—that in the hours of business or amusement, in public and in private, she should see only the repetition of the same family faces, and hear no sound but the modulations of the same family voices; and that the private comfort of the Queen's interior life should be, as it inevitably must, additionally exposed to the fluctuations of political change, or, what is still worse, that it should be either affected or prevented by political favor or personal attachments."

It was, on the other hand, asserted that the sovereign should not be reduced to such a state of unconstitutional dilemma as not to be able to change the ministry without also changing the Mistress of the Robes, or the maids of honor; or, *vice versa*, of changing these ladies without also changing her ministry.

Peel himself wrote that household offices held by ladies ought not to be exempt from the control of the minister when he forms a government: "If exempt from that control on a change of government, why not subsequently? Surely the principle equally extends to a claim on the part of the sovereign to fill up certain household offices without reference to the opinion or advice of her minister. Is it possible to maintain such a position consistently with the first maxim of the British Constitution, that the sovereign can do no wrong; that she is presumed in every public act to be guided by

the advice of a minister whom Parliament can make responsible?

"Is not every appointment constituted by the Civil List Act, paid by the Civil List Act, a public act? Could it be tolerated that a Queen might appoint a Mistress of the Robes, without reference to her minister, whom her minister might know to be perfectly unfit to be about the person of the Queen? Take other times and other sovereigns, and other characters, and test your opinion by a reference to them.

"What, in the constitutional point of view, has a country to do with the youth of the sovereign, or with the sex of the sovereign? No more than with her nature or her beauty! A great public principle is under consideration.

"Those pay a compliment to the Queen who consider her the sovereign, with plenary rights and authority, but subject to the principles and maxims of the Constitution. It is a real insult to the Queen, and to the sovereign authority, to mix with constitutional arguments any appeals to the special circumstances of youth and sex."

Peel certainly took the ladies very seriously! He probably thought that the Queen would have few strong opinions of her own, and would not be able to keep her own balance of judgment if clever and designing women were able to effect a permanent lodgment in her household. It seems odd that such fears should have carried Peel so far. The sensible and practical result of the matter then so hotly debated has been that the Mistress of the Robes, who presides over the ladies of the household, is changed with each administration, but that the others are not, their offices not being regarded as so political as are several of the places held by men. Wives and nearest relatives of ministers are, however, no longer chosen.

In 1839 the Queen became engaged to Prince Albert. We have already given some account of the first visit of the Prince and his brother to Kensington Palace in 1836, when a decidedly favorable impression was produced in the mind of the Princess Victoria. An occasional cor-

PRINCE ALBERT AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR

(From a miniature by Robert Thorburn)

respondence was kept up, and on the accession of the Queen Prince Albert was one of the first to write and congratulate her.

The cares of state and the numerous distractions attendant upon exalted position stood in the way of closer acquaintance until 1839, when King Leopold arranged a second visit of the Coburg princes to their English cousin.

The best account of this visit and of what resulted from it will be found in the letters and diaries which the Queen allowed to be made public on the subject of her betrothal. King Leopold wrote a kindly letter of introduction for the Coburg princes to take to England:

"LAEKEN, *October* 8, 1839.

"MY DEAREST VICTORIA,

"Your cousins will be themselves the bearers of these lines. I recommend them to your *bienveillance*. They are good and honest creatures, deserving your kindness, and not pedantic, but really sensible and trustworthy.

"I have told them that your great wish is that they should be quite *unbefangen* [that is, not on ceremony] with you.

"I am sure that if you have anything to recommend to them they will be most happy to learn it from you.

"My dear Victoria,

"Your most devoted uncle,

"LEOPOLD R."

Upon their arrival at Windsor the Queen wrote: "At half-past seven I went to the top of the staircase to receive my two dear cousins, Ernest and Albert, whom I found grown, changed, and embellished. It was with some emotion that I beheld Albert, who is beautiful.

"I took them both to mamma. Their clothes not having arrived, they could not appear at dinner. There were staying in the castle at that time Lord Clanricarde, Lord and Lady Granville, Baron Brunnow, Lord Normanby, and the Hon. William Temple. In waiting were Lady Sandwich, Miss Paget, and Miss Cocks."

After dinner the princes came in, in spite of their morn-

ing dresses. Lord Melbourne said at once to the Queen that he was struck with Prince Albert's likeness to her.

The Queen at that time breakfasted in her own room (the princes coming to see her afterwards), and lunched with the Duchess of Kent and the princes at two. She rode with them, the Duchess of Kent, and the greater part of the ladies and gentlemen every afternoon.

I may mention that these riding-parties in Windsor Park were of constant occurrence, the Queen sometimes wearing a hat, and sometimes one of those—as we now think—inelegant caps with a peak in front, and with an enlargement above made flat at the top. By her side Melbourne often rode, with the ladies and gentlemen in a group behind.

The love of riding remained long with the Queen, though the gay cavalcades which used to sweep through the glades of Windsor Forest were no more seen after the Queen's loss of the Prince, which sorrow took all joy from the remainder of her days.

A large dinner took place every evening, and three times a week dancing after dinner. Her journal is full at this time of expressions of admiration for Prince Albert, and of the deep impression he had made upon her.

On the 14th the Queen had it intimated to the Prince, through Baron Alvensleben (Master of the Horse to the Duke of Coburg, and an old and devoted servant of the family), that she wished to speak to him the next day. She also told Lord Melbourne on the same day that she had made up her mind; at which he expressed much satisfaction, and said to her, as the Queen records at the time in her journal: "I think it will be very well received, for I hear that there is an anxiety now that it should be, and I am very glad of it;" adding, in quite a paternal tone, "You will be much more comfortable; for a woman cannot stand alone for any time in whatever position she may be."

"On Tuesday, October 15, the two princes went out hunting early," writes the Queen, "but came back about twelve. At half-past twelve I sent for Albert He came

to the closet, where I was alone. After a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware why I wished him to come, and that it would make me too happy if he would consent to what I wished (namely, to marry me).

"There was no hesitation on his part, but the offer was received with the greatest demonstration of kindness and affection. He is perfection in every way—in beauty, in everything. I told him I was quite unworthy of him. He said he would be very happy to spend his life with me. How I will strive to make him feel as little as possible the great sacrifice he has made! I told him it *was* a great sacrifice on his part, which he would not allow. I then told him to fetch Ernest, which he did, who congratulated us both, and seemed very happy. He told me how perfect his brother was."

She wrote to King Leopold on October 15, 1839:

"I love him more than I can say, and shall do everything in my power to render this sacrifice as small as I can. He seems to have great tact—a very necessary thing in his position. These last few days have passed like a dream to me, and I am so much bewildered by it all that I hardly know how to write. But I do feel very happy. It is absolutely necessary that this determination of mine should be known to no one but yourself and to Uncle Ernest until after the meeting of Parliament, as it would be considered otherwise neglectful on my part not to have assembled Parliament at once to inform them of it.

"Lord Melbourne has acted in this business, as he has always done towards me, with the greatest kindness and affection. We also think it better, and Albert quite approves of it, that we should be married very soon after Parliament meets, about the beginning of February; and, indeed, loving Albert as I do, I cannot wish it to be delayed. My feelings are a little changed, I must say, since last spring, when I said I could not think of marrying for three or four years; but seeing Albert has changed all this.

"Pray, dearest uncle, forward these two letters to Uncle

Ernest, to whom I beg you will enjoin strict secrecy, and explain these details which I have not time to do, and to faithful Stockmar. I think you might tell Louise of it, but none of her family.

"I wish to keep the dear young gentlemen here till the end of next week. Ernest's sincere pleasure gives me great delight. He does so adore dearest Albert.

"Ever, dearest uncle,

"Your devoted niece,

"V. R."

King Leopold said:

"I am sure you will like them the more the longer you see them. They are young men of merit, and without that puppy-like affectation which is so often found with young gentlemen of rank; and though remarkably well informed, they are very free from pedantry.

"Albert is a very agreeable companion. His manners are so gentle and harmonious that one likes to have him near one's self. I always found him so when I had him near me, and I think his travels have still improved him. He is full of talent and fun, and draws cleverly. I am glad to hear that they please the people who see them. They deserve it, and were rather nervous about it. I trust they will enliven your *séjour* in the old castle, and may Albert be able to strew roses without thorns on the pathway of life of our good Victoria. He is well qualified to do so.

"Your devoted uncle,

"LEOPOLD R."

Again: "I had, when I learned your decision, almost the feeling of old Simeon: 'Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' Your choice has been for these last years my conviction of what might and would be best for your happiness, and just because I was convinced of it, and knew how strangely fate often changes what one tries to bring about, as being the best plan one could fix upon—the maximum of a good arrangement—I feared

that it would not happen. In your position, which may, and will, perhaps, become in future even more difficult in a political point of view, you could not exist without having a happy and agreeable *intérieur*. And I am much deceived (which I think I am not), or you will find in Albert just the very qualities and disposition which are indispensable for your happiness, and which will suit your own character, temper, and mode of life.

"You say most amiably that you consider it a sacrifice on the part of Albert. This is true in many points, because his position will be a difficult one; but much, I may say all, will depend on your affection for him. If you love him, and are kind to him, he will easily bear the bothers of his position, and there is a steadiness and, at the same time, a cheerfulness in his character which will facilitate this.

"I think your plans excellent. If Parliament had been called at an unusual time, it would make them uncomfortable; and if, therefore, they receive the communication at the opening of the session, it will be best. The marriage, as you say, might then follow as closely as possible."

Prince Albert, himself, writes to Stockmar: "Your prophecy is fulfilled. The event has come upon us by surprise sooner than we could have expected; and I now doubly regret that I have lost the last summer, which I might have employed in many useful preparations, in deference to the wishes of relations and to the opposition of those who influenced the disposal of my life.

"I have laid to heart your advice as to the true foundation on which my future happiness must rest, and it agrees entirely with the principles of action which I had already in my own mind silently framed for myself. A personality of character which will win the respect, the love, and confidence of the Queen and of the nation must be the groundwork of my position. This individuality gives security for the disposition which prompts the action; and even should mistakes occur, they will be the more easily

pardoned on account of that personality; while even the most noble and beautiful undertakings fail in procuring support to a man who fails in inspiring that confidence.

"If, therefore, I prove a 'noble' Prince in the true sense of the word, as you call upon me to be, wise and prudent conduct will become easier to me, and its results more rich in blessings.

"I will not let my courage fail. With firm resolution and true zeal on my part I cannot fail to continue to be 'noble, manly, and princely' in all things. In what I may do, good advice is the first thing necessary, and that you can give better than any one if you can only make up your mind to sacrifice your time to me for the first year of my existence here."

This was the commencement of that long residence in England which made Baron Stockmar so useful a counsellor and friend to the Prince and to the Queen. Sir Theodore Martin has fully explained how the wisdom of host and hostess strictly limited his influence to consultation and advice. He was of much use to them in communications for the benefit of England with foreigners. In the transaction of affairs he was able to give them, removed as they were from actual contact with the personages directing public affairs abroad, a fair view of the trend of Continental opinion, while as a faithful secretary, possessing good judgment, he could be of use in the wide relationship that family ties throughout Europe necessarily created.

While the official publication of the news of the betrothal was still delayed, "the Queen and Prince saw a great deal of each other, and often discussed his future position—what his title should be—whether or not he should be a peer (though to this both he and the Queen objected). He was, however, naturally to take precedence of every one else."

On November 1, Prince Albert, attired in a green uniform of the Coburg troops, accompanied the Queen to a review. "At ten minutes to twelve I set off for the ground

in my Windsor uniform and cap," the Queen writes, "on my old charger, 'Leopold,' with my beloved Albert, looking so handsome in his uniform, on my right, and Sir John Macdonald, the Adjutant-General, on my left, Colonel Grey and Colonel Wemyss preceding me. A guard of honor, my other gentlemen, my cousin's gentlemen, Lady Caroline Barrington, etc.

"A horrid day! Cold—dreadfully blowing—and in addition raining hard when we had been out a few minutes. It, however, ceased when we came to the ground. I rode alone down the ranks, and then took my place, as usual, with dearest Albert on my right, and Sir John Macdonald on my left, and saw the troops march past. They afterwards manœuvred. The Rifles looked beautiful. It was piercingly cold, and I had my cape on, which dearest Albert settled comfortably for me. He was so cold, being *en grande tenue*, with high boots. We cantered home again, and went in to show ourselves to poor Ernest, who had seen all from a window."

The Prince wrote to his mother: "With the exception of my relations towards her [the Queen], my future position will have its dark sides, and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded. But life has its thorns in every position, and the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavors for an object so great as that of promoting the good of so many will surely be sufficient to support me."

In another letter he says: "I tremble as I take up my pen, for I cannot but fear that what I am about to tell you will at the same time raise a thought which cannot be otherwise than painful to you, and, oh! which is also very much so to me, namely, that of parting. The subject which has occupied us so much of late is at last settled."

He then tells of his happiness, and continues: "Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises me to make as happy as possible. Oh! the future! does it not bring with it the moment when I shall

have to take leave of my dear, dear home and of you? I cannot think of that without deep melancholy taking possession of me.

"The Queen and the ministers wished that the marriage should take place in the first days of February, to which I acquiesced, after hearing their reasons for it. My position here will be very pleasant, inasmuch as I have refused all the offered titles. I keep my own name and remain what I was. It makes it the easier for me to run over occasionally to visit the old home and see my dear relations.

"I ask you to give me your blessing, which will be a talisman to me against all the storms the future may have in store."

Again: "To live and to sacrifice myself for the benefit of my new country does not prevent my doing good to that country from which I have received so many benefits. While I shall be untiring in my efforts and labors for the country to which I shall in future belong, and where I am called to so high a position, I shall never cease to be a true German, a true Coburg and Gotha man. Still, the separation will be very painful to me."

The princes soon after left for Germany.

The marriage was announced on November 15 to the Queen Dowager Adelaide, and to other members of the family. With her Prime Minister the Queen conferred on the various arrangements to be made, especially with regard to the declaration to be made to the Privy Council. It was feared to allude to the Prince's religion. It might have been taken for granted that the descendant of a house which had distinguished itself by being among the first to take a prominent part among the princes of Germany for the Reformation would not have been supposed to be a Roman Catholic, yet an absurd report was being circulated that he was one. It is odd how the "No Popery" cry has its periodical recrudescence.

On the 23d eighty members of the Privy Council assembled in the central room on the ground-floor in Buckingham Palace. "At two," the Queen writes, "I went in.

The room was full, but I hardly knew who was there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking kindly at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt my hands shake, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most happy and thankful when it was over."

The usual form was then proceeded with in asking the Queen that her most gracious communication might be printed. "Of course," the Queen says, "there was no end of congratulations. I wore a bracelet with the Prince's picture, and it seemed to give me courage at the Council."

"I have taken a fine sheet of paper," Croker wrote to Lady Hardwicke, "in honor of the Queen, to write to you what passed in Council. We had a very full Council, and the great Duke [of Wellington] attended. When we had assembled to the number of eighty, and as many had taken their seats as could at a long table, her Majesty was handed in by the Lord Chamberlain, and, bowing to us all round, sat down, saying, 'Your lordships will be seated.' She then unfolded a paper, and read her declaration. I cannot describe to you with what a mixture of self-possession and feminine delicacy she read the paper. Her voice, which is naturally beautiful, was clear and untroubled, and her eye was bright and calm, neither bold nor downcast, but firm and soft. There was a blush on her cheek, which made her look both handsome and more interesting; and certainly she did look as interesting and as handsome as any young lady I ever saw. After the Lord President had asked her permission to publish her declaration, she bowed consent, handed him the paper, rose, bowed all round, and retired, led as before by the Lord Chamberlain, to the outer room, where the attendants who were not of the Council had waited. The crowd, which was not great but very decent, at the palace gate, expressed their approbation of the Duke of Wellington and Sir R. Peel, and their disapprobation of the ministers (Melbourne and Co.) very loudly. Lord John Russell and Lord Normanby were positively hooted. Lord Melbourne

seemed to me to look careworn, and, on the whole, the meeting had a sombre air."

Discussions annoying to the Queen followed with regard to the precedence to be given to the Prince, and as to the King of Hanover withholding his consent. Whether the Prince's arms should be quartered with the Queen's was also a matter that had to be decided, and great discretion was shown by the bridegroom in the views he wrote to England.

"Now I come to a second point which you touch upon in your letter, and which I have also much at heart; I mean the choice of the persons who are to belong to my household. The maxim, 'Tell me whom he associates with, and I will tell you who he is,' must here especially not be lost sight of. I should wish particularly that the selection should be made without regard to politics, for if I am really to keep myself free from all parties, my people must not belong exclusively to one side. Above all, these appointments should not be mere 'party rewards,' but they should possess other recommendations besides those of party. Let them be either of very high rank, or very rich, or very clever, or who have performed important services for England. It is very necessary that they should be chosen from both sides—the same number of Whigs as of Tories; and above all do I wish that they should be well-educated men and of high character, who, as I have already said, shall have distinguished themselves in their several positions, whether it be in the army or navy, or in the scientific world."

At the opening of Parliament the Queen said from the throne: "I humbly implore that the divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people, as well as of my own domestic happiness; and it will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament."

Fifty thousand pounds had been proposed for his income, but only £30,000 was finally voted, a change which

gave less opportunity than had been anticipated for the encouragement of art and the support of those national objects which his position demanded.

When the news was told to him, he was on his way back to England, and he feared that the marriage was unpopular. His reception, as soon as he reached our shores, was sufficient to remove this impression. From Dover to London great crowds, moved by much enthusiasm, welcomed him.

The Queen wrote afterwards, in thinking of this time: "A worse school for a young girl, or one more detrimental to all natural feelings and affections, cannot well be imagined than the position of a Queen at eighteen, without experience and without a husband to guide and support her. This the Queen can state from painful experience, and she thanks God that none of her dear daughters are exposed to such danger."

The marriage did not take place until 1840. On February 10th, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, every place was filled as the company waited for the Queen, who left Buckingham Palace with her mother and the Duchess of Sutherland at one o'clock. The bridegroom's procession had arrived only a few minutes before.

On the morning of the day of his wedding Prince Albert wrote: "In less than three hours I shall stand before the altar with my dear bride. In these solemn moments I must once more ask your blessing, which I am sure I shall receive, and which will be my safeguard and my future joy! I must end. God help me!"

Of all those who accompanied the bride as her maids, one only, Lady Jane Bouverie, remains alive. The others were: Lady Adelaide Paget, Lady Sarah Villiers, Lady Frances Cowper, Lady Elizabeth West, Lady Mary Grimston, Lady Eleanor Paget, Lady Caroline Lennox, Lady Elizabeth Howard, Lady Ida Hay, Lady Mary Howard, and Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland.

The bridegroom waited near the altar and entered into

conversation with Queen Adelaide. He wore the uniform of a field-marshal in the British army, with the collar of the Garter. The Duke of Sussex advanced in the bride's procession, and to him the honor was assigned to give away the bride. Her dress is described as of rich white satin, trimmed with orange-flower blossoms. On her head a wreath of the same, over which, but not so worn as to conceal her face, was a veil of Honiton lace. Her bridesmaids and train-bearers were in like dresses, but without veils. She wore the collar of the Garter, and the twelve ladies who followed her made a beautiful group.

Advancing up the chapel to the music of the national anthem, she first knelt, and then sat down in her chair of state. In a few moments she rose and advanced with Prince Albert to the communion table, when the service was commenced. After the words "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" had been spoken, the guns in the Park and at the Tower fired a salute.

The following account was written by one of the bridesmaids, Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, and is now published for the first time:

"The day proved very rainy early in the morning, but it cleared up at about eleven, and the sun shone out brightly upon the bride as she passed through the rooms with her procession on her way to the chapel.

"The procession was thus formed:

THE QUEEN

Left	*Right*
Lady Adelaide Paget	Lady Caroline Lennox
Lady Sarah Villiers	Lady Elizabeth Howard
Lady Fanny Cowper	Lady Ida Hay
Lady Elizabeth West	Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope
Lady Mary Grimston	Lady Jane Bouverie
Lady Mary Howard	Lady Eleanor Paget

"I arrived about eleven with my *pendant*, Elizabeth

West. Our orders were to go and lock ourselves up in the Queen's dressing-room till she arrived; and accordingly Lord Erroll, whom we found at the foot of the staircase, gave us in charge to a Mr. Dobel, who, to our horror, marshalled us through the state rooms, filled with people waiting to see the procession—some, as I am told, having been sitting there since half-past eight!

"The dressing-room, where the twelve young ladies in tulle and white roses were immured for one hour and a half, fortunately commanded a view of the park, and we spent our time in watching the lines of Foot Guards forming under our windows, the evolutions of the Blues, who looked a good deal rusted by the rain, the people in the park, etc.

"At about half-past twelve the Queen arrived, looking as white as a sheet, but not apparently nervous. She was dressed in white satin and Honiton lace, with the collars of her orders, which are very splendid, round her neck, and on her head a very high wreath of orange flowers, a very few diamonds studded into her hair behind, in which was fastened her veil, also, I believe, of Honiton lace, and very handsome.

"Her train was of white satin, trimmed with orange flowers, but rather too short for the number of young ladies who carried it. We were all huddled together, and scrambled rather than walked along, kicking each other's heels and treading on each other's gowns.

"The Queen was perfectly composed and quiet, but unusually pale. She walked very slowly, giving ample time for all the spectators to gratify their curiosity, and certainly she was never before more earnestly scrutinized.

"I thought she trembled a little as she entered the chapel, where Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and all the royal family were waiting for her. She took her place on the left side of the altar, and knelt down in prayer for a few minutes, and Prince Albert followed her example. He wore a field-marshal's uniform, and two large white satin rosettes on his shoulders, with the Garter, etc. Perhaps he appeared awkward from embarrassment, but he was

certainly a good deal perplexed and agitated in delivering his responses.

"Her Majesty was quite calm and composed. When Prince Albert was asked whether he would take this woman for his wife, she turned full round and looked into his face as he replied '*I will.*' Her own responses were given in the same clear, musical tone of voice with which she read her speeches in the House of Lords, and in much the same manner.

"The Duke of Sussex was greatly affected, and Lord Fitzwilliam was heard to sob responsively from the gallery, but no one else seemed in the least disturbed. The Duke of Sussex has a story that no one cried but one of the singing boys; however, I can vouch for *his* tears. The Queen's two tears, mentioned in the *Morning Post*, I did not see.

"The old Duke of Cambridge was decidedly gay, making very audible remarks from time to time. The Queen Dowager looked quite the beau-ideal of a Queen Dowager—grave, dignified, and very becomingly dressed in purple velvet and ermine, and a purple velvet *coiffure* with a magnificent diamond branch.

"After it was over we all filed out of the chapel in the same order, the Duke of Cambridge very gallantly handing the princesses down the steps with many audible civilities. The Queen gave her hand to her husband, who led her back through the rooms (where her reception was enthusiastic) to the throne room, where the royal family, the Coburgs, etc., signed their names in the registry book.

"The Queen then presented each of her bridesmaids with a brooch, an eagle (Prince Albert's crest) of turquoise and pearls. After this she took her departure down the back stairs, at the foot of which I consigned the train to Prince Albert's care, who seemed a little nervous about getting into the carriage with a lady with a tail six yards long and voluminous in proportion!"

On the return to the palace the crowds heartily cheered

not only the newly married pair, but also many of those they recognized, and it was noticed that the loudest and most enthusiastic cheers accorded to any single person were reserved for the Duke of Wellington, who had not been in the royal procession, which had passed some distance before he appeared. The heart of the old soldier seemed gladdened by the applause.

The departure for Windsor followed in weather gloomy and dispiriting. As far as the eye could reach towards Kensington, Hyde Park, and Piccadilly, the whole area was more or less thickly crowded with human beings, all anxiously expecting to see something of the Queen. Everywhere subscriptions were raised to give the poor a dinner, that they might, with those who were better off, drink the toast of "Health and happiness to Victoria and Albert."

The Queen wrote: "Our reception was most enthusiastic, hearty, and gratifying in every way, the people quite deafening us with their cheers, and horsemen, gigs, etc., going along with us." At Eton the boys accompanied the carriage to the castle. Two days afterwards the whole family and Court followed to Windsor. There was dancing for two nights, and on the 14th all returned again to London. The Queen and Prince received addresses from Parliament, visited the theatres, and found that the people had thoroughly ratified their sovereign's choice. The Prince had thereafter a great part to play, for his influence could, for weal or woe, affect the position of the crown. Personal character was to have a far greater effect in maintaining loyalty in proportion as the direct personal part taken by the sovereign became merged in ministerial responsibility. The vital elements of the moral well-being of the community could be tainted or strengthened by the personal example of those set "in the fierce light that beats upon a throne." The domestic virtues, which must lie at the root of national health and strength, become more highly prized when those who are at the head of society rightly conduct what is called their private life, but which never can be really private for them. As the glare of

publicity, through the reading of newspapers, increases, and as the knowledge of the tastes of all persons in public positions becomes common knowledge, public disapproval of an evil example, where such is shown by a sovereign, becomes a danger to the crown. If such danger be raised, it affects not only the commonweal, through scandal, but prevents the constitutional head of the country from exercising his proper influence. Where there is no respect there cannot be true deference paid. It was one of the many glories of the reign of the Queen that purity of conduct lent weight to the counsels of the monarch. That such counsels can be used to assuage the mischief of partisan violence, to keep peace when words of irritation would have precipitated disastrous wars, to preserve dignity in relations with foreign powers, to discriminate between just and unjust causes of offence; in short, to exercise sovereign power, first by impartiality, and later by experience, was shown, over and over again, in a very high degree, during the long and great reign of Victoria.

To those who are so happy as were the Prince and Queen, it might be imagined that any exhibition of jealousy would not have caused annoyance. Injustice, however, must necessarily dog the footsteps of those in high position. But the Prince from the first desired, as he said, to act on the principle which always guided him—to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife, to aim at no power by himself or for himself, to shun all ostentation, to assume no separate responsibility before the public; but continuing anxiously to watch every part of the public business in order to be able to advise and assist her at any moment in any of the multifarious and difficult questions brought before her, whether political, social, or personal; as the natural head of her family, superintendent of her household, and manager of her private affairs; her sole confidential adviser in politics, and only assistant in her communications with the officers of her government.

At first he was never present at interviews between the Queen and her ministers, though he was at great pains to

inform himself about everything; and though the Prime Minister desired that the Queen should tell him and show him everything connected with public affairs, he did not at this time take much part in the transaction of business.

"Victoria allows me," he said later, "to take much part in foreign affairs, and I think I have already done some good. I always commit my views to paper, and then communicate them to Lord Melbourne. He seldom answers me, but I have often had the satisfaction of seeing him act entirely in accordance with what I have said."

In 1841 he writes: "All I can say about my political position is that I study the politics of the day with great industry, and continue to keep myself free from all parties. I take active interest in all national institutions and associations. I speak quite openly with the ministers on all subjects, so as to obtain information, and meet on all sides with much kindness. I endeavor quietly to be of as much use to Victoria in her position as I can."

His love of music was fully shared by the Queen, and he not only enjoyed it, but was able himself to shine as a composer. Famous musicians used to come to Windsor and Buckingham Palace, where there was an organ in the Prince's drawing-room, to play to them.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

THE Prince's birthday was always kept by the Queen with those pleasant German customs which are becoming every year more customary among the English. In this country we never thought of having Christmas-trees until the commencement of the Queen's reign, and one of the first ever seen by many persons at a large party in England was set up in the hall of Stafford House. Even now we do not make them so much the chief ornament, and the centre of our Christmas thanksgiving and present-giving, as do people on the Continent and in America. Among German congregations in the States I have known the Christmas-tree introduced into the church, and its lighting accompanied by a choral burst of happy carolling from the gallery above. One never heard of any such customs in English country-houses in the eighteenth century. It is distinctly a happy feature introduced into our winter life by associations connected with the life of the Queen.

So, also, in regard to family fêtes held on birthdays. No such day ever passed in the Queen's home without due celebration, and the table, with the gifts sent to him or her who had accomplished another year of pilgrimage, was the first thing that met the eye in the breakfast-room. The Prince's birthday was August 26.

The autumn was largely spent at Windsor. On November 21 their first child, a daughter, was born to them. The Prince was glad to sit by the Queen in her darkened room to read and write as she wished. No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to the sofa, and he always

helped to wheel her into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house, and, as years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work, this was often done with much inconvenience to himself, but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short, his care of her was like that of a mother. Nor could there be a wiser or more judicious nurse.

The baby received the name of her mother. Early in the new year the Prince wrote: "The cold has been intense. Nevertheless, I managed in skating three days ago to break through the ice in Buckingham Palace gardens. I was making my way to Victoria, who was standing on the bank with one of her ladies, and when within some few yards of the bank I fell plump into the water, and had to swim for two or three minutes in order to get out. Victoria was the only person with the presence of mind to lend me assistance, her lady being more occupied in screaming for help. The shock from the cold was extremely painful, and I cannot thank Heaven enough that I escaped with nothing more than a severe cold.

"The christening went off very well. The child behaved with great propriety, like a Christian. She was awake, but did not cry at all, and seemed to crow with immense satisfaction at the lights and brilliant uniforms, for she is very intelligent and observant. The ceremony took place at 6.30 P. M., and after it there was a dinner, and then we had some instrumental music. The health of the little one was drunk with great enthusiasm. The little girl bears her Saxon arms in the middle of the English, which looks very pretty."

The Saxon coat of arms has horizontal black bars upon a yellow ground, and stretched diagonally across the field is a cognizance which looks like a green coronet stretched out, but is the heraldic representation of "a wreath of rue," which in Elizabeth's time in England used to be called "the herb of grace."

The Prince sought to set upon a firm footing a question

ever likely to recur, that of political influences around the Queen. "I explained to Lord Melbourne," he wrote, "that I was naturally under some uneasiness—that my chief object was the Queen, and my sole anxiety that nothing unconstitutional should be done; and, that the Queen should come out of the crisis this time with more *éclat* than she had on a previous occasion, that it was my duty and his also not only to prepare the Queen for the possible eventuality, but also to come with her to an agreement as to what she and I and he would have to do. I showed him the points which I had already communicated to you, and he agreed with me in all of them."

It was remarkable that so young a man should put so clearly, and in such ordered sequence, the means by which this and other difficulties could best be met, and every statesman who in turn came into contact with him was struck by his common-sense ability, and by his possession of that rarest of all qualities, the power of taking a generally large and just view of any question.

"Our life has been very unsettled," he writes in 1841. "We paid a very interesting and agreeable three days' visit to the Archbishop of York at Newnham, and from there I went to Oxford, where I was well received. The commemoration was postponed for my presence. The impending dissolution is now the engrossing topic of interest. It empties purses, sets families by the ears, demoralizes the lower classes, and perverts many of the upper whose character wants strength to keep them straight. But this, like other things, comes to an end, and so does not bring the body politic to ruin as it might otherwise do. To-morrow we visit the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick. On Monday we go to see the *Trafalgar* launched at Woolwich, and on Tuesday prorogue Parliament. Thursday we have a council for the dissolution of Parliament. To-day we had a Chapter of the Bath. Sir Charles Napier was decorated. Yesterday was the last drawing-room of the season, and all the world is rushing out of town to agitate the country for and against."

Queen Louise of Belgium had been to stay with them on a visit that gave Queen Victoria great pleasure. "Louise is perfect," she wrote; "so excellent, so full of every kind and high feeling. Glorious soul! Albert is the only equal to her in unselfishness; she never thinks of herself."

She was much pleased with her reception in the country. "Nothing could be more enthusiastic or affectionate than our reception everywhere, and I am happy to hear that our presence has left a favorable impression. The loyalty in this country is certainly very striking." She felt the loss of Lord Melbourne when he had to resign, he being followed by Sir Robert Peel.

The following extracts from letters from the Queen to a private friend belong to this period, and may here be conveniently grouped together:

"Many thanks for your kind little note received yesterday afternoon. We shall be with you at a little after half-past seven this evening. There is one thing I wish to ask you, which is if you have invited Lord Melbourne. If you have not invited him, perhaps you would do so, as he would have dined with me had I stayed at home. If he cannot come to dinner, I am sure he will come after. As I shall see him this morning, may I tell him so?"

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, 1839.

"Marochetti is most successful in his bust of the Prince, and it will be a fine work of art. We find him very agreeable, gentlemanlike, and unassuming."

"*March*, 1839.

"I should be very sorry to interfere with your dinner tomorrow, though very greatly regretting not to see you. I said to you the day of my marriage that I hoped you would let Albert see your house some day. It appears to me that before Easter would be pleasanter almost than after, as there are less engagements. Would you therefore, perhaps, receive us some day either at the end of this month or

the beginning of April? I am very well to-day, and none the worse for last night's entertainment. Would you dine with us and accompany me to the opening [of Parliament] on Saturday?"

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *April* 16, 1839.

"I had been complaining to your brother of your being very *paresseuse* in not writing for a long time. The two letters have made ample amends for your long silence.

"Rome must be very interesting, but I should have thought Naples so much more gay. I am glad that you met my cousin, for I had written to him that I hoped you would. The Princess of Altenburg is a charming person, and he is a very good man. Both are devoted to their little baby. We expect the Grand Duke to come here about the end of this month, but the date of his arrival is not yet known.

"Lord Melbourne, who I fear has somewhat fallen into disgrace with you for not writing, is, I am glad to say, in excellent health."

"WINDSOR, *January* 21, 1841.

"We are very sorry to go to London, as we enjoy ourselves here so much. We have been driving these last two evenings. Lord and Lady Leveson are staying here. He is one of the best drivers, but is now lame with a bad knee.

"The statue by Wolfe, which is to be placed in the gallery at Buckingham Palace, is, I hear, beautiful. Have all your statues, etc., from Italy arrived?

"I must not omit to tell you that the christening of our little girl will take place on February 10, in the evening, at Buckingham Palace. I should much wish you to attend me on that occasion. It will be in full dress, and everybody in white. There will only be a large full-dress dinner immediately after it."

The Queen took much interest in the work of a commission appointed to consider the artistic decoration of

the new Houses of Parliament, which had been designed by Barry. It was justly hoped that a great opportunity might be given by the filling of the panels in the various rooms and corridors with paintings illustrating historical subjects. This was a scheme which has only been partially carried out, but none of those whose haunt has been the lobbies and passages connecting the chambers of the Lords and Commons will deny that the great interest shown by the public in those works which did receive a place fully warrants the continued prosecution of the scheme. Art is the handmaid of history, and has been its best teacher.

A fine conception by Herbert representing Moses descending from Sinai with the Tables of the Law in his hands is an example of how the genius of English art can be called forth for such occasions. The committee-room in which this fine work is placed is lit from above, so that the picture of the red granite valley and mighty scarred mountain-side of Sinai, looking as though forever seared by the lightning which played around it when Moses had ascended from the sight of the kneeling multitude, is visited by admiring groups whenever the doors are open to the public. Perhaps it would have been better if the picture of the carrying-down of the Tables of the Law by the great Jewish leader had been placed in a position somewhat more remote from the locality where the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues proclaim the tables of the British law.

There are an almost endless number of spaces which might be similarly occupied by great designs calculated to instruct and educate all who visit these halls, not excepting the legislators who discuss the speeches made during the evening in the smoking-rooms of the Palace of Westminster.

Lord Lyndhurst was one of the commission—a famous ex-Chancellor, who wore a brown wig and was fond of making speeches which were not exempt from that dry, even-voiced delivery to which those of his profession seem,

with few exceptions, to be predestined from their birth. The Duke of Sutherland was another commissioner—a man possessed of great refinement of taste, but from his deafness too soon withdrawn from the public occupations he might otherwise long have adorned. Lord Lansdowne, with his honest English face and shaggy gray eyebrows and shabby gray hat, still wearing the blue coat and brass buttons of a previous generation, was another. Then there was Lord Aberdeen, with his sagacious, heavy features, and gray hair brushed forward—a fashion adopted by Viscount Melbourne, who likewise sat on the commission. Of the others, there were Lord Ashburton, whose wealth was so largely bestowed on the magnificent collection of illuminated manuscripts but recently dispersed; Lord Seaton, bearing a name famous in military history; Lord Eversley, who had been Speaker of the House of Commons, and who is reputed to have believed that he could daunt any member of the House by the mere severity of the glance that shot from his expressive eyes—a talent which Speaker Denison, who soon followed him in the chair, was wont modestly to say that he could not claim to possess; Lord Lincoln, the eldest son of the Duke of Newcastle, afterwards well known to the public as a much-abused Minister of War, held responsible for many of the shortcomings the War Office revealed by our unpreparedness at the commencement of the Crimean War; Lord John Russell—"Magnum in Parvo," as he was called; Lord Francis Egerton, the Duke of Sutherland's brother, learned in art, and possessing one of the finest collections in London; Lord Palmerston; Sir Robert Peel; Sir James Graham, genial and clever; the Squire of Netherby, and others, among whom was Tennyson's friend, the historian Hallam; Samuel Rogers; Lord Mahon, the historian of the Spanish War of Succession, afterwards Lord Stanhope; and Macaulay—a sufficiently numerous body, with Eastlake of the Royal Academy to act as secretary.

The latter describes the Prince as entering alone to see

THE QUEEN IN 1840

(From a painting by William Fowler)

him before the first meeting. "He made," he says, "at once for the window recess in which I had been standing, though on his entering I advanced to the middle of the room and bowed. He stood kneeling with one knee on a chair while he talked, so that we were at close quarters in a strong light, which showed his beautiful face to great advantage. There was nothing in his exterior so striking as his face. He is exactly like the engraving from Ross's miniature, but now a little stouter. He soon put me at my ease by his pleasant manner. After speaking of Sir Robert Peel and the immediate cause of my waiting on him myself, we proceeded to discuss the question which was hereafter to engage our attention more. I listened to his plans, and made objections where I thought it necessary. Two or three times I quite forgot who he was—he talked so naturally and argued so fairly. I thought that the moment was come when I must make a stand against the introduction of foreign artists, for if he had insisted upon this I had made up my mind to resign my secretaryship. I almost said as much by observing that I was irrevocably committed on that point by my letter to the chairman of the late committee. He said he knew I was, for he had read that letter. He added, however, that he quite agreed with me. I said I saw no objection to English artists, who might be intrusted with the management of considerable works, employing Germans under them. To my agreeable surprise, Prince Albert would not even admit that this was necessary, for he said he was convinced that in all that related to practical dexterity, which was a department in which it was assumed that some instruction for frescos would be necessary, the English were particularly skilful. He observed that 'in all mere mechanism the English surpass all other nations; even to the varnish on coaches it is surprising how much more perfect the English practice is than what one sees on the Continent.'"

Eastlake observed that "the Prince spoke English almost perfectly as to idiom. Alluding to the means by

which a school of rising fresco-painters might be encouraged, he said, 'There are two great auxiliaries in this country which seldom fail to promote the success of any scheme, viz., fashion and a high example. Fashion, we know, is all in all in England, and if the Court—I mean the Queen and myself—set the example hereafter by having works of this kind done, the same taste will extend itself to wealthy individuals. The English country-seats, which are the most beautiful in the world, will acquire additional effect from the introduction of such a style of decoration, and with such occupation the school would never languish, and would at least have time to develop itself fully.' I said that fresco might in some sorts be compared to sculpture, which could conceal nothing, and in which the need of definement involved the necessity of beauty. The Prince paid me the gracious compliment of saying, 'You have expressed in a few words what I have said in many.'"

After the Prince of Wales's birth, which took place on November 9, 1841, the Queen wrote to King Leopold: "I wonder very much whom our little boy will be like. You will understand how fervent are my prayers, and I am sure everybody's must be, to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in body and mind. Oh! my dearest uncle, I am sure if you knew how happy, how blessed I feel, and how proud in possessing such a perfect being as my husband! And when you think that you have been instrumental in bringing about this union, it must gladden your heart. We must all have trials and vexations, but if one's home is happy then the rest is comparatively nothing. I assure you, dear uncle, that no one feels this more than I do. I had this autumn one of the severest trials I could have in parting with my government, and particularly from our kind and valued friend, and I feel even now this last very much; but my happiness at home, with the love of my husband, his kindness, his advice, his support, and his company, make up for all, and make me forget."

One of the best of the pictures of ceremonies in the col-

lection at Windsor is that of the christening of the Prince of Wales in St. George's Chapel. "How impossible," said the Queen, "it is to describe how beautiful and imposing the effect of the whole scene was in the fine old chapel, with the banners and music, and the light shining upon the altar!" In those days the great east window above that altar had been filled in with a mighty picture in glass, which afterwards gave way to the far more decorative emblazonment, giving in jewelled colors the figures through which the morning sun now shines down on sculptured oak and the flags bearing the arms of the Garter Knights. It is always a mistake to attempt more in glass than a suggestion of a scene, which, to make a colored window effective, must be rendered in hues far too bright for a faithful representation of nature.

Baroness Bunsen describes the opening of Parliament: "A great scene, from which I had expected much, and was not disappointed. The throngs in the streets, in the windows, on every spot where foot could stand, all looking so pleased. The splendid Horse Guards, the Grenadier Guards—of whom it might be said, 'An appearance so fine you know not how to believe it true'—the Yeomen of the Body Guard. Then, in the House of Lords, the peers in their robes, the beautifully dressed ladies, with the many, many beautiful faces. Last, the procession of the Queen's entry, and herself looking worthy and fit to be the converging point of so many rays of grandeur. The composure with which she filled the throne while awaiting the Commons was a test of character—no fidget and no apathy. Then her voice and enunciation could not be more perfect. In short, it could not be said that she did well, but that she was the Queen. She was, and felt herself to be, the acknowledged chief among grand national realities. Placed in a narrow space behind her Majesty's mace-bearers, and peeping over their shoulders, I was enabled to hide and subdue the emotion I felt, conscious of the mighty pages in the world's history condensed in the words so impressively uttered in the silver tones of that feminine voice—

peace and war, the fate of millions, the relations of countries, the exertions of power felt to the extremities of the globe, alterations of laws, the birth of a future sovereign mentioned in solemn thanksgiving to Him in whose hands are nation and ruler. With what should one respond but with a heartfelt aspiration: 'God bless and guide her, for her sake and the sake of all.'"

An attempt was soon afterwards made upon the Queen's life by a young man. The Prince, in referring to this, said of his wife, "She has most of the toil and least of the enjoyments of the world," and gave the following account to his father of what he described as "the dreadful occurrence of yesterday." "On Sunday, the 29th," he wrote, "as we were returning from the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, at two o'clock, as we drove along the Mall there was the usual crowd of spectators under the trees on our left, who bowed and cheered. When we were nearly opposite Stafford House I saw a man step out from the crowd and present a pistol fully at me. He was some two paces from us. I heard the trigger snap, but it must have missed fire. I turned to Victoria, who was seated on my right, and asked her, 'Did you hear that?' She had been bowing to the people on the right, and had observed nothing. I said, 'I may be mistaken, but I feel sure I saw some one take aim at us.' When we reached the palace I asked the footmen who had been at the back of the carriage if they had not noticed a man step forward and stretch his hand towards the carriage, as if he wanted to throw a petition into it. They had noticed nothing. We were immediately impressed with the importance of keeping what had occurred a profound secret. I did not breathe a syllable about it to any one except Colonel Arbuthnot, to whom I told what had happened, and directed him to make it known forthwith to the Inspector of Police. I then ran out upon the balcony to see whether the man had not been caught, which would have led to the commotion of hundreds crowding round him; but all was quiet, and the people dispersed, satisfied with having seen the Queen.

"In the afternoon Sir Robert Peel, with the head of the police, came and took down my statement in writing, together with a description of the man's appearance. I began almost to distrust myself and what I had seen, as no one else had noticed anything, and we were driving rapidly at the time. Yesterday morning a boy of fourteen, who stutters greatly, came to Mr. Murray and said he had seen a man present a pistol at us as we were returning from church, but not fire, exclaiming afterwards, 'Fool that I was not to fire!' The thing had also been seen by an elderly gentleman, who had turned round and said, 'This is something too strange.' The boy followed the gentleman, fancying he would go and report the matter to the police, and thinking he might be wanted as a witness, but the gentleman walked up St. James's Street. Here he turned round, having observed that the boy continued to follow him, repeated his former exclamation, asked the boy's name, age, and address, and wrote them down. Pearse, thinking that the affair was in good hands, went home, but as he heard no more of the gentleman he came to the palace. There was now no longer any doubt, so we sent the boy to the Home Office, where his evidence was taken down. The police showed the greatest activity. We were naturally much agitated. Victoria very nervous and unwell. As the doctor wished that she should go out, we determined to do so, for we should have had to shut ourselves up for months had we settled not to go out so long as the miscreant was at large. Besides, as he could have no suspicion he was watched, we felt sure he would again come skulking about the palace, and that the numerous policemen in plain clothes who were on the lookout for him would seize him on the least imprudence on his part. We drove out at four o'clock, gave orders to drive faster than usual, and for the two equerries, Colonel Wilde and Colonel Arbuthnot, to ride close to the carriage. You may imagine that our minds were not very easy. We looked behind every tree, and I cast my eyes around in search of the rascal's face. We,

however, got safely through the parks and drove towards Hampstead."

It was when returning from Hampstead that the attempt on the Queen's life was made. "Owing to the rapid pace at which we were going," wrote one of the equerries, "my horse being very near to the man, he was disconcerted, and he aimed too low. Her Majesty heard the report, and her extraordinary calmness was wonderful. She was naturally affected, but did not betray the slightest appearance of alarm, but was as calm and as collected as when looking at the view at Hampstead. Prince Albert struck me as being very much affected at her Majesty's providential escape."

Prince Albert wrote: "The shot must have passed under the carriage, for he lowered his hand. We felt as if a load had been taken off our hearts, and we thanked the Almighty for having preserved us from so great a danger. John Francis, for that is the man's name, was standing near a policeman, who immediately seized him, but could not prevent the shot. It was the same spot where Oxford had fired at us two years ago, with this difference only, that Oxford was standing on our left, with his back to the garden wall."

The Queen, the Prince's secretary thought, had fully expected it, and it was a relief to her to have it over. She had for some time been under the impression that one of these mad attempts would be made. She said she never could have existed under the uncertainty of a concealed attack. She would rather run the immediate risk at any time than have the presentiment of danger constantly hovering over her. She was much gratified by the kind feeling the people had shown. She said to Lady Bloomfield: "I dare say, Georgie, you were surprised at not driving with me this afternoon; but the fact was that, as we returned from church yesterday, a man presented a pistol at the carriage window, which flashed in the pan. We were so taken by surprise that he had time to escape, so that I knew what was hanging over me, and I was determined to expose no life but my own."

"I was not at all frightened," she wrote to her uncle, "and feel very proud at dear Uncle Mensdorff calling me courageous, which I shall ever remember with delight, coming from so distinguished an officer as he is."

Nothing could exceed the indignation of the people, and the magnificent reception which the Queen received at the Italian Opera, to which she went the same night. The audience burst into cheers and called for the national anthem. This was only one of the many signs given of the love her people felt towards her.

During the stay of the King of Prussia, who visited the Queen in the opening months of 1842, Madame Bunsen and her husband were invited to Windsor.

"I always liked the visit to Windsor," she wrote; "the comfortable quiet and independence, in which one could spend as much time as one likes of the day in one's comfortable rooms, where I have written letters and read books for which I had no time in London. If the ladies-in-waiting are agreeable, one could walk or drive with them, to go to see the Queen's dogs in their establishment, or the exquisite poultry yard, or the beautiful dairy-house.

"But I had a favorite haunt on the summit of the slopes, and made the particular acquaintance of the Australian pines, which were very flourishing, securely sheltered from winds by the castle. And the periods of State stiffness were, after all, restricted within the narrowest imaginable bounds—only from eight to eleven. Such a visit was always a rest instead of an extra exertion.

"Windsor, January 28, 1842.—I was at work till three, then came by railway to Windsor, and found that in the York Tower a comfortable set of rooms were awaiting me. The upper housemaid gave us tea and bread and butter—very refreshing. When dressed we went together outside our rooms through the corridor, and soon met Lord De la Warr, the Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lord and Lady Westmorland. The former showed us where to go, that is, to walk through the corridor—a fairy scene, lights,

pictures, moving figures of courtiers unknown—to apartments, which we passed through one after another till we reached the magnificent ballroom, where the guests were assembled to await the Queen's appearance.

"Among those guests stood our King of Prussia, himself punctual at half-past seven. Soon came Prince Albert, to whom Lord De la Warr named me, when the Prince spoke to me of Rome. We had not been there long before two gentlemen, walking in by the same door by which we had entered, and then turning and making profound bows towards the open door, showed that the Queen was coming. She approached me directly, and said, with a gracious smile, 'I am very much pleased to see you.' Then, after speaking a few moments to the King, she took his arm and moved on.

"'God Save the Queen' began to sound at the same moment from the Waterloo Gallery, where the Queen has always dined since the King has been with her. Lord Haddington led me to dinner, and one of the King's suite sat on the other side. The scene was one of fairy tales of indescribable magnificence—the proportions of the hall and the mass of light in suspension, the gold plate on the table, and the glittering of the thousand lights in branches of a proper height not to meet the eye. The King's health was drunk, then the Queen's; then her Majesty rose and went out, followed by all the ladies.

"During the half-hour or less that elapsed before Prince Albert, the King, etc., followed the Queen, she did not sit, but went round to speak to the different ladies. She asked after my children, and gave me an opportunity of thanking her for the gracious permission to behold her Majesty so soon after my arrival from Germany. The Duchess of Kent also spoke to me, and I was very glad of the notice of Lady Lyttelton, who is very charming.

"As soon as the King came, the Queen went into the ballroom and made the King dance a quadrille with her, which he did with all suitable grace and dignity, though he has long ceased to dance. At half-past eleven, after the

Queen had retired, I set out on my travels to my bedchamber. I might have looked and wandered some miles before I found my door of exit, but was helped by an old gentleman —I believe Lord Albemarle. [This was a brother of the Earl who died only recently, and who as a young man fought at Waterloo.]

"February 3, 1842.—Monday.—Dined at Stafford House where we were received with the greatest kindness. I was presented to the Duchess of Gloucester, who called me 'the daughter of her old friend Mrs. Waddington.' Being taken to dinner by Lord John Russell, I found him a most agreeable neighbor. He is one of the persons with whom I got directly out of emptiness of phrases.

"Stafford House was beautiful, the staircase especially. A fine band played the whole evening, concluding with a composition of Prince Radziwill [a Prussian prince of Polish family, close friends of the German Emperor, William I.].

"The Duke of Sussex and the Duchess of Inverness spoke to me and asked me to their luncheon the next day, given to the King of Prussia. On Tuesday the way to Kensington Palace was lined by school-children with flags, and crowds of people. The Duke of Sussex received me, and brought me into the library to the Duchess of Gloucester and Princess Sophia [daughter of George III.], who spoke most kindly and made me sit between them. When they rose to speak to somebody else I slipped away, and got to a modest distance. At dinner I sat between Alexander Humboldt [the famous traveller] and Lord Palmerston, whom I also found very ready to talk.

"The King's visit to Lambeth on Wednesday was, perhaps, one of the most suitable and one of the most agreeable to him of any he has made, from the magnificence of the building, the historical associations, and the admirable choice of the company—bishops and clergy and a few besides; no ladies but Mrs. Blomfield and one other. The King enjoyed himself, and sat for some time afterwards talking to the Archbishop. He asked Lord Ashley to come and visit him at Berlin."

Letters from Mendelssohn describe a visit paid, by the Queen's command, to Buckingham Palace, where, in a room facing the garden, and adjoining a set of apartments where Prince Albert collected a fine library, the great musician played on an organ which still remains where the Prince placed it.

"I found the Prince alone," wrote Mendelssohn, "and then the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. I begged that the Prince would first play me something, so that, as I said, 'I might boast about it in Germany.' He played a chorale by Hertz, with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly and correctly as would have done credit to any professional. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from 'St. Paul,' 'How lovely are the messengers.' Before I got to the end of the first verse they both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops for me so cleverly—first a flute at the forte, the great organ at the D major part of the whole, then he made a lovely diminuendo with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart—that I was really quite enchanted. The Queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. 'You should sing one to him,' said Prince Albert; and, after a little begging, she said she would try the 'Frühling's Lied' in B flat. 'If it is still here,' she added, 'for all my music is packed up for Claremont.' Prince Albert went to look for it, and came back saying it was already packed. The servants were sent after it without success. At last the Queen went herself, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me, 'She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance,' and gave me a little case with a beautiful ring on which is engraved 'V. R. 1842.'

"The Queen came back and said, 'Lady —— has gone, and has taken all my things with her. It really is most annoying.' I then begged that I might not be made to suffer for the accident, and hoped she would sing another song. After some consultation with her husband, he said, 'She will sing you something of Glück's.' We proceeded to

the Queen's sitting-room, where there was a piano. The Duchess of Kent came in, and, while they were all talking, I rummaged about among the music, and soon discovered my first set of songs, so, of course, I begged her rather to sing one of those than the Glück, to which she kindly consented. And which should she choose? 'Schöner und Schöner Schmückt sich.' Sang it quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, and with very good execution. The last G I never heard better or purer, or more natural, from any amateur. Then I was obliged to confess that Fanny had written the song, which I found very hard—but pride must have a fall—and begged her to sing one of my own also. If I would give her plenty of help she would gladly try, she said; and then she sang the 'Pilger's Spruch' and 'Lass dich Nur,' really quite faultlessly and with charming feeling and expression. I thought to myself one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so that I merely thanked her a great many times, upon which she said, 'Oh! if I only had not been so frightened. Generally I have such long breath.' Then I praised her heartily, and with the best conscience in the world. Just that part with the long G at the close she had done so well, taking the three following and connecting notes in the same breath as one seldom hears it done, and therefore it amused me doubly that she herself should have begun about it.

"After this, Prince Albert sang another song, and then he said I must play him something before I went, and gave me as themes the chorale which he had played on the organ, and the song which he had just sung. If everything had gone as usual I ought to have improvised most dreadfully badly, for it is almost always like that with me when I want it to go well, and then I should have gone away vexed the whole morning. But just as if I were to keep nothing but the pleasantest, most charming recollections of it, I never improvised better. I was in the best mood for it, and enjoyed it myself, so that between the two themes I brought in the two songs which the Queen had sung naturally enough. It went off so easily that I would gladly not have stopped.

They followed me with so much intelligence and attention that I felt more at ease than I ever did in improvising to an audience. She said several times she hoped I would soon come to England again and pay them a visit. And then I took my leave."

It was often alleged that the Queen and the Prince were too fond of encouraging foreign artists at the expense of English, but there was no artist of whom more was seen at Court than the English Landseer, from whom sketches in chalk and pencil, as well as oil pictures, from the subject of the little marmoset monkeys, peering over a pine-apple, to his large canvases, such as that of the "Deer Drive in the Black Mount Forest of Argyleshire," were in constant demand; for the Queen, whose guest he often was, was a great admirer of his genius. Maclise, Stanfield, Eastlake, and many more were also among the artists of British birth whom she delighted to honor. But it was fully seen that for some phases of art it was not necessary to keep only to the native school, and that it was best to introduce to the knowledge of the island public the delightful art of some who had been born abroad. Faithfulness of portraiture, such as that shown by Winterhalter, was often, in his case, united to a certain stiffness of attitude and hardness of painting. And it must be confessed that, with the exception of Wilkie, the early Victorian age was as poor in great portrait-painters as it was in the exhibition of other forms of taste.

The pleasures of watching artistic effort and the delights of country life were all the more prized for the comparatively short time that could be given to them from the absorbing occupations of state. The government was not without very considerable anxiety in regard to public matters. It was with difficulty that work could be found for the large number of unemployed. There were universal complaints of the lowness of wages, while food remained at a high price. The people, even at that time, became more and more concentrated in great manufacturing districts, where there was much poverty and distress.

The Court did what it could to encourage trade. A great ball was given under its patronage at Covent Garden Theatre for the relief of the weavers of Spitalfields, and a costume ball at Buckingham Palace, of which the Prince wrote: "We have organized it with a view of helping trade in London, which is greatly depressed. We are to represent Edward III. and Queen Philippa, and the whole Court is to appear in the Court dress of that period. The Duchess of Cambridge is to head a procession of one hundred and twenty persons, intended to represent France, Italy, and Spain."

Theological questions caused much stir in the early forties. Perhaps it may be objected here that my readers do not care about theological questions at all, and that they had better not be touched upon in such a sketch as the present. Still, we must stop for a moment to consider the public relations of the Church to the State.

In most of the Protestant States of Germany the office of the King, or ruler, is intimately connected with the maintenance of religion, and the appointments of the spiritual leaders to Church preferment have to be confirmed by him. In Russia the head of the State is also the arch-priest. The Reformation was not the first time that freedom from the dominion of Rome had been claimed in the British Isles and the independence of the National Church asserted, for in Ireland and the west of Scotland, in the ancient days, the independence of a National Church was asserted by the observation of different times for the celebration of Easter.

It was, in fact, only by gradual stages that the Papal jurisdiction was established in Great Britain. Students of ecclesiastical history will remember the opposition at first offered to St. Augustine, when he wished to impose the Roman use upon the British bishops. It was not until the Middle Ages were well advanced that submission was really secured.

The Culdee Church declared that it derived through St. John, and not through St. Peter; but it is doubtful whether at the Reformation any one remembered such ancient his-

tory. They desired to be free from those abuses which in their judgment had become unbearable, and they turned to their liege lord to insure them the spiritual freedom which in their judgment had become a necessity.

At the union of the crowns of England and of Scotland, the feeling prevailed that spiritual freedom was best asserted by formally claiming protection from the King for the religion best liked in each country. His countenance means the countenance of law for the form of Church government the people love. The invocation of his power is only an expression of the wish that the State should be sanctified by religion, without which the grace of God will not descend upon the realm.

The Queen, when living at Balmoral, or when visiting in Scotland, always attended Divine service performed in the Established Church of the country of her Scottish ancestors, and she also participated in the Communion with the people around her.

At Crathie, on the opposite side of the river, in the valley in which the Castle of Balmoral is situated, there is a church, in the building and architecture of which the Queen interested herself greatly. It succeeded an ugly fabric, which, like too many structures in Scotland, had apparently been designed to make the house of God a reproach for ugliness. It had seemed of old to the Scottish people, as to many in England, that the best way of showing their dislike to the Roman Catholic faith had been not only to destroy the beautiful buildings scattered throughout the country, but to raise for themselves barn-like squares of stone. They seemed to think that these would protect them against error, and that by shutting out the beauties of nature around them they would be able the more easily to devote their thoughts to the Creator, who had put beauty himself into almost everything He made.

It was a joy to her to see that these mistakes were slowly losing their influence, and that her northern subjects were gradually becoming of the opinion that a place of worship should be raised with more care and reverent piety than

they had bestowed upon their homesteads or their byres. Nor did she fail to ask the men who were distinguished by their eloquence and conduct to come to minister and preach at Crathie. It is too early to speak of those among her chaplains who are still in the land of the living, but I may allude to one who, always wise in advice, cheery and joyous in manner, and most eloquent in the pulpit, afforded her society she knew how to value. This was Norman McLeod, whose comparatively early death was afterwards a great grief to her.

It is more widely known with what reverent respect and affection she enjoyed the company of those great dignitaries of the English Church who, by the advice of her ministers, she nominated to their sees or to their deaneries. She spoke to the last with the greatest delight of her recollections of many of those who had gone before her. At the commencement of her life and until middle age, on ceremonial occasions, the archbishops used to wear their wigs, as well as the rochet with lawn sleeves which now distinguishes their attire, when engaged in the public discharge of their office.

Referring to this period, Sir Theodore Martin has dwelt on the care with which the Prince regulated his conduct, and says: "The Prince knew, as General Grey said, that no shadow of a shade of suspicion should ever by any possibility attach to his own conduct. It must be absolutely free from reproach. It was his duty to lay down severe rules for his own guidance, involving restraint and self-denial. He denied himself the pleasure of walking at will about London. Wherever he went, whether in a carriage or on horseback, he was accompanied by his equerry. He paid no visits in general society. His visits were to the studios of the artists, to museums of art or science, to institutions for benevolent purposes. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name. He would frequently return to luncheon, the Queen says, at a great pace on horseback, and would always go to the Queen's dressing-room, where she generally was at that time, with that bright, loving

smile with which he ever greeted her, telling where he had been, what new buildings he had seen, what studios he had visited. She was anxious to prevent his being besieged, when in London, by many unnecessary people. 'His health is so invaluable, not only to me, to whom he is more than all in all, but to this whole country, that we must do our duty and manage that he is not overwhelmed with people.'"

The quantity of red tape which hedged in all the arrangements with reference to the duties of the household officers was one of the worries of the time. Needless multiplication of the details of their duties led to confusion and extravagance. To make more simple the whole organization of the service of the palace was not a very light task, but one that the Prince undertook with a thoroughness and command of detail for which he was remarkable. When the Queen was unable to discharge any public or state function he took her place.

In 1842 the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland, embarking on August 29th from Woolwich, in the *Royal George* yacht. She was accompanied by Prince Albert, with the Duchess of Norfolk and Lord Morton in waiting.

They landed at Granton Pier on September 1st, and proceeded to Dalkeith Palace, where they were entertained for some days by the Duke of Buccleuch. Two days later the Queen entered Edinburgh in state, the procession being a very striking one. The castle was viewed in detail, and the chief points of interest in the Scottish capital were duly visited. The Queen was greatly interested in the Scottish crown jewels.

Leaving Edinburgh, the royal party proceeded to Dalmeny Park, where they were entertained by the then Earl of Rosebery. On the 5th a levee was held by the Queen at Dalkeith Palace, when numerous loyal addresses were presented.

On the following day Dupplin Castle was visited, and subsequently the Queen drove into Perth. She dined and slept at Scone Palace.

BALMORAL

Brief visits were next paid to Dunkeld, Taymouth Castle, where the Prince had some deer-stalking, Loch Tay, and Auchmore, from which place the Queen drove to Crieff, passing on the way by Killin, Glen Ogle, Loch Earn, St. Fillans, and Comrie. Drummond Castle was reached in the evening, where the royal party were received by Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby.

After passing through Stirling and Falkirk they returned to Dalkeith Palace, whence the Queen visited Roslin and Hawthornden.

Altogether a fortnight was thus spent, and on September 15th the Queen quitted her Scottish dominions and voyaged in the *Trident* back to Woolwich.

In after years many other visits were paid to various parts of Scotland, and some of the Queen's impressions will be given later.

Princess Alice was born in 1843. "Albert," the Queen says, "has been, as usual, all kindness and goodness. Our little baby is to be called Alice, an old English name, and the other names are to be Maud, another old English name (the same as Matilda), and Mary, as she was born on Aunt Gloucester's birthday. Her sponsors are to be the King of Hanover, Ernest [Duke of Coburg], poor Princess Sophia Matilda, and Feodore."

"The ceremony went off very brilliantly," wrote the Queen on June 6th, "and little Alice behaved extremely well."

In 1843 occurred what is called in Scotland "The Disruption." One might imagine that expression to refer to the renewed activity of some ancient volcano, causing some well-known resort to split with fatal chasms. But the word recalls a split in the National Established Presbyterian Church, on what was called "the question of intrusion." Here, again, one must explain that intrusion meant that the patron of a living should no longer exercise his ancient right of presentation of a minister to a congregation. They desired to choose for themselves; or, rather, through a delegated committee. Some patrons

had a great number of livings to which they had the right of presentation. For instance, the Duke of Argyll had thirty-four. The right was seldom exercised without taking the sense of the congregation. There had during the century been only one case where the congregation had selected a man the Duke knew to be unfit, and he had therefore vetoed his appointment. But there were instances in which the patronage exercised by the lay patron had been less tactfully used.

The people liked to have a pulpit competition among aspiring preachers, and to give the palm themselves to the one who "made a graaand appeeerance." A "leet" (an old Saxon word meaning, in this case, a few sample specimens of young clergy) came and preached, and, according to their eloquence and the good report of them, one was chosen. This had been the practical habit in most cases, but not in all; and, as one case is enough to form a "test case," it was easy to have the delights of litigation, plus the full use of Old Testament language of a doubtful kind, in discussing a test case that went in favor of the ancient right. The Established Church Assembly had themselves begun the fight ten years before, when they said that the congregation ought to have a veto against any clergyman presented. In short, the Assembly began the course which logically must lead to the choice of ministers by the people, for these could go on vetoing any number of persons, until presentation should become a farce. When in 1844 the matter had ripened by more "cases," a great number of the Assembly, as the governing body of the Presbyterian Church is called, resolved to secede. They hated to do what must break up the Church of their fathers, but they could not hesitate. "The Disruption" took place, and the excitement throughout Scotland was tremendous.

So inflamed were party passions, that I remember hearing a minister, beloved in his parish, and one of the most excellent of men, recount how, when he had determined to remain in "the establishment," his own parishioners,

most of whom he had known all his days, turned from him as he walked to church, or spat at him, and hissed him! If it required moral courage to leave the fold, it required, in many instances, as much to remain. Many of the most eloquent of the ministers joined the new "Free Church." Guthrie, whose grand voice, great pathos, and fine oratory in the pulpit, rang in the ears of his Edinburgh congregation until very lately, was young among them. Chalmers was their most able and zealous leader, a man whom all must admire, and very many loved.

There were riots in Ross-shire when new clergy were put into the churches vacated by the secessionists; but, considering the excitement in the country, the public peace was well kept. The more extreme form of Calvinistic practice still prevails in the districts which were then disorderly. Elsewhere a more reasonable and joyous spirit has spread among the people. My grandfather, when an officer quartered at Edinburgh, was one Sunday afternoon leaning out of his barrack window and whistling a tune. A woman, passing in the street below, looked up at him, as he was thus innocently enjoying himself, and startled him by crying out, in a tone of agonized horror, "Ah, you reprobate!" The woman was no maniac, but an ordinary specimen of a large class who, until lately, have thought that anything but a morose and melancholy idleness was an improper attitude for the Lord's Day. The healthy exercise of muscle and lung, the enjoyment of boating, or walking in the country—anything, in short, which made man or woman rejoice in the gifts their God had given, was condemned. To shut one's self up in the house was the only occupation for a "decent body"; and to look, even to the members of the family, as though one had lost the nearest and dearest, was the tribute supposed to be demanded by a gracious God. This insanity still most injuriously affects some parts of Scotland; but a cleanlier, healthier, and happier existence is now the rule on Sunday, while the work imposed by Continental license on man and beast is happily avoided.

In one country of the European Continent the clergy had been a chief cause of the downfall of a king. The Church in France could have no part in the Revolution. The excesses of that time, the anarchy and denial of God, produced in them a horror that caused their policy to favor a more absolute form of government than was possible unless the sovereign had the "prestige" of great military successes. This Charles X. had not. "Legitimist" in feeling —that is, believing in his divine right of kingship—he attempted, unwisely, to bring back too soon the methods without the abuses of the old monarchical rule, interrupted by the Revolution and the Empire of the great Napoleon. He failed, and, happily escaping to England without being injured, he was hospitably received, and was given the rooms at Holyrood Palace which were afterwards occupied by the Queen during her visits to Edinburgh. They were the set belonging to the hereditary Master of the Household, the Duke of Argyll, whose family succeeded the Stewart family in the office when the last became sovereign. But while the King of France was being lodged in the old palace of his Stewart relatives in Scotland, a proceeding took place, under the cognizance of the great powers, which must have seemed to him as subversive of all proper authority as the Revolution itself. For one of the Bourbons, the son of that "Philippe Égalité" who had been half a Revolutionist, by name Louis Philippe, was invited to occupy the throne, and accepted the mission. He had, during his previous wanderings, been often in the greatest straits for money. He had been a school-master; he had had to pinch and starve to make the few francs he gained support his somewhat unwieldy body. Prince Albert was related, though distantly, to the Bourbons.

In 1843 peace had been procured, and the King of the French, as he was styled, thought that a visit from Queen Victoria would be at once pleasant and serviceable to himself. So two of his agreeable sons were commissioned to convey the invitation to Windsor, with the result that she paid a short visit to the King at the Château d'Eu.

The Queen and Prince embarked at Southampton, and, after visiting one or two English ports—at one of which it is recorded that the Mayor, who was about to present an address, managed to tumble into the water, out of which he was fished too wet "to present either himself or the address"—they found, on crossing the Channel, that the French King had come off in his barge to meet them.

The Queen wrote: "I felt, as it came nearer and nearer, more and more agitated. At length it came close. It contained the King, Aumale, Montpensier, Augustus [a first cousin of the Queen, who had married Princess Clémentine of Orleans], M. Guizot, [the Prime Minister of France], Lord Cowley, and various officers and ministers. The good, kind King was standing on the boat, and so impatient to get out that it was very difficult to prevent him, and to get him to wait till the boat was close enough. He came as quickly as possible, and embraced me warmly. The King expressed again and again how delighted he was to see me. His barge is a very fine one, with many oars, and the men were in white, with red sashes, and red ribbons round their hats.

"The landing was a fine sight, which the beauty of the evening and the setting sun enhanced. Crowds of people, all so different from ours, numbers of troops, also different from our troops, the whole Court, and all the authorities, were assembled on the shore. The King led me up a somewhat steepish staircase, where the Queen received me with the kindest welcome, accompanied by dearest Louise [Queen of the Belgians], Hélène [the Duchess of Orleans], in deep mourning, Françoise [Princess of Joinville], and Madame Adélaide. All this—the cheering of the people and of the troops crying, 'Vive la Reine! Vive le Roi!'—well-nigh overcame me. The King repeated again and again to me how happy he was at the visit, and how attached he was to my father and to England."

The Queen said she was "delighted at being in the midst of this admirable and truly amiable family," where, she added, "we are quite at home, as if we were one of them.

On Sunday," she says, "I rose at half-past seven. I felt as though it were a dream that I was at Eu, and that my favorite air-castle for so many years was at length realized. But it is no dream, it is a pleasant reality. The distant ringing of the church bells, much prettier than ours, is the only thing to remind me of Sunday, for the mill is going, and the people are sweeping and working in the garden. The château is very pretty. They are all so kind and so delightful, so united, that it does one's heart good to see this family. At half-past ten the King and Queen and all of them took us to breakfast. The King has such spirits, and is full of anecdote. After breakfast we went up-stairs into the Galerie des Guises. At half-past two the King and Queen came to fetch us, and took us over the greater part of the château. The number of family pictures is quite enormous. The little chapel is beautiful, and full of painted windows and statues of saints. It is the first Roman Catholic chapel I have seen. The rooms of the Queen, including a little *cabinet de toilette*, are charming.

"The people are very respectable looking and very civil, crying, 'Vive la Reine d'Angleterre.' The King is so pleased. The caps of the women are very picturesque, and they wear also colored handkerchiefs and aprons which look very pretty.

"Monday, September 4th. — Up at half-past seven; breakfasted at eight o'clock. Good news from the children. The band of the Light Infantry, 24th Regiment, played under my window extremely well; they are fifty-five in number. At half-past ten the King and family came to fetch us to their delightfully cheerful breakfast. I feel so gay and happy with these dear people. Later we saw M. Guizot, who came to express his great joy at our visit. It seems to have done the greatest good, and to have caused the greatest satisfaction to the French. I hear that I should have been most kindly received at Paris even. The French naval officers give this evening a banquet on board the *Pluton* to our naval officers, and I trust that the hatred for the 'perfidious English' will cease.

THE QUEEN IN 1842

"During an excursion to an open-air fête I sat between the King and the Queen. The King's liveliness and vivacity, and little impatiences, are my delight and amusement. We returned at a quarter to six. I feel very gay and amused. At dinner the King told me that the French officers had a dinner at which my health had been drunk with great enthusiasm, 'which isn't so bad on the part of French soldiers,' he added; and he repeated again and again his wish to become more closely allied with the English, which would be the sure means of preventing war in Europe, and that love for the English was in his blood.

"After dinner there was very fine music by the artists of the Conservatoire. They played beautifully, particularly Beethoven's symphonies.

"Tuesday, September 5th.—Albert got up at half-past six in order to go and see the carabineers with Aumale. After breakfast, and before we went to our rooms, the King took us down-stairs, where he gave us two splendid pieces of Gobelins, which have been thirty years in hand [these pieces of tapestry the Queen ever afterwards kept at Windsor, in the oak dining-room, where she usually dined], and a beautiful box of Sèvres china. The dear, excellent Queen so kindly said that she had always had *un sentiment maternel pour moi*, but that this had increased since she knew me.

"Wednesday, September 6th.—I was up before eight o'clock. The band again played under my window, as yesterday. At breakfast I sat between the King and Aumale. We were much amused at the King's ordering, at this late hour, everything to be ready for a *dêjeuner* in the forest. We went off with a whole company in *char-à-bancs* at two o'clock, Albert sitting in front with the King, and I with the Queen, for whom I feel a filial affection. We arrived at Saint-Catherine. After walking about for some little time in the garden, we sat down to a *dêjeuner* under the trees. It was so pretty, so merry. We came home, the evening lovely, at half-past six. After dinner we went into the Galerie, which is fitted as a little theatre. A stage and or-

chestra was perfectly arranged. We were all seated in rows of chairs one above the other. The first piece was 'Le Château de ma Niece,' the second 'L'Humoriste,' in which Arnal sent us into fits of laughter.

"Thursday.—Quarter to six I got up, heavy-hearted at the thought that we must leave this dear family. We embarked in the King's fine barge; the King and Queen and all the princesses and the Admiral were with us. The princesses and suite and King's gentlemen and ministers all followed us on board. We were obliged to take leave. The dear Queen said yesterday, in speaking of the children, 'I recommend them to you, madame, when we shall be no longer here, and also to Prince Albert. May you protect them; they are heartfelt friends.'

"We stood on the side of the paddle-box and waited to see them pass by in a small steamer. The King waved his hand, and called out 'Adieu!' We set off before nine o'clock. At half-past three we got into the barge off Brighton with Joinville, the ladies, and Lord Aberdeen. When we arrived at the Pavilion, we took Joinville upstairs with us, and he was very much struck with the strangeness of the building."

The old royal yachts, the *Fairy* and the *Victoria and Albert*, were very small vessels as compared with the large steamers that are now so often used, and these again suffer in comparison with such splendid vessels as the *Hohenzollern*, belonging to his Majesty the German Emperor, where sixty can easily dine in the saloon. But the most antique-looking of all was one called the *Royal George* yacht, which was built in imitation of a full-rigged frigate. It was dangerously small for any heavy sea.

The Queen and Prince Albert also paid a visit to the King of the Belgians, and their reception left nothing to be desired. A State visit to Cambridge made the Queen acquainted, for the first time, with the marvels of creation collected in the museum in the shape of gigantic animals preserved to us in the rocks.

Sedgwick says: "The Queen was quite happy, and mightily taken with one or two of my monsters, especially with the plesiosaurus and gigantic stag. The subject was new to her, but the Prince evidently had a good general knowledge of the old world, and the Queen liked to hear her husband talk about a novel subject with so much knowledge and spirit. A fine head of an ichthyosaurus had arrived, and I was unpacking it. The Queen asked what it was. I told her as plainly as I could. She then asked whence it came, and I said I did not know the exact place, but I believed it came as a delegate from the monsters of the lower world to greet her arrival at the University."

In London they were occupied in the building of a new chapel at Buckingham Palace, and in giving constant interviews, audiences, and dinners to distinguished men at home and to foreign guests from abroad.

The Duke of Sussex, the Queen's oldest friend among her relations, died just as Princess Alice was born. He had married Lady Augusta Murray, when only twenty-one years of age, at Rome in 1793. This marriage was contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act of 12th George III., which enacted that no descendant of George II., other than the issue of princes married into foreign countries, was capable of contracting matrimony without the previous consent of the King, signified under the Great Seal; but, on condition that his union should not be disturbed, the Prince proposed to resign whatever claims he might possess as a member of the royal family.

No sooner, however, was the alliance publicly known than the matter was taken up by government, proceedings were instituted in the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the marriage pronounced null and void. The Duke was made a peer when twenty-nine years of age, and given soon afterwards £21,000 a year. He declared in favor of a reform in Parliament, of repeal of the penal laws against Roman Catholics, the diminution of public expenditure, and new principles of freedom in trade. His speeches upon the regency question in 1810-11 excited much attention.

On the question of repealing the Tests and Corporation Acts in 1828, the Duke displayed his liberal sentiments, demanding liberty of conscience. Strongly in favor of Parliamentary reform, he said: "I always was a reformer, I am a reformer, and I always shall be a reformer until this bill, or some other measure of equal efficiency, be passed." He was constantly presiding at dinners of public charities, and was a very good after-dinner speaker.

Early in 1844 the Prince Consort's father died, and the Prince had to leave the Queen for the first time, and felt the separation greatly. He returned in April. "I arrived at six o'clock in the evening at Windsor," he says. "Great joy!'

They received the Emperor Nicholas of Russia at Windsor. "A great event, and a great compliment, his visit certainly is," the Queen wrote. "The people here are extremely flattered at it. He is certainly a very striking man, still very handsome. His profile is beautiful, and his manners most dignified and graceful; extremely civil. The expression of the eyes is severe, and unlike anything I ever saw before. He gives Albert and myself the impression of a man who is not happy, and on whom the burden of his immense power and position weighs heavily and painfully. He seldom smiles; and when he does, the expression is not a happy one. He is very easy to get on with. Both the Emperor and the King of Saxony are quite enchanted with Windsor. The Emperor said, very politely, 'It is worthy of you, madam.' The Emperor praised my Albert very much, saying, 'It is impossible to see a better-looking man. He has so noble and so good an air.' He amused the King of Saxony and me by saying he was so embarrassed when people were presented to him, as he felt so awkward in a frock-coat, which he is certainly not accustomed to wear. Military uniform had become so habitual to him, and without it he said he felt as if one had skinned him. The review on June 5th was really very interesting, and our reception, as well as that of the Emperor, most enthusiastic. The Emperor asked my leave to ride

THE QUEEN IN 1843

down the line. When he came back he thanked me warmly for having allowed him to see his 'old comrades.'

"On the 6th we went with the Emperor and King to the races, and I never saw such a crowd. Here again the reception was most brilliant. Every evening a large dinner in the Waterloo Room, on the last two evenings in uniform, as the Emperor disliked so being in evening dress, and was quite embarrassed in it.

"On the 7th we brought him and the King back here, and in the evening had a party of about two hundred and sixty. On his return from the fête at Chiswick, on the morning of the 8th, the Emperor talked of it at dinner with delight; how brilliant it had been, of the great numbers of beautiful women present. He had seen Lord Melbourne there, and when I spoke of Lord Melbourne, and of the respect he entertained for the Emperor, he replied by expressing his great esteem for Lord Melbourne, adding, 'All who serve your Majesty well are dear to me.' As he led me from the dining-room, he said, 'It is unfortunately the last evening that I can enjoy the kindness of your Majesty, but the recollection will be eternally graven on my heart. I shall probably not see you again'; to which I replied he could easily come here again. He said, 'You do not know how difficult it is for us to do such things, but I commend my children to you.' He said this sadly.

"In the evening of the 8th we went to the opera, not in State, but they recognized us. We were most brilliantly received. I had to force the Emperor forward, as he never would come forward when I was there, and I was obliged to take him by the hand and make him appear. It was impossible to be more respectful than he was towards me. On Sunday afternoon he left us. Albert accompanied him to Woolwich. He was much affected at going, and really unaffectedly touched at his reception and stay, the simplicity and quietness of which told upon his love of domestic life, which is very great. On the morning he was to leave he expressed his gratitude to us in very warm terms, and said, 'I leave with sentiments of the most pro-

found devotion to your Majesty, and to him' (taking Albert's hand) 'who has been like a brother to me.' At a little before five o'clock we went down to wait in the small drawing-room with the children. Not long after, the Emperor came in and spoke to them, and then, with a sigh and with much emotion, which took all the harshness of his countenance away, he said, 'I take my departure from here, madam, with a full heart. I am touched by your kindnesses to me. You may be sure, madam, that you may count upon me at all times as your most devoted servant. May God bless you.' And again he kissed my hand and pressed it, and I kissed him [it is the custom between sovereigns to salute each other at the commencement and conclusion of such a State visit]. He kissed the children most affectionately, saying, 'May God bless them for your happiness.'

"He wanted me not to go farther with him, saying, 'I beseech you, do not accompany me farther'; but, of course, I would not consent, and took his arm to go to the hall. At the top of a few steps leading to the lower hall, he again took most kindly leave. When I saw him at the door I went down the steps, and, from the carriage, he begged I would not stand there; but I did, and saw him drive off with Albert for Woolwich."

"I will now," the Queen wrote to King Leopold, "give you my opinions and feelings on the subject. I was extremely against the visit, fearing the constraint and bustle, and even, at first, I did not feel at all to like it; but by living in the same house together, quietly and unrestrainedly (and this Albert, with great truth, says is the great advantage of these visits, for I not only see these great people, but know them), I got to know the Emperor, and he to know me.

"There is much about him which I cannot help liking, and I think his character is one which should be understood and looked upon for once as it is. He is stern and severe, with strict principles of duty, which nothing on earth will make him change. Very clever I do not think

him, and his mind is not a cultivated one. His education has been neglected; politics and military concerns are the only things he takes great interest in. The arts, and all the softer occupations, he does not care for. But he is sincere, I am certain—sincere even in his most despotic acts, from a sense that it is the only way to govern. He is not, I am sure, aware of the dreadful cases of individual misery which he so often causes, for I can see, by various instances, that he is kept in much ignorance of many things which his people carry out in most corrupt ways, while he thinks he is extremely just. He thinks of general measures, but does not look into details, and I am sure much never reaches his ears. As you observe, how can it? He asked for nothing whatever, and merely expressed his great anxiety to be on the best of terms with us, but not to the exclusion of others; only let things remain as they are."

All were most anxious to do the Emperor honor, and the Duke of Wellington, at the review, finding that the people began cheering himself instead of reserving their applause for their guest, rode along the front of the crowd, saying to them most earnestly, "Please do not cheer for me; cheer for the Emperor." When his Majesty left England in the little *Black Eagle* steamer, one of the sailors was seen to be conveying a large bundle of straw on board. This turned out to be a quantity of fresh litter, on which it was said the Emperor preferred to sleep, leaving his followers to use the beds.

CHAPTER V

EVENTS OF THE LATER FORTIES

It is curious that a war of the last year of the century (if 1900 can be called the last) began much as the war did in 1845 with the Sikhs. In both cases the British believed negotiations to be possibly fruitful, and hoping against hope for peace, did not bring sufficient troops on to the ground to prevent the enemy from obtaining an initial advantage. The annexation of the country of the Sikhs, called the Punjaub, was the final result of the battles that began with Moodkee and Ferozeshah, and finished with Aliwal and Sobraon, and Chillianwallah and Goojerat, a series of tremendous fights, which had best be considered together, for the result has been that the whole of northwestern India, up to the line of the mountain barriers, has been brought under British rule. The regions annexed are the homes of the most warlike of the Indian races, and these peoples have, ever since their brave resistance ceased, become the most trusted and the most trustworthy among the gallant defenders of British power in the East. The wars that were waged to such good effect began with the encouragement the British disasters at Cabul gave to the Ameers of Scinde, and they were brought to reason by the famous Sir Charles Napier. They had an army of Beloochees, and lost all their artillery at Meeanee. The Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, was thought at home to have been harsh, and the East India Company recalled him, and sent out Sir Henry Hardinge.

In 1845 a more formidable host than that of the Beloochees had to be met. It was not believed that they in-

tended war. The River Sutlej was the boundary between them and us. Inspired, probably, by the counsels of French officers who directed their artillery, they crossed into British territory. Sir Hugh Gough at once collected troops, and fought the battle of Moodkee. The general reported: "The country is a dead flat. The enemy screened their infantry and artillery behind some jungle and undulations of the ground. They opened a very severe cannonade on our twelve battalions. Our one battery of horse artillery and two light field batteries replied. Our cavalry made a flank movement, turned the left of the Sikh army, and, sweeping along the whole rear of its infantry and guns, silenced the artillery and put the horsemen to flight. The right of the enemy was also threatened, while the cannonade was resumed. The infantry advanced, but the opposition was such as might have been expected from troops who had everything at stake, and who had long vaunted of being irresistible. The line far outflanked ours, yet their whole force was driven from position to position with great slaughter and the loss of seventeen pieces of artillery, our infantry using that never-failing weapon—the bayonet. The conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight." But the Sikhs only retired to Ferozeshah, where, in an intrenched camp, they numbered at least fifty thousand men, with one hundred and eight guns. Their camp was a mile in length and half a mile in breadth. Near one side was the river. The British attacked from the side of the open country. Low jungle covered the plain. The British guns were placed in the centre of the attacking lines. There were sixty-nine guns and sixteen thousand seven hundred men. A heavy fire was opened by the Sikhs. In the face of a storm of shot and shell our infantry carried the formidable intrenchments; but the Sikhs, rallying, poured in so fearful a fire of small-arms that night fell when the conflict was everywhere still raging. The enemy, in spite of renewed efforts on our part, made with a fresh division, still held a portion of the great

quadrangle, and our men had to bivouac on the part they had gained, greatly exhausted and suffering much from thirst. The long night thus wore away. Wherever moonlight showed our troops, they were harassed by shot from the enemy's artillery. But at daylight Sir H. Hardinge, the Governor-General, placed himself at the head of the left wing, and Sir Hugh Gough at the head of the right, and an advance was again made. The village of Ferozeshah was taken, and then our force, swaying round on the centre, took the whole position. The British line halted as though on parade, receiving its two leaders, as they rode along in front, with enthusiastic cheers, and displaying the captured standards of the enemy. We took seventy-three pieces of cannon. Yet other attempts of the dauntless enemy continued, and it was only after our exhausted cavalry had been advanced to threaten both his flanks that he abandoned the field. The Sikh army then retreated on the fords of the River Sutlej.

But in the following year their ambition to conquer India again revived, and the village of Aliwal gave its name to the next battle. Sir Harry Smith, afterwards distinguished in African warfare, and after whose wife Ladysmith, in Natal, was named, was the British commander. The country was open grass land. There was no dust, and the sun shone brightly. The glistening of swords and bayonets was most imposing as the British line advanced. The enemy's artillery fire quickly reached us. Carrying the village with his right, Sir Harry Smith attacked the Sikhs' centre, which for some time made a desperate defence at another village, but all to no purpose. Native troops and British alike greatly distinguished themselves, and "the battle was won, our troops advancing to the passage of the river. The enemy precipitated themselves in disordered masses into the ford and boats. Our howitzers played on them. Then the débris of the Sikh army appeared on the opposite high bank of the river, flying in every direction. Nine of their guns were on the verge of the river. They had been unlimbered to

cover the ford. These were fired on us. Two were sticking in the stream; one of them we got out. Two were seen to sink in the quicksand. Two were dragged to the opposite bank and abandoned." The trophies taken completed the number of one hundred and forty-three guns captured. The Sikhs retreated to Sobraon, on the left bank of the River Sutlej. It was determined to carry it by storm. Sir Hugh Gough was again in command. The task was a difficult one. Thirty thousand of the best troops of the enemy held the place, with seventy cannon A bridge gave them communication with another large force, also provided with artillery. "It had been intended," wrote the commander-in-chief, "that the cannonade should have commenced at daybreak; but so heavy a mist hung over the plain and river that we had to wait for the sun to clear the atmosphere. At nine o'clock infantry and guns advanced, the artillery taking up successive positions at the gallop until they were within three hundred yards of the enemy. So hot was the enemy's fire that it seemed impossible to win the intrenchments, but persevering gallantry triumphed, and the troops effected a lodgment in the encampment. The thunder of one hundred and twenty pieces of ordnance reverberated in the mighty combat through the valley of the Sutlej, and as it was seen that it was likely that the weight of all the Sikh army would be thrown on to the two brigades that had passed the trenches, the attack had to be made close and serious. The battle raged with inconceivable fury from right to left. The Sikhs, even when at particular points their intrenchments were mastered with the bayonet, strove to regain them by the fiercest conflict, sword in hand. The cavalry behaved nobly, and all available men were brought into the attacking line. The fire of the Sikhs first slackened, and then nearly ceased, and the victors threw them in masses over the bridge and into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise had rendered hardly fordable. Hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. Their awful slaughter would have excited compassion had they not sul-

lied their gallantry by mangling every wounded soldier whom the fortune of war had left at their mercy. The Ghoorkhas in our army, soldiers of small stature but indomitable spirit, armed with the short weapons of their mountains, were a terror to the Sikhs throughout this great combat. Sixty-seven pieces of cannon, two hundred camel swivel guns, standards, and vast stores were captured. The battle was over by eleven in the morning. About nine thousand Sikhs perished, and two thousand four hundred killed and wounded on the British side showed the severity of the battle. A treaty of peace was signed with the Lahore government, and Lahore was occupied by a garrison of British.

But in 1848 British agents were murdered at Mooltan, and that city was besieged by eighteen thousand British and native troops. Sir Hugh, now Lord Gough, had to resume his old work on the Sutlej. It was not until after a fine defence that Mooltan fell. Chuttur and his son Shere Sing commanded another Sikh host at Chillianwallah, a village which they strongly held, and where they were attacked by Lord Gough, a fearful battle ensuing. Colin Campbell, afterwards destined to distinguish himself and be promoted to the peerage as Lord Clyde, commanded a brigade on the left, and greatly contributed to the final successful result. At one time of the attack he told me he had seen a Sikh defending a place in the intrenchment which was hotly attacked by our men. It was a narrow place, where only one man could advance at a time. A Sikh had cut down successively several men, when, by Campbell's directions, another, making a feint, parried the Sikh's stroke, and then, driving his bayonet into him, opened the way for his comrades to success. But some of our cavalry during the action were put to flight, and the Sikhs got in among the guns, carrying off six of them. Two thousand three hundred of the British were killed or wounded. Five colors were taken, and the enemy fired a salute at night in honor of what they considered a victory. They soon offered battle again at Goojerat, and

again Lord Gough did not hesitate to attack. This time the Sikhs had sixty thousand men and fifty-nine guns advantageously placed. Some Afghan forces were also with them. Their camp encircled the town, and the army was between the town and the bed of the river. The British had twenty-five thousand men. The Sikh guns were served with their accustomed rapidity, but ours gradually drove them back. A number of villages were stormed by the British infantry, the camps captured, and the enemy completely routed. The surrender of their arms by the brave Punjaubees soon followed. The guns given up were forty-one, making the total number of guns captured since the war began one hundred and fifty-eight. The annexation of the Punjaub followed. The Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was brought to England and educated there, and Lahore became the capital of the northwestern provinces.

The gem which was the chief treasure of the crown of Lahore has since been famous in England. It was the diamond called the Mountain of Light (Koh-i-noor), now in the King's possession It is a wonderful stone, and was worn by Queen Victoria on State occasions. When Sir John Lawrence, afterwards Governor-General, was British resident at Lahore, there came a time when riots were feared, and Lawrence thought that the great diamond would be in peril. He went to the treasury and asked to see the State jewels. These were brought to him, and he took the diamond, telling the treasurer that he would soon return it to him. The treasurer, having full confidence in the "Lord Sahib," assented, and Lawrence walked home with the Koh-i-noor in his pocket. His head was full of the anticipated dangers, and when he reached his house he was still absent-minded, and mechanically opened a drawer and placed the diamond in it, and went to his desk and wrote for some hours. By the time he had finished, word was brought to him of circumstances which gave him yet further uneasiness. He went out, and was occupied constantly for some days. He forgot all about the Koh-i-noor! After some days "affairs settled down,"

as he said, and at a durbar held by the Maharajah, the treasurer, as usual, had the trays of the State jewels carried past the throne. The great diamond was not among them. "Where is the Koh-i-noor?" demanded the Maharajah. The treasurer salaamed, and, turning to Lawrence, said that it was in the possession of the Sahib. But Lawrence had for the moment completely forgotten that he had taken the jewel, and asked the treasurer what he meant by such a statement. All eyes were now turned on the two. The treasurer, again salaaming, said it was as he had declared. Lawrence denied, and yet felt distressed, for he believed the treasurer honest, as did the assembly, who all evidently disbelieved the British resident. The Maharajah meantime sat silent, and commanded the durbar to proceed. Lawrence went home much perturbed, searched and found the diamond, and immediately sent to the Maharajah the lost gem, and a full account of the circumstances. The British resident was liked by the Prince, who made a joke of the incident.

But this was an adventure which the gem passed through in its old age. It came from near Golconda, having been found in the mine of Colore, in the sixteenth century. It had been in the throne of Aurungzabe, and it had ornamented an idol in Orissa. It was taken by the great conqueror Timur from Pandoor Rajah, whose rule was said to have extended over all India. Ranjit Singh, the "Lion of Lahore," used to wear it in the last century in an armlet, set in gold and rubies. A French traveller, Tavernier, knew it when the Great Mogul had it, and, uncut, it was said to weigh nine hundred carats. The Indian cutting reduced it to two hundred and seventy-nine carats, and it was again changed in form at Amsterdam, after it had been sent to England in 1849.

There was a wonderful ruby at Lahore also, and another famous diamond of much smaller size, the "Nassick," which was bought by the Marquis of Westminster. At a ball at Grosvenor House the late Duchess of Westminster was wearing it, and it became detached from its fastening

ONE OF THE QUEEN'S EARLY DRAWING-ROOMS

(From a picture by A. E. Chalon, R.A.)

and fell. It was not found for half an hour, when one of the guests trod on something, and, picking it up, said, "Oh, here's a chandelier drop"; however, it was not a bit of Bohemian glass, but the historic diamond, which he laughingly said he was very sorry to return to its owner.

Rudyard Kipling's father had lately established a college of art at Lahore, and Ram Singh, one of his pupils, decorated the Indian Hall at Osborne.

After following the events in India so far ahead, we must see something of the Queen's movements and the events in which she was able to take a personal part. She was always anxious to follow the fortunes of her Indian Empire in spirit; but, much as she desired to see that country, such good fortune was not in store for her, for it was not till many years later that she could hear from her eldest son of the grand loyalty which animated, throughout the whole of the latter part of her reign, its princes and its people

The 6th of August, 1844, brought Prince Alfred into the world, and one of those who were present at the christening at Windsor was the Prince of Prussia, afterwards the Emperor William. "The scene in the chapel," the Queen said, "was very solemn, and the organ has always a moving effect on me. To see these two children there too [the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal] seemed such a dream to me. May God bless them all, poor little things, and that our youngest really may be as good as his beloved father was my fervent prayer during the service, as always for all of them."

In October, Lady Lyttelton describes King Louis Philippe's return visit. "As this is an historical day, I think I will not be lazy, but just write you a word of an event while it is fresh. At two o'clock he arrived, this curious King. Worth seeing if ever body was. The Queen having graciously permitted me to be present, I joined the Court in the corridor, and then the Queen of England came out of her room to go and receive the King of France. Her Majesty had not long to wait in the armory, before she

received him at the entrance to the State apartments. From the armory, amid all the old trophies, knights' armor, Nelson's bust, Marlborough's flags and Wellington's, we saw the first of the escort enter the Quadrangle, and down went the Queen, and we after her, to the outside of the door on the pavement of the Quadrangle, just in time to see the escort clattering up, and the carriage close behind. The old man was much moved, I think, and his hand shook as he alighted.

"He was dressed in a blue uniform with a red ribbon across it, and stars on his breast, his coat being in the fashion of the uniforms of the day, cut away in front, and swallow-tailed. He wore trousers of the French red. His cocked hat was in his hand, so that his gray hair was seen. His countenance is striking, much better than the portraits; his embrace of the Queen very parental and nice. Montpensier is a handsome youth, and the courtiers and ministers very well-looking, grave, gentleman-like people. It was a striking piece of real history, and made one feel and think much."

The Queen wrote: "The King embraced me most warmly and kindly, and said, 'How much pleasure I have in saluting you!' He seemed quite touched, and led me upstairs. What emotions and thoughts must fill his breast on coming here! He is the first King of France who comes on a visit to the sovereign of this country—a very eventful epoch indeed, and one which will surely bring good fruits. The King said, as he went up the Grand Staircase towards his apartments, 'Dieu! comme c'est beau!' A little before three o'clock the King and Montpensier came over to the White Room, and lunched with us and mamma, the King sitting just where the Emperor of Russia used to sit. He was in the highest spirits, repeating again and again how happy he was to be here, and full of recollections of what had happened during his stay in England. He had met with a very enthusiastic reception. I never saw anybody more pleased, or more amused, in looking at every picture and every bust. He knew every bust and every-

thing about everybody here in a most wonderful way. Such a memory, such activity; it is a pleasure to show him anything, as he is so pleased and interested. He is enchanted with the castle, and repeated to me again and again, as also to all his people, how he had feared that what he had so earnestly wished since I came to the throne would not take place, and 'Dieu! comme cela m'a fait plaisir de vous donner le bras!'

"At dinner the King talked much of England, of having lived here so long, and liking it so much, his being *dévoué* to us, of our late difficulties, about which he was most grateful for our having helped so much to smooth. I wish I could put down his conversations—they are so able and amusing. How many suites we have seen here, as Albert said—the King of Prussia's, the Archduke's, the Emperor of Russia's, the King of Saxony's, and now that of the King of the French.

"October 9th.—After breakfast we went over to the King, and sat with him some little while. He is an extraordinary man. He talked much of our last difficulties, and the English nation having been so excited. He said the French nation did not wish for war, but they loved to 'claquer' like postilions, without knowing the bad consequences. Then he said the French did not understand being *negociants* like the English, nor the necessity of good faith, which gives this country such stability. And then again, 'France cannot make war on England, who is the Triton of the seas. England is the greatest empire in the world.' Then the King talked of the Tahiti affair, which he said he desired were at the bottom of the sea, and which he would much wish to be quite rid of. The French only wanted it for their whalers, which he trusted the Marquesas would do for.

"The next day we proceeded by Staines—where the King recognized the inn and everything—to Twickenham, where we drove up to the house where he used to live; which is a very pretty house, much embellished since the King lived there, but otherwise much the same. He walked round the garden in spite of a heavy shower. He di-

rected the postilion which way to go to pass by the house where he lived for five years with his brother before his marriage. We drove to Hampton Court. The King remained a long time looking at the pictures and marking in the catalogue those he intended to have copied for Versailles. We then drove to Claremont, and after luncheon took a hurried walk in the grounds. The evening was cold and fine, and the King was far more heartily and affectionately received wherever he was seen than was the Emperor of Russia, many crying 'Vive le Roi,' 'Long live Louis Philippe.' At Chertsey a man made a French speech. There was a great crowd when coming home near the gates, and the King, who had a friendly way of bowing very low with his hat and stretching out his hands, said, 'I never had such a reception. How much it touches me!'

"At dinner the King talked to me of the time when he was in school in the Grisons as a simple teacher receiving twenty pence a day, having to brush his own boots, under the name of Chabot. What an eventful life has his been!"

At his investiture the next day with the Order of the Garter, the King was introduced to the room by Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge. The Queen wrote: "When he approached we all rose, and the King bowed in due form as he came up. I turned to him and said, 'I have the pleasure of announcing to your Majesty that you are elected a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.' Albert then placed the garter around the King's leg. The King said to me, 'I wish to kiss your hand,' which he did afterwards, and I embraced him. The Duke of Cambridge assisted me in placing the ribbon over the King's shoulder. The King then walked round the table, shaking hands with each of the knights, after which they were called over, and we accompanied the King to his rooms, where he again and again thanked us for our kindness. At four o'clock we again went over to the King's room, and I placed at his feet a large cup representing St. George and the Dragon, with which he was very much pleased.

"He spoke in the highest terms of Albert. 'Oh, he will

do wonders; he is so wise. He does not go too fast. He gains so much on being known. He will always give you good advice. Do not think that I say this to flatter you. No, no; it comes from my heart. He will be like his uncle, just as wise and just as good. That is what I am just writing to my good Louise. He will be of the greatest use to you, and he will keep you well at his side if vicissitudes come upon you, which I hope will never happen; but of this one can never be certain.' He was most kind and paternal, and pleased and touched me. Both the Emperor and the King of the French, two most different people, have joined in the same opinion about my beloved Albert."

Nothing pleased the Queen more than to have the opportunity of accepting the invitations of her distinguished subjects to their country houses, and during her reign these were kept up on the old footing of abundant hospitality. Large numbers of persons in the rural districts found employment in the stables, the gardens, the home farms, and the other industries promoted by such establishments. It should have been the policy of governments to encourage such rural employment. Instead, however, a contrary line of conduct has been carried out, through the financial policy of recent years, by the succession duties, which make country estates pay more than they can bear, and thus diminish to a most serious extent the opportunities for occupation hitherto afforded.

Among the great houses whose owners did "their duty to the land," as the phrase was, to the utmost of their power, taking part in all local affairs, as well as in Imperial politics, were the Dukes of Buckingham, whose house at Stowe has recently been the abode of members of the Orleans family.

The Queen visited the Duke in 1845. All the way from London flags were flying, and people assembled to catch a glimpse of the royal party. Triumphal arches spanned the way between Wolverton and Stony Stratford. Near the town of Buckingham, directions were given for the

horses to proceed slowly. Every street was a mass of flags, streamers, and flowers; five hundred of the tenantry on horseback, with scarlet rosettes, lined the road before the house, where there were more than five hundred laborers, all employed upon the estate. The Duke's family received the royal travellers at the door of the great building, which is of stately architecture, and forms a fine centre to the park, where landscape gardening, as the artificial improvement of land and water used to be called, was admirably carried out, well-grouped woods enhancing the effect of the whole.

The Queen wore a black velvet dress and tunic, and a white silk bonnet with lilac flowers; and before going to her rooms, asked the Duke to let her look a little longer at the assembly of English country folk, who, in a wide half-circle, were still shouting their welcomes and waving their hats. Nor would the people leave for some time after the Queen had disappeared within the house, although they knew that at their homes all were to have an excellent dinner provided for them, and, in addition, a crown piece, as a remembrance of the day.

The Queen went through the marble room and the principal apartments, which formed one long set of chambers opening into each other, and full of beautiful things. The rooms set apart for the visitors were the Rembrandt room, so called from pictures by that artist on the walls; the breakfast and small dining parlor, the ante-library, library, music-room, State drawing-room, State dining-room, State dressing-room, and a State bedchamber. Indeed, the size of Stowe almost allowed as much accommodation to be given to the party as when, on another occasion, when travelling in Germany, Lord Clarendon, the minister in attendance on the Queen, was allowed the use of no fewer than thirteen rooms, at a palace which formerly belonged to one of the prince-bishops.

The curtains and covers of the chairs, etc., were of China silk, worked in silver on yellow. Most of the furniture was of marqueterie; two fine cabinets inlaid with ivory

and mother-o'-pearl and colored woods, each with a chasing in the centre in silver gilt; a clock formerly in the palace of Versailles, a table of mosaics and another of malachite, a chimney-piece of Italian white and colored marble, old Worcester porcelain, and a State bed made in 1737 for Frederick, Prince of Wales, with fluted pillars at each corner, supporting a crimson canopy of gilded pine above, with hangings of crimson and yellow silk damask, were some of the beautiful things to be seen in the bed and dressing rooms.

In the State drawing-room there was yellow silk on the walls, a great crystal chandelier hanging from the centre of the ceiling, a marble chimney-piece with porphyry columns, a clock supported by figures in porcelain made by the famous Vulliamy, crimson velvet-covered furniture from Venice, and pictures of the Sibyl by Domenichino; great vases of china, a marble mosaic from Rome, candelabra given by Louis XV. to Madame de Pompadour, tables of inlaid marble, agate, and Egyptian alabaster, and fine old china, Dresden, and Sèvres.

The Queen's dressing-room was white and gold, with pictures by Teniers, Ostade, and Cuyp. The other rooms had pictures by Carlo Dolci, Correggio, Raphael, Poussin, Rubens, Vandyke, and others. Fine tapestry gave a welcome rest to the eye apt to weary with so much richness of decoration. In the dining-room were great masses of gold and silver plate. The whole front of the house was illuminated in the evening. The two days' stay was chiefly occupied in seeing the treasures of the house, and visiting the various memorial temples and points of view about the park.

The Bucks Yeomanry were given the title of Royal in commemoration of their attendance upon the Queen.

The Duke of Wellington had also the pleasure of receiving the Queen at Strathfieldsaye, a place which had been given to him by the country on his making choice of it in preference to Bramshill, which at one time it had been proposed to purchase for him The visitors travelled through Bracknell and Wokingham, where Mr. Shaw Lefevre,

Speaker of the House of Commons, at the head of the Hants Yeomanry, met them. At Swallowfield the Duke of Wellington and his son, Lord Douro, were in waiting. The Duke of Wellington took off his hat and bowed to the Queen, who cordially returned his greeting, and then, taking his place in front of the Queen's carriage and four, rode on with other gentlemen to show the way. Arriving at five o'clock, the Duke dismounted, threw his overcoat to the groom, opened the Queen's carriage door, and led her into the house. The Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford, Lord Jersey, Sir Robert Peel, and many others welcomed them.

Next day there was shooting. There were a considerable number of guns, but the quantity of game killed sounds small in comparison with the bags made in the present day, for it is recorded that after shooting for three hours, during which time three hundred and three shots were fired, forty-six hares, sixty-eight pheasants, fourteen rabbits, and three woodcock were killed; total, one hundred and thirty-one head. Prince Albert shot with three guns, and the Duke of Wellington is reported to have made two or three remarkable shots. They drove to see Sir John Cope's fine, noble Elizabethan house on Bramshill.

The next day the number of shots fired by the sportsmen was again minutely counted, and numbered one hundred and fifty-eight, with only seventy-one head of game killed, of which the Prince shot twenty-three pheasants, twelve hares, and six rabbits.

The country near the Duke's house is just at the edge of the comparatively barren district, full of heath and pine, which extends from Bramshill to far south in Hampshire. There is only a small park, through which an avenue sweeps up to the house. A little river called the Lodden runs through some good timber, but it cannot be said that there is very much beauty in the situation of the place, or in its grounds. The house lies low, almost on a level with the river, and was built in the time of Queen Anne. It has clumps of tall chimneys; its walls are not high, but the structure is one of considerable length.

Nor are the rooms inside remarkable. The Duke had everything about him very plain, both at Strathfieldsaye and at Walmer. Indeed, there was hardly any attempt at decoration with any remarkable product of brush or chisel. There was a good library. The Duke was always quite contented to be surrounded by things that were substantial and comfortable, and did not in the least care for any show. He lived very simply, but as Lord-Lieutenant of the county he had to attend to county business, and made it a point to be at home to entertain the judges whenever their circuit brought them near his place.

He used to breakfast with his guests at ten, going afterwards to his own rooms, where he worked for several hours answering letters, never varying this routine except when he was hunting, and only, as a rule, leaving the house at wo o'clock. He dined at seven o'clock, and after tea, which in those days used always to follow dinner at a brief interval, sat down to whist, when the stakes never exceeded five-shilling points. He spent the whole of the rental upon the improvement of the property. He used to say that he had no business to expend the money otherwise, "because the next Duke of Wellington may not be as rich a man as I am, and he should therefore receive the property in the best order. If he cannot keep it so, the fault will not be mine." All his tenantry were well lodged, and they considered themselves happy to be under the Iron Duke.

The Duke took the Queen in to dinner during the two days' stay, which was the usual period for the sovereign's visits to last. After dinner he got up and said: "With your Majesty's permission, I give the health of her Majesty," and then the same for the Prince. They then adjourned to the library, and the Duke sat upon the sofa by the Queen for the rest of the evening until eleven o'clock, the Prince and gentlemen being scattered about in the library or billiard-room, which opens into it, or in the large conservatory. The band of the Duke's Grenadier Regiment played through the evening.

Germany was next to be visited, and the Queen much disliked leaving, for the first time, her children. She wrote on August 8, 1845: "A very fine morning when we got up. Both Vicky and Alice were with me while I dressed. 'Why am I not going to Germany?' asked the eldest. Most willingly would I have taken her, and wished much to have taken one of dearest Albert's children to Coburg; but the journey is a serious undertaking, particularly the first time, and she is very young, too; but what chiefly decides us is a visit to the King of Prussia, where I could not have looked after her."

At Antwerp they had bad weather, "but the people have illuminated the town with those triangular illuminations on the tops of long poles, as when we were here before." The King and Queen of the Belgians met them at Malines. At the Prussian frontier they were met by Chevalier Bunsen and others. "To hear the people speak German," said the Queen, "and to see the German soldiers, seemed to me so singular. I overheard the people saying that I looked 'very English.' At Brühl, after breakfast, we drove to the railroad, Albert with the King of Prussia, the Queen with the Austrian Archduke, who had been sent here to compliment me, and the Prince of Prussia with me. We went by rail to Bonn. We drove to the house of Prince Fürstenburg. Many gentlemen connected with the university, who had known Albert, were there, and delighted to see him and pleased to see me.

"We drove from Bonn to Albert's former little house, which is just as it was, and in no way altered. From a bower in the garden you have a beautiful view of the Kreuzburg, a convent situate on the top of a hill. The Sieben Gebirge you also see."

Meyerbeer conducted a great concert at Cologne. A steamer took them up the Rhine, twenty thousand troops saluting along the rampart lines of Ehrenbreitstein and at Coblentz. Alexander von Humboldt was among those who met them at Mayence. Prince Louis of Hesse, whom the Queen called "a very fine boy of eight, nice, and full

THE QUEEN IN 1845
(From a painting by John Partridge)

of intelligence," destined afterwards to marry one of the children who had been left at home with such regret, was brought to see the Queen at Aschaffenburg, where that same boy was called upon, in 1866, to fight against the Prussian troops.

The end of the journey is thus described in the Queen's *Journal*: "At length we saw flags, and the people drawn up in lines, and in a few minutes more we were welcomed by Ernest [Duke of Coburg], in full uniform. We got into an open carriage of Ernest's, with six horses, Ernest being opposite to us. The good people were all dressed in their best, the women in pointed caps and many petticoats, and the men in yellow breeches. Many girls were there with wreaths of flowers; and at Ketchendorf we found Uncle Leopold. Then the procession was formed. At the entrance to the town there was a triumphal arch, where the Burgomaster addressed us, and was quite overcome. On the other side stood a number of young girls dressed in white, with green wreaths and scarves, who presented us with bouquets and verses. I cannot say how much I felt moved on entering this dear old place, and with difficulty I restrained my emotion. The beautifully ornamented town, the numbers of good people, the many recollections connected with the place—all were so affecting. In the Platz, where are the Town Hall and Government House —fine, curious old houses—the clergy were assembled."

At the palace they found "the staircase full of cousins." The next day they went to the country house of the Rosenau. "How happy, how joyful, we were on awaking to feel ourselves here at the Rosenau, my Albert's birthplace, the place he most loves. He was so happy to be here with me; it was like a beautiful dream. Before breakfast we went up-stairs where he and Ernest used to live, which is quite in the roof, with a tiny bedroom on each side, in one of which they both used to sleep. The view is beautiful. The paper of the room is still full of holes from their fencing, and the same table is there on which they were dressed when little."

They went to the excellent little theatre at the capital, and even the unemotional Lord Aberdeen "was pleased beyond everything with our dear little country, and thinks it beautiful, and the people good and comfortable." They were greeted, especially on the Prince's birthday, by musical societies singing beneath their windows, a custom which the Queen particularly enjoyed.

On the way back they had cheering news of affairs in England from Sir Robert Peel, and they reached home after again visiting the King of the French. Little did they imagine that both Sir Robert Peel and the King were approaching the end of their political career.

Peel's government succumbed under the assaults of Disraeli, whose attacks upon its leader were constant and violent.

This was in 1846, and from this time forward Disraeli's attacks were incessant. Sir Robert continued to take an active part, bearing most magnanimously the attacks made upon him by former friends as well as by foes until 1850, when he warmly defended Lord Palmerston, who had been his colleague. Going from the House, he attended a meeting of the commissioners for the Crystal Palace; and then, after calling at Buckingham Palace, he rode down Constitution Hill, where, stopping to have a talk with a daughter of Lady Dover, who was also on horseback, his horse suddenly became restive, threw him off, and seemed to fall with its knees on his shoulders. A medical man, happening to pass in his carriage, took Sir Robert home, where Sir James Clark, one of the Queen's physicians, also attended him. Sir Robert fainted on the doorstep of his house. Surgeons were sent for, but his pain was so great when they tried to ascertain the nature of his hurt that they had to abandon their examination on account of his anguish. It was afterwards found that one of his ribs had penetrated his lung. His delirium made him try to leap from his bed, and then he became unconscious. He awoke only to be able to say to his family, "God bless you, God bless you," and died.

The Queen wrote: "Peel is to be buried to-day. The sorrow and grief are most touching and the country mourns over him as over a father. Every one seems to have lost a personal friend."

In the new government Lord John Russell was Prime Minister and Lord Palmerston and Lord Grey were Foreign and Colonial Secretaries.

Princess Helena was born on May 25, 1846.

The purchase of Osborne and the arrangements made there for the improvement of the place, together with the completion of the first part of the house, which they were able to finish, gave the Queen and Prince Albert much pleasure.

Lady Lyttelton wrote on December 16th: "Our first night in this house is well passed. Nobody complained of the smell of paint, or caught cold, and the worst is over. Everything in the house is quite new, and the drawing-room looks very handsome. The lights of the lamps in the windows in this room must have been seen far out at sea. At dinner we were to drink the Queen's and the Prince's health as a house-warming, and after it the Prince said, very simply and seriously, 'We have a psalm in Germany for such occasions,' and then quoted it. It was 'to bless our going out and coming in, our daily bread, and all we do; bless us to a blessed dying, and make us heirs of heaven.' It was dry and quaint, being Luther's. We all perceived that he was feeling it, and truly the entering of a new house is a solemn thing to do to those whose space of life in it is possibly not long, and who, in spite of rank and health and youth, may be going down-hill now.

"I forgot the best part of our breaking in, which was that Lucy Kerr insisted on throwing an old shoe into the house after the Queen, as she entered for the first night, this being a Scottish superstition. She wanted also to have some melted lead and sundry other charms, but they were not forthcoming."

The Queen had spoken to Louis Philippe about difficulties in Spain likely to arise if, as was reported, it was

desired that the son of the King of the French should marry with the Infanta of Spain. At Eu the King had said that he would never hear of Montpensier's marriage with the Infanta until it was no longer a political question, which would be when the Queen was married and had children. The long negotiations which took place in regard to this Spanish marriage extended over a wide area, Prince Leopold and many other bridegrooms being proposed.

We cannot here go into any details, but merely note that the conduct of the French government strained the relations between that country and England.

Louis Philippe had endeavored to get more and more power into his own hands. The franchise was very restricted. He intrigued, against his promise to England, for his son Montpensier to marry a Spanish princess, and arranged the marriage of the Queen of Spain to a man who was mentally weak. Thus he calculated that Montpensier, or his children, might succeed to the throne. Louis Philippe, in vulgar phrase, was in his mature cunning "too clever by half." The Spaniards disliked Montpensier, and the friendship of England was risked for no good. Early in 1848 the increasing dissatisfaction in Paris found vent in the usual manner—namely, by the erection of barricades. The royal stables were attacked, and the royal carriages burned. The National Guard fraternized with the mob and fired on the regular troops. The King and Queen's escape from the palace, when the mob entered it, was thus narrated: "They, with the Duc and Duchesse de Nemours, Duc and Duchesse de Montpensier, and the Duke and Duchess August of Saxe-Coburg, remained at first surrounded by a large number of personal friends. The Duc de Broglie, M. Thiers, and many members of the Legislature were with them. The Duc de Nemours had the command of the troops drawn up in the court-yard of the palace, and there is every reason to believe that they were ready and willing to act against the insurgent populace, which was rapidly advancing

towards the Place du Carrousel. But the National Guards retired before the crowd, and when they reached the palace they cried out to the troops of the line not to fire upon the people. The Duc de Nemours seems to have thought that resistance was hopeless, for he made no attempt to check the progress of the mob. Not a shot was fired, and the troops remained inactive while the people thronged the court-yard and swarmed round the entrance to the palace. News was brought to the crowd that the King had abdicated. He had left the palace. At the Pont Tournant, close by, a troop of National Guards on horseback was seen, forming the head of a procession, the leading persons in which, by gestures, incited the citizens to refrain from hostile demonstration. At this moment the words 'a great misfortune' were heard, and the King Louis Philippe, his right arm passed under the left arm of the Queen, on whom he appeared to lean for support, was seen to approach from the gate of the Tuileries, in the midst of the horsemen, and followed by about thirty persons in different uniforms. The Queen walked with a firm step, and cast around looks of assurance, with anger intermingled. The King wore a black coat, with a common round hat, and wore no orders. The Queen was in full mourning. A report was circulated that they were going to the Chamber of Deputies to deposit the act of abdication. Cries of 'Vive la Réforme!' 'Vive la France!' and even by two or three persons 'Vive le Roi!' were heard. The procession had scarcely passed the Pont Tournant when the King and Queen and the whole party made a sudden halt. In a moment they were surrounded by people on foot and on horseback, and so crowded that they had no longer their freedom of motion. Louis Philippe seemed alarmed at their sudden approach. He turned quickly round, let go the Queen's arm, took off his hat, raised it in the air, and cried out something which the noise prevented my hearing. In fact, the cries and *pêle-mêle* were general. The Queen became alarmed at no longer feeling the King's arm, and turned round in

extreme haste, saying something which I could not catch. At this moment I said, 'Madame, fear nothing; go on, the crowds will open before you.' Whether her anxiety made her misunderstand, I do not know; but, pushing back my hand, she exclaimed, 'Leave me!' with a most irritated accent. She seized hold of the King's arm, and they turned their steps towards two small black carriages with one horse each. In the first were two young children. The King took the left and the Queen the right, and the children, with their faces close to the glass of the vehicle, looked at the crowd with the utmost curiosity. The coachman whipped his horses violently, and, surrounded by the cavalry and the National Guards, the carriages passed. They went off as hard as they could drive to Versailles. There they hired a common carriage to convey them to Dreux, and passed the night at the house of a person on whose fidelity they could rely. Here they procured disguises, and before daylight next morning set out on their journey to the coast, travelling chiefly by night. They reached Honfleur early on the morning of February 26th, and after vainly trying to embark at Trouville, on account of the storm, got, after some more anxious days, to Honfleur, where they found a French fishing-boat, which took them to the English steamer *Express*. This vessel landed them safely at Newhaven. Louis Philippe left no party behind him, and lived in the retirement of Claremont."

It is pleasant again to revert to one of those excursions that the Queen was so fond of making into the country to pay visits to the great houses—where ancient history and modern hospitality awakened interest and adorned private life. One of these visits was to the Duke of Norfolk at Arundel Castle.

Every one who has travelled to Portsmouth knows the fine cluster of Norman towers and rampart walls, with the ruined keep above it, the lofty church near it, and the little town seen across the meadow flats through which the Arun River winds; and has admired, in

summer, the background of wooded hills which enframes the view of the castle home of the first of the English dukes.

Norman in the beginning, it had been restored and improved shortly before the Queen's visit, just as now again further improvements have been made, and a fine new tower added by the present Duke, who has happily returned from the South African campaign, having been the only minister who, laying down for a time high office in the government, chose to do also the soldier's duty in the field.

The very name is Norman, though it may possibly be that the arms of the town, which bear the "Hirondelle," or swallow, may have been given to it as a play upon an older word. It is curious how, in modern France, liberties have been taken with the letter "h," just as by many in England in regard to that inconvenient consonant. For the Norman-French seem to have pronounced the word as "Ourundele," while in other words they invariably pronounced the "h," which is so carefully avoided at the commencement of any word by the modern Parisians.

King Alfred of the Saxons speaks of the place, which tends to show that "Hirondelle" was only a pun. William the Conqueror gave it to Montgomery, and when the family of Albini passed it on to the Fitzalans, it came, by marriage, in Elizabeth's time, to the Howards. The castle was taken and retaken during the civil wars, being captured by Hopton and retaken by Waller. Nor was it until the eleventh Duke of Norfolk's time, at the commencement of this century, that it was made fully habitable, about £600,000 being spent upon it.

There is a fine gateway built by Montgomery—a square tower standing over an archway, communicating with the keep above by a raised passage carried across the moat, just as in the case of the Round Tower at Windsor.

The wall of the keep was seventy feet high. There were no loopholes or windows in the external masonry, so that it must have been expected that the garrison would have

sufficient space along the parapet to work their mangonels for the defence of the place.

The outside wall facings are of stone from Caen, in Normandy. For very many years the only guests in the keep were a number of American owls. There is an immense dungeon at the east end of the castle. The Barons' Hall is copied from Westminster and Eltham and Crosby halls. It had an open roof of Spanish chestnut, and had a stained-glass window. This hall is one hundred and fifteen by thirty-five feet.

The banqueting-room was originally the old chapel. The library is one hundred and twenty feet in length. Many interesting portraits escaped the civil wars and subsequent ruin. Holbein painted the Duke of his day, and there is a portrait of Richard III., believed to be the only existing painting which is authentic of that King. Another Holbein shows Christina, Duchess of Milan, painted by command of Henry VIII., who received the very natural answer to his proposal for her hand that if she had more than one head it should be at his service!

The Queen went from Osborne, embarking on the *Fairy*, and at Portsmouth Harbor got into the barge, being met at Portsmouth by the Duke of Norfolk, who was then Master of the Horse. They then drove by Emsworth and Chichester to Arundel, where the Duchess of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Arundel, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord John Russell, Lord Ellesmere, and others met them.

Lord and Lady Palmerston, the Marquis of Granby, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, the Duke of Wellington and his beautiful daughter-in-law, Lady Douro, and many others were at dinner. All the castle was illuminated, and a great display of fireworks rejoiced the hearts of the townspeople that night. Cannon were sent from Woolwich to fire salutes. At Burton the water in the great pond, which covered eighty acres, was drained away so that all the fish might be sent as a present to Arundel for the Queen's entertainment, a pike of thirty-five pounds being among them.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S MOTHER
(From a picture by Winterhalter)

The party visited Petworth House, some riding and others driving, but the Duke of Wellington contented himself "with a ride through the town for an airing." After a very agreeable visit, a return was made to the Isle of Wight.

In the autumn of 1846 the Queen and Prince Albert went in their yacht to Plymouth, whence, in spite of bad weather, they made many excursions, one up the Tamar, going first a little way up the St. Germans River, with its very pretty wooded banks. "Tremarton Castle to the right, which belongs to Bertie, as Duke of Cornwall, and Jats to the left. How extremely pretty!" wrote the Queen. "We stopped here and afterwards turned back, and went up the Tamar, the banks of which at first seemed flat, but as we proceeded the scenery became quite beautiful — richly wooded hills, trees growing down into the water, and the river winding so much as to have the effect of a lake.

"The finest parts began about Saltash, which is a small but prettily built town. At Tavy the river becomes very beautiful. We passed numbers of mines at work. At Cothele we landed and drove up a steep hill under fine trees to the very curious old house, where we got out of the carriage. It stands in the same state that it was in the time of Henry VIII., and is in great preservation."

The Prince made an expedition to Dartmore Forest, and the Queen said that when she had to meet crowds without him she felt so shy and put out.

After steaming to Jersey and Guernsey, the Queen and the Prince both sketched the outlines of Herm and Jethou at St. Pierre.

"At a quarter to nine," she said, "we got into our barge with our ladies. Pier and shore were lined with people, the ladies, dressed in white, singing 'God save the Queen' and strewing the ground with flowers. The people were extremely well-behaved and friendly, and received us very warmly as we drove through the narrow streets, which were decorated with flowers and flags and lined with the

Guernsey militia, two thousand strong, with their several bands. Some of the militia were mounted.

"At St. Helier's, in Jersey, the people were most cordial in their welcome, though not more so than the good Guernsey people."

They went to St. Michael's and then to the Restormel mine. "Albert and I got into one of the trucks, and were dragged in by the miners. The miners wear a curious woollen dress and a broad-rim cap with a rounded crown, and they generally have a candlestick in front of the cap. This time candlesticks were stuck along the side of the mine, and those who did not drag or push the truck carried lights.

"Albert and the gentlemen wore miners' hats. There was no room for any one to pass between the trucks and the rocks, and only just room enough to hold up one's head, and not always that. It had a most curious effect, and there was something unearthly about this lit-up, cavern-like place. We got out and scrambled a little way to see the veins of ore, and Albert knocked off some pieces, but in general it is blasted by gunpowder, being so hard."

It may be of interest to note here that what appears to have been the first statue of Queen Victoria to be erected in any part of her dominions was unveiled at Edinburgh on January 24, 1844. It was the work of Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Steell, and represents the Queen seated on a throne and wearing the diadem. With her right hand she grasps the sceptre, and her left reposes on an orb.

The entire pose of the figure is suggestive of the calmness that comes from the possession of power, and is full of quiet grace and majesty.

The statue is of colossal size, and was placed in a very appropriate position on the colonnade of the Royal Institution, fronting Prince's Street. The figure is nearly four times life-size, but the unusually high elevation of the pedestal tends to reduce its apparent size and makes it harmonize well with the grand proportions of the massive building in the background.

It would be hard indeed to tell how many statues, great and small, have been erected in various parts of the British Empire to its greatest Queen. In the Jubilee year, more especially, such local memorials of a glorious reign were erected in great numbers.

It is even stated that the natives of some parts of India have been found offering a veneration scarcely distinguishable from idol-worship to the statues of the Queen.

But the truest monument to the great Queen is surely to be seen in the beneficent influence of her reign, in the consolidation and growth of the Empire, in the development of the colonies, and in the general amelioration of the condition of the community at large. Such memorials, written on the history of the nation, will be fresh when bronze and marble have perished.

CHAPTER VI

TOURS OF THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT

WE must say more about the impressions made by the various parts of Scotland, to which the Queen paid visits about this period.

The one which, perhaps, most impressed her was that paid to Lord Breadalbane's beautiful place at Taymouth. The following extracts are taken from *Leaves from a Journal:*

"Just outside Dunkeld, before a triumphal arch, Lord Glenlyon's Highlanders, with halberds, met us and formed our guard, a piper playing before us. Dunkeld is beautifully situated in a narrow valley on the banks of the Tay. We drove to where the Highlanders were all drawn up in the midst of their encampments, and where a tent was prepared for us to lunch in. Poor Lord Glenlyon received us, but he had unfortunately become totally blind, which is dreadful for him. He was led about by his wife, which was very melancholy. His blindness was caused by over-fatigue.

"The Dowager Lady Glenlyon, the Mansfields, Kinnoulls, Buccleuchs, and many others were there. We walked down the ranks of the Highlanders, and then partook of luncheon, and one of the Highlanders danced a sword dance; some others danced a reel.

"At a quarter to four we left Dunkeld as we came, a Highland guard marching with us till we reached the outside of the town. The drive was quite beautiful all the way to Taymouth. High hills on each side. The Tay winds along beautifully and the hills are richly wooded. The hills grew higher and higher, and Albert said it was very

Swiss-looking in some parts. High ribbed mountains appeared in the distance, higher than any we had yet seen. This was near Aberfeldy, which is charmingly situated.

"At a quarter to six we reached Taymouth. At the gate a guard of Highlanders, Lord Breadalbane's men, met us. Taymouth lies in a valley, surrounded by high wooded hills. It is most beautiful. The house is a kind of castle built of granite. The *coup d'oeil* was indescribable. There were a number of Highlanders, all in the Campbell tartan, drawn up in front of the house, with Lord Breadalbane, himself in Highland dress, at their head; a few of Sir Neil Menzies's men in the Menzies's red and white tartan, a number of pipers playing, and a company of the 92d Highlanders, also in kilts.

"The firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills, altogether formed one of the finest scenes imaginable. It seemed as if a great chieftain, in old and feudal times, was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic.

"After dinner the grounds were most splendidly illuminated. A whole chain of lamps along the railings, and on the ground was written in lamps, 'Welcome, Victoria—Albert.'

"A small fort which is up in the woods was illuminated, and bonfires were burning on the tops of the hills. I never saw anything so fairylike. There were some pretty fireworks, and the whole ended by the Highlanders dancing reels, which they do to perfection, to the sound of the pipes, by torchlight, in front of the house. It had a wild and very gay effect.

"Next day Albert went off at half-past nine o'clock to shoot with Lord Breadalbane. I walked out with the Duchess of Norfolk along a path overlooking the Tay, which is very clear, and ripples along over the stones, the high mountains forming such a rich background.

"We got up to the dairy, which is a kind of Swiss cot-

tage built of quartz, very clean and nice. From the top of it there is a very pretty view of Loch Tay.

"Albert returned at half-past three. He had had excellent sport, and the trophies of it were brought out before the house — nineteen roedeer, several hares and pheasants, and three brace of grouse. There was also a capercailzie, a magnificent large bird. Albert had been near Aberfeldy, and had to shoot and walk the whole way back, Lord Breadalbane himself beating, and three hundred Highlanders out.

"We went at five with Lady Breadalbane and the Duchess of Sutherland and saw part of Loch Tay, and drove along the banks of the Tay, under fine trees, and saw Lord Breadalbane's American buffaloes.

"There was shooting again next day. I walked out with the Duchess of Norfolk across the high bridge and along the grass walk overhanging the Tay. Two of the Highland guard, who were stationed at almost every gate in the park, followed us, and it looked like olden times to see them with their swords drawn. At a lodge in the same road a fat, good-humored little woman, about forty years old, got some flowers for each of us. The Duchess gave her some money, saying, 'From her Majesty.' I never saw any one more surprised than she was. She, however, came up to me and said very warmly that my people were delighted to see me in Scotland.

"It came on to rain very heavily soon afterwards, and we saw a woman in the river, with her dress tucked up almost to her knees, washing potatoes.

"Albert had had very hard work on the moors, wading up to his knees in bogs every now and then, and had killed nine brace of grouse.

"We lunched. Then we went to the drawing-room, and saw from the window the Highlanders dancing reels. There were nine pipers at the castle; sometimes one and sometimes three played. They always played about breakfast-time, again during the morning, at luncheon, and also whenever we went in and out, again before dinner,

and during most of dinner-time. We both have become quite fond of the bagpipes.

"In the evening we took a most beautiful drive along part of the lake between the hills. Such grand mountain scenery, with little huts so low, so full of peat-smoke that one could hardly see anything for smoke.

"We saw Ben Lawers, which is said to be four thousand feet high. And farther on, quite in the distance, Ben More; also Glen Lyon and many a fine glen. It was quite dark when we came home at half-past seven. At eight we dined. After dinner came a number of people, about ninety, and there was a ball, which opened with a quadrille, which I danced with Lord Breadalbane, and Albert with the Duchess of Buccleuch. A number of reels were danced, which are very amusing and pretty to see.

"Next day the whole party went down to the lake, where we embarked. Lady Breadalbane, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Elizabeth went by land; all the others in boats. Two pipers sat on the bow and played very often.

"Our row of sixteen miles up Loch Tay to Auchmore, a cottage of Lord Breadalbane's near the end of the lake, was the prettiest thing imaginable. We saw the splendid scenery to such great advantage on both sides—Ben Lawers, the small waterfalls descending its sides, with other high mountains, wooded here and there, with Kenmore in the distance. The view looking back as the loch winds was most beautiful. The boatmen sang two Gaelic boat songs; very wild and singular: the language so guttural and yet so soft."

The Queen revisited Taymouth in 1886, with the Princess Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor.

"We did not wish to be known," the Queen wrote, "and we decided on not attempting to drive through the grounds, and contented ourselves with getting out at the gate, close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house who had no idea who we were.

"We got out and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then, unknown and quite in private, gazed, not without deep emotion, on the scene of our reception twenty-four years ago by dear Lord Breadalbane in a princely style not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect. Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then! I was very thankful to see it again; it seemed unaltered."

After Taymouth the young Queen and Prince saw Drummond Castle and its beautiful gardens, with "terraces like an old French garden."

The Clyde was seen in 1847. On the way there they found themselves in August in the yacht close to Ailsa Rock, the great dome-shaped mass of rock, with precipitous sides, rising from the deep water, midway between the coast of Kintyre and Ayrshire.

"The formation of the craig is very curious," the Queen writes. "There were thousands and thousands of birds —gannets—on the rock, and we fired a gun off three times in order to bring them in reach of a shot. Albert tried, but in vain.

"We next came in sight of the beautiful Isle of Arran. The finest point is when you are before the Holy Island and in sight of the Goatfell range of mountains. The highest is about two thousand eight hundred feet. They are peculiarly fine with their bold, pointed outlines. Before them is Lamlash Bay.

"After passing Holy Island we came to Brodick Bay, which is beautiful, with high hills and a glen, in front of which, surrounded by a wood, is the castle which Lord Douglas is building. Not long after this we came in sight of the Isle of Bute, the view of which, from Lord Bute's property, is beautiful—wooded banks, the river opening out and widening, surrounded by the distant mountains.

"At half-past twelve we reached Greenock, the port of

Glasgow. The shore and the ships were crowded with people, there being no less, as I since learned, than thirty-nine steamers overfilled with people, which all followed us. Such a thing never was seen. Add to these steamers boats and ships of all descriptions, moving in all directions, but not getting out of the way. We, however, got safe on board the *Fairy* and steamed up the Clyde."

They passed the small town of Port Glasgow, and about one o'clock were at Dumbarton Rock. "Its situation is very fine, rising out of the river, with the town of Dumbarton behind it."

A friend tells me that she was on board one of the steamers which went close to the royal yacht, and, in answer to the cheers of the passengers, the Queen waved a green parasol.

"We landed below the castle at Dumbarton and went in a carriage to the fort. There was a great crowd, but excellent order was kept. We had to mount many steps to get to the battery. Wallace was confined here, and it was one of the last castles which held out to Mary Queen of Scots. We ought to have seen Ben Lomond, but it was in mist.

"We returned, escorted by nineteen steamers, past Greenock, and went on towards Loch Long, passing Roseneath to the right.

"Loch Long is indeed splendid, fifteen miles in length, surrounded by grand hills and such beautiful outlines, and very green. All so different from the eastern part of Scotland, the loch winding along most beautifully so as to seem closed at times. The finest point is looking towards Loch Goil. We had a very good sight of the mountain called the 'Cobbler,' the top of which resembles a man sitting and mending his shoe.

"At the end of the loch we got a glimpse of Ben Lomond, and were in fact very near Loch Lomond. We returned and went on to Rothesay and immediately went on board the *Victoria and Albert*, greatly tired, but much amused and interested.

"The children enjoy everything extremely, and bear the novelty and excitement wonderfully. The people cheered the Duke of Rothesay (a title belonging to the eldest son of the Sovereign of Scotland) very much, and also called for a cheer for the Princess of Great Britain.

"Rothesay is a pretty little town built around a fine bay, with a fine harbor. When we went on deck after dinner we found the whole town brilliantly illuminated and every window lit up, which had a very pretty effect."

Next day they went round the southern shore of Bute to Loch Fyne and up that long ford, finding themselves, when they went on deck again, within an hour of Inverary, where the lake widens, and where the hills on either side are very green and undulating, but not very high. The approach to Inverary is splendid; the loch is very wide.

"Straight before you," wrote the Queen, "a fine range of mountains splendidly lit up—green, pink, and lilac. To the left, the little town of Inverary, and above it, surrounded by pine woods, stands the Castle of Inverary, square, with turrets at the corners.

"Our reception was in the true Highland fashion. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll (dear Lady Elizabeth Gower), the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Stafford, Lady Caroline Gower, and the Blantyres received us at the landing-place, which was all ornamented with heather. The Celtic Society, including Campbell of Isla, his two sons, one grown up and the other a very pretty boy, and a large number of his men, all dressed in Highland dress, and several other Campbell gentlemen, were all drawn up near to the carriages.

"We got into one with the two Duchesses, Charles and the Duke being on the box. We left the children on board the *Fairy* and took a beautiful drive among the magnificent trees and along a glen called Glen Shira. The weather was very fine, and we were much struck by the extreme beauty of Inverary, presenting as it does such a combination of magnificent timber, of high mountains,

and a noble lake. The pipers walked before the carriage and the Highlanders on either side as we approached the castle.

"We lunched at two with our hosts, the Highland gentlemen standing with halberds in the room. We sent for our children, who arrived during luncheon-time. We left Inverary before three, and took the children with us in the carriage."

The Duke of Argyll thus describes the visit:

August 19, 1848.

"All went off perfectly yesterday. The Queen visited Inverary. The day cleared up gloriously just as the squadron hove in sight. The light on the hills and woods was most brilliant, the mist rolling off the tops, the ships and steamers covered with flags, the herring fleet well disposed with hanging nets, etc. A show of kilts to the number at least of three hundred and fifty.

"We drove the Queen and Prince off at once on landing to see the old beech avenue in Glen Shira before lunch. They were astonished to see such good timber, the Prince remarking every fine tree that he passed. In the Queen's carriage, the Queen and the Prince, Duchess of Argyll and Duchess of Sutherland, Prince Leiningen and I on the dickey. The Queen in very good spirits and good-humored. Campbell of Isla alone brought two hundred men in Highland dress, and these Campbell gentlemen stood with halberds and axes around the table when the Queen was at lunch.

"The re-embarkation was equally successful, the *Fairy* coming alongside the quay. The first words the Queen said to me when I handed her out of the boat was, 'What a beautiful situation this is!' She took my arm up the quay, which was covered over with white and blue cloth, and lined with kilted men. The Prince handed the Duchess; the same order in going in to dinner. The Queen most kind and civil to everybody, and Isla's little boy, Walter, when he was presented to her, knelt and kissed

her hand in a most graceful way. My little Ian positively refused to kiss the hand of the little Princess Royal, much to the amusement of the Queen."

Continuing the voyage, they passed southward again until they had rounded the Mull of Cantire, fortunately in fine weather. Passing up the Atlantic side of that long promontory, they got to the western entrance of the Crinan Canal, and so onward up the Sound of Kerrera to Oban, "one of the finest spots we have seen, the ruins of the old castle of Dunolly, with a range of high mountains in the distance, to the left."

Some first impressions of Edinburgh may be mentioned here.

"At Granton Pier," said the Queen, "we were met by the Duke of Buccleuch, Sir Robert Peel, and others. Sir Robert told us the people were all in the highest good-humor. We got into a barouche, the ladies and gentlemen following. There were, however, not nearly so many people in Edinburgh, though the crowd and crush were such that one was continually in fear of accident.

"The impression Edinburgh has made upon us is very great. It is quite beautiful, totally unlike anything else I have seen, and what is even more, Albert, who has seen so much, says it is unlike anything he ever saw. Everything is built of massive stone; there is not a brick to be seen anywhere. The High Street, which is pretty steep, is very fine. Then the castle, situate on that grand rock in the middle of the town, is most striking. On the other side, the Calton Hill, many magnificent buildings, with Arthur's seat in the background overtopping the whole, form altogether a splendid spectacle.

"We reached Dalkeith at eleven, a large house constructed of reddish stone, the greater part built by the Duchess of Monmouth. The park is very extensive. The house has three fronts, with an entrance on the left as you drive up. We were shown up a very handsome staircase to our rooms, which are very comfortable.

"At breakfast next morning I tried the oat-meal por-

PRINCE ALBERT IN THE ROBES OF THE GARTER

(From the painting by Winterhalter)

ridge, which I think very good, and also some of the Finnan haddies. We then walked out. The pleasure grounds seemed very extensive and beautiful, wild and hilly. We walked along the river Esk, up a steep bank to a little cottage, and came home by the upper part of the walk.

"Dalkeith was full of people. The old women wear that kind of cap which they call a 'mutch,' and the young girls and children bareheaded, with flowing hair, and many of them pretty and very picturesque. You hardly see any women with bonnets.

"On Saturday we drove in, under Arthur's Seat, to Edinburgh. A guard of Royal Archers met us. We passed by Holyrood Chapel, which is very old and full of interest, and Holyrood Palace, a royal-looking old place. The procession moved through the old town up the High Street, which is a most extraordinary street, from the immense height of the houses, most of them being eleven stories high, and different families live in each story. Every window was crammed full of people. They showed us Knox's house, a curious old building. There is also the Regent Murray's house, which is in perfect preservation. In the old town the high church, St. Giles's, and in the new town St. Paul's, are very fine buildings.

"At the barrier the Provost presented us with the keys. We at length reached the castle, to the top of which we walked. The view from both batteries is splendid, like a panorama in extent. We saw looking down from them Heriot's Hospital, a very beautiful building, founded in the time of James VI. of Scotland by a goldsmith and jeweller, whom Sir Walter Scott has made famous in his *Fortunes of Nigel*.

"Then in carriages we proceeded the same way as before, the pressure of the crowd being really quite alarming, and we were both quite terrified, and the Archer Guard had very hard work of it, but were of the greatest use. They all carry a bow in one hand, and have their arrow stuck through their belts."

Another day, when driving past the castle of Craig Millar, they had a fine view of Edinburgh Castle. On this occasion the Queen wrote: "I forgot to say that when we visited it we saw the regalia, which are very old and curious—they were lost for a hundred years—also the room in which James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England was born—such a very, very small room, with an old prayer written on the wall. We had a beautiful view of Edinburgh and the Forth."

In 1847 the Queen visited Cambridge University, of which Prince Albert was now Chancellor.

"We shot along in the train from London to Cambridge," said Madame Bunsen. "Every station, and bridge, and resting-place, and spot of shade was peopled with eager faces watching for the Queen, and decorated with flowers; but the largest, and the brightest, and the gayest, and the most excited assemblage was at Cambridge station itself. And from thence, along the streets to Trinity College, the degree of ornamentation and the crowd and excitement were always increasing.

"I think I never saw so many children before in one morning, and I felt so much moved at the spectacle of such a mass of life collected together and animated by one feeling, and that a joyous one, that I was at a loss to conceive how any woman's sides can bear the beating of so strong a throb as must attend the consciousness of being the object of all that excitement, the centre of attraction to all those eyes. But the Queen has royal strength of nerve.

"We met the well-fed magistrates and yeomanry going to await the Queen, as they desired to fetch her from the station and walk in procession before her to the town. We saw her entrance into Trinity College as we stood at the windows of the lodge, and the academic crowd, in their picturesque dresses, were as loud in rejoicing as any mob could have been.

"Soon after I went with Lady Hardwicke and Lady Monteagle to take our places in the yet vacant Great Hall

of Trinity, whither the Queen came to receive the Chancellor's address. A few minutes after she had placed herself on the throne (that is, an arm-chair under a canopy at the raised extremity of the hall), Prince Albert, as Chancellor, entered at the opposite end in a beautiful dress of black and gold with a long train held up, and made a graceful bow and read an address, to which the Queen read an answer with peculiar emphasis, uttering approbation of the choice of a Chancellor made by Cambridge! Both kept their countenances admirably, and she only smiled upon the Prince at the close, when all was over, and she had let all the heads of houses kiss her hand, which they did with exquisite variety of awkwardness, all but one or two.

"Afterwards the Queen dined with the Vice-Chancellor in the hall of a small college, where but few, comparatively, could be admitted. Later in the evening I enjoyed a walk in the beautiful garden belonging to the lodge, where flowers, planted and cared for in the best manner, combined with fine trees and picturesque architecture. The Queen went to a concert, contrived as an extra opportunity of showing her to the public.

"On Tuesday we had to be ready before ten at the distribution of prizes and a performance of the Installation Ode in the Senate House. This was quite affecting, because the selection of striking points is founded on facts, and all exaggeration and humbug are avoided. Then the Queen dined in the Great Hall at Trinity, and splendid did the Great Hall look—three hundred and thirty people at various tables. We had luncheon at Downing College, and the Queen came thither and walked round to see the horticultural show, and to show herself and the Chancellor. After this there was a great dinner; the Queen and her immediate following at a table across the raised end of the hall, all the rest at tables lengthways. I took my place between Lord Spencer and the Duke of Buccleuch.

"Yesterday I went with the Duchess of Sutherland and

Lady Desart through the library, King's Chapel, Clare Hall, and the beautiful avenues and gardens—green turf, flowers, and water, and under a sun and sky than which nothing could be finer.

"At one the Queen set out through the cloisters and hall and library of Trinity College, passed through the gardens and avenues—which had been connected for the occasion by a temporary bridge over the river with those of St. John's College. We followed her through the joyous crowd grouped among the noble trees. Then the Queen sat down to luncheon in a tent, and we were placed at her table. The Queen looked, and was, well pleased. She was very well dressed, and most perfect in grace and movement. The Duchess of Sutherland's dress was a work of much and varied art."

State visits were also paid to the great schools of England which were fitting English boys to play their part upon the stage of history. The college at Eton arose, with its towered courts and ancient chapel, almost at the feet of the Queen when she looked down from the north terrace over wooded slope and park and river to the playing-fields and gardens of that famous school.

Henry VI.'s royal foundation did not, however, alone enjoy their countenance. They paid Harrow a visit in November. They were received at the gates by the head master, then Dr. Vaughan, and were taken by him to the speech room, where the boys, at that time only about three hundred and fifty in number, cheered as though they would never cease, and were rewarded by the Queen's commands that they should receive an extra week's holiday. Accompanied by a running *cortège* of boys, they were then shown the old school, where they could examine the many celebrated names carved upon the forms and panels.

Next they descended to the library, a new building in strong contrast to the old Elizabethan one they had quitted, and saw the book containing a list of the speeches delivered by the boys on their annual great day between

1792 and 1828. All the inhabitants of the hill had a public dinner and drank her Majesty's health in the evening.

Not far from Harrow, on the ridges of Stanmore, is Bentley Priory, which was then let to Queen Adelaide.

During September, 1848, the first visit was paid to Balmoral, it having been for some time a wish cherished by the Queen to have a place in the Highlands where deer-stalking could be enjoyed by her husband and where a complete contrast from State and ceremony could be secured in the autumn.

Full of joyous anticipation of the holiday, they started in the *Victoria and Albert* yacht, steaming up the east coast, being saluted off Boston by a French man-of-war, and at other points by many vessels who sailed as close as they could to the yacht to give it a passing cheer. It was considered very good work that the squadron with her Majesty's vessel accomplished four hundred miles in thirty hours.

All the people in Aberdeen crowded to the harbor, and were soon delighted by seeing the Queen and her little children walk ashore with the Prince, to be received by their Lord Provost and magistrates, who presented her husband with the freedom of the city, the Senate of the college adding an expression of their homage.

Triumphal arches met their view all the way up the road which passes along the northern bank of that beautiful, bright blue river, the Dee. A guard of honor from a Highland regiment was not then stationed at Ballater, but at the old castle of Braemar.

It was the first experience of many happy days and many happy years spent among the beautiful mountains of Aberdeen, in the keen and healthy air that blew from the peaks of Lochnagar, over the fine forest of Ballochbuie and Mar. The fine and peculiar coloring of the landscape was especially pleasing. The more level ground near the impetuous river was still clothed, despite the autumn, in green. Then came, near the edges of the woods, the bright russet of the fern, lining the dark verdure of

the Scotch firs, which rose, ridge above ridge, until they became scanty and widespread, while the purple bloom of the heather was still in full flower, to be succeeded on the higher ranges by the cold escarpments of the gray granite rock.

There was already snow upon the highest hills, the cloud-capped backs of Drim Alban, as the backbone of Scotland is called in the ancient Gaelic tongue, being four thousand feet in height and containing corries and glens so hidden from the sun that summer could not wholly dissipate the snow. These heights were the haunts of the ptarmigan, the bird which, though gray in the summer time, becomes white in winter, and which enjoys the barren and stony ground, where its curious rattling note may often be heard. Of grouse, it was found that the numbers were not great; but the deer were very numerous.

The Queen was indefatigable and in the highest spirits, inspecting the castle, projecting improvements, and exploring the hills. Bonfires glared at night on all the neighboring eminences. Lady Gainsborough, Lady Canning, Sir George Grey, and Lord Alfred Paget were with them, and Lord John Russell soon arrived to be the minister in attendance. It became a regular custom that a minister should always be in the house during the stay of the Queen in Scotland, and the minister's room, now ornamented with prints of the many famous occupants of the chamber, is on the ground floor, not far from the principal entrance.

The tours in Scotland had included also the beautiful western coast. I can remember an encampment of Highlanders who, fully equipped by the Duke of Argyll, Campbell of Islay, and others, had their tents pitched on the lawn between Inverary Castle and the sea, where, just off the little town, the royal yacht and attendant vessels were moored. The rain, so common in the district, refrained from falling, as had also been the case at a similar reception given to her at Lord Breadalbane's beautiful place of Taymouth, where Prince Albert had his first

lessons in Highland deer-stalking under Campbell of Monzie. It was then that the phrase of "Queen's weather" first came into use, often repeated on many a joyous occasion throughout her lifetime, for it was indeed singular how far more often it was sunshine than cloud whenever she appeared in public.

The drawback to the beautiful west of Scotland lies in its dampness. It shares this drawback with Wales and other parts of the west of England. The coloring, owing to the moisture in the air, is very soft—russets, purples, and greens being all far softer in tint and richer in hue than in the drier atmospheres in the east. There the vision sees details far more clearly, and everything seems sharper and brighter.

The valley of the Dee has a dry climate, and is situated eight hundred feet above the sea. The public road which runs along the valley traverses a bank opposite Balmoral, and, in a great measure, overlooks the grounds of the Queen's residence. Plantations, however, planted at the end of the forties, have now made the "policies," as the Scotch call the area immediately surrounding a house, far more private than they were. Indeed, all the hills upon the estate that the Queen bought were at once thickly planted. Scotch fir and birch and wood natural to the district quickly rose to mingle their younger green with the darker shades of the pines of the older forests, which she could see from her windows.

Of Balmoral the Queen wrote: "It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill. There is a nice little hall with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Up-stairs, immediately to the right, is our sitting-room, a fine, large room; then our bedroom, opening into it a little dressing-room which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies lived below and the gentlemen up-stairs. After lunch we walked out and went to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there

is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here is charming. To the left the beautiful hills surrounding Lochnagar; to the right the glen along which the Dee winds, and the wooded hills which reminded me very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm, and so solitary. It did one good as one gazed around; the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils. The scenery is wild and yet not desolate, and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the beautiful, rapid Dee, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine. When I came in at half-past six, Albert went out to try his luck with some stags."

Another day they had a deer drive. "Several gillies were with us," wrote the Queen. "They took us up a beautiful path winding through trees and heather in the Ballochbuie, but when we had gone about a mile they discovered deer. A 'council of war' was held in a whisper, and we turned back and went the whole way down again and rode along to the keeper's lodge, where we turned up the glen immediately below Craig Daign, through a beautiful part of the wood, and went along the track till we came to the foot of the craig, where we all dismounted. We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box made of hurdles and interwoven with branches of fir and heather about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie [Prince of Wales], Macdonald lying in the heather near us watching and quite concealed. Some had gone round to beat, and others, again, were at a little distance. We sat quite still and sketched a little, I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly on hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and in a few minutes Macdonald whispered that he saw a stag, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past."

CHAPTER VII

STIRRING TIMES OF PEACE AND WAR

THE first the Queen saw of Green Erin was the indented coast about the harbor of Cork in August, 1849. On going on deck about eight o'clock in the evening, she saw bonfires on the hills, and admired the harbor. The following day was gray. The ships saluted. "The landing-place was very prettily decorated," she wrote, "and covered with people, and yachts, ships, and boats crowding all around. The two members, Messrs. Roche and Power, as well as other gentlemen, including the Roman Catholic and Protestant clergymen and the members of the yacht club, presented addresses; after which, to give the people the satisfaction of calling the place Queenstown, in honor of its being the first spot on which I set foot upon Irish ground, I stepped on shore, amid the roar of cannon and the enthusiastic shouts of the people. We immediately re-embarked and proceeded up the River Lee towards Cork. It is extremely pretty and richly wooded, and reminded me of the Tamar. The first feature of interest we passed was a little bathing-place called Monkstown, and later Blackrock Castle, at which point we stopped to receive a salmon and a very pretty address from the poor fishermen of Blackrock. As we approached the city we saw people streaming in on foot, on horseback, and many in jaunting-cars. When we reached Cork, the *Fairy* again lay alongside, and we received all the addresses: first from the Mayor and Corporation (I knighted the Mayor immediately afterwards), then from the Protestant bishop and clergy, from the Roman Catholic bishop and clergy, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, sheriffs, and others.

The two judges, who were holding their courts, also came on board in their robes. After all this was over, we landed and walked some few paces on to where Lord Bandon's carriage was ready to receive us. The ladies went with us, and Lord Bandon and the general rode on each side of the carriage. The Mayor preceded us, and many (Lord Listowel among the number) followed on horseback or in carriages. The 12th Lancers escorted us, and the pensioners and infantry lined the streets. I cannot describe our route, but it will suffice to say that it took two hours, that we drove through the principal streets—twice through some of them—that they were densely crowded, decorated with flowers and triumphal arches, that the heat and dust were great, that we passed by the new college which is building—one of the four which are ordered by Act of Parliament—that our reception was most enthusiastic, and that everything went off to perfection, and was very well arranged. Cork is not at all like an English town, and looks rather foreign. The crowd is noisy, excitable, but a very good-humored one, running and pushing about, and laughing, talking, and shrieking. The beauty of the women is very remarkable, and struck us much; such beautiful dark eyes and hair, and such fine teeth. Almost every third woman was pretty; some remarkably so. They wear no bonnets, and generally long blue cloaks. The men are very poorly, often raggedly, dressed, and many wear blue coats and short breeches with blue stockings."

They went afterwards to Kingstown, where the Queen said she had an excellent salmon for dinner. "Albert decided on going to Waterford, ten miles up the river, in the *Fairy* with the boys, and as I felt giddy and tired, I preferred remaining quietly on board sketching." She was delighted with the view of the Wicklow hills from the Viceregal Lodge, to which she afterwards went.

Next the Queen went to Carton, the Duke of Leinster's fine house, not far from Dublin. Nothing could be pleasanter or more typical of the fine old Irish gentleman than

THE PRINCE CONSORT IN THE UNIFORM OF A FIELD MARSHAL

was the Duke of Leinster. He wore the often-folded high white necktie, blue coat and brass buttons, and buff waistcoat of the times of her Majesty's predecessors. He had a smooth-shaven face save for a little side-whisker, blue eyes, a straight, full nose, and the most charming and benevolent of expressions. He was courtesy itself, and was a great lover of his country, loyal to the backbone to his sovereign, and he was bitterly disappointed when in the sixties he saw some of his people going across his park to join a silly and ignorant attempt at insurrection.

The Queen admired the Duke's house and garden, where there were two bands playing. She describes it as a formal French garden, with rows of Irish yews, and says: "The Duke is one of the kindest and best of men. After luncheon we walked out and saw some of the country people dance jigs, which was very amusing. The Irish is quite different from the Scottish reel, not so animated, and the steps different, but very droll. The people are very poorly dressed, the men in thick coats, and the women in shawls, other men in blue coats and short breeches and blue stockings. There were three old pipers playing. The Irish pipe is very different from the Scottish. They do not blow into it, but merely have small bellows which they move with the arm. We walked around the pleasure grounds, and after this got into a carriage with the Duke and Duchess, our ladies and gentlemen following in a large jaunting-car, and the people riding, running, and driving with us. The Duke is so kind to them that a word from him will make them do anything. It was very hot, and yet the people kept running the whole way, and in the thick woollen coats which it seems they always wear here."

The Queen was sorry to leave Dublin, and always remembered her first reception at the capital of Ireland with the greatest pleasure, looking forward to visiting it again. "We stood," she says, "on the paddle-box, as we slowly steamed out of Queenstown amid the cheers of thousands and thousands, and salutes from all the ships. I waved my handkerchief as a parting acknowledgment of their loyalty."

The experience of the voyage northward to Belfast was unfortunately not a pleasant one. "The weather got worse and worse," she says, "and blew a real gale. Though we had only two minutes' row in the barge to go on board the *Fairy*, there was such a swell at the getting in and out, and the rolling and tossing of the boat were very disagreeable. We had to keep in a little pavilion, as the squalls were so violent as to cover the *Fairy* with spray. As we reached Belfast the sun fortunately came out. A very fine landing-place was arranged, where thousands were assembled. Lord Londonderry came on board, and numerous deputations with addresses, including the Mayor, whom I knighted, and Lady Londonderry and her daughter also came on board. We got into their carriage, Lord Londonderry himself on the rumble behind with two sergeant footmen, Renwick and Birbage, both very tall, large men, and the three must have been far from comfortable. The town was beautifully decorated with flowers, hangings, and fine triumphal arches. The galleries full of people, and the reception very hearty.

"I have all along forgotten to say that the favorite motto written up on most of the arches, and in every place was, '*Ceade mille failte*,' which means a hundred thousand welcomes in Irish, which is very like Gaelic.

"We passed through several of the streets, and returned to the place of embarkation. Belfast is a fine town with some good buildings; for instance, the Bank and Exchange. It is considered the Liverpool and Manchester of Ireland. The constabulary are a remarkably fine body of men, thirteen thousand in number altogether in Ireland, all Irish and chiefly Roman Catholic. We left amid immense cheering, and reached the *Victoria and Albert* at half-past six. Many bonfires were lighted on the surrounding hills and coast. I intend to create Bertie Earl of Dublin as a compliment to the town and country, though he is born with several Scotch ones (belonging to the heirs to the Scottish throne, which he has inherited from James VI.

of Scotland and I. of England), and this was one of my father's titles."

In after-times the Queen had another opportunity of gratifying her wish that a son should be associated with the sister kingdom by conferring upon Prince Arthur the title of Duke of Connaught; and, as a visit to Ireland was among the first of her public progresses, as a ceremonial journey would have been called in Elizabeth's time, so also the very last was to that land whose gallant soldiers had proved their devotion on the Vaal and the Tugela. Again, and for the last time, the cheers of Irishmen on Irish soil gladdened her heart, and the reception given to her lightened the load of State cares and the anxieties and the sorrows of the last year of her reign.

We must now speak of the Great Exhibition of 1851, the preparations for which largely occupied the Queen's attention throughout the preceding year.

The Crystal Palace was Prince Albert's idea. Englishmen had not been too well disposed to some of the useful plans he had proposed for the improvement of their work in arts and crafts. Taste was at a very low ebb, and the style now called "Early Victorian" is not one that one can desire to be followed in dress, ornament, design, or any production requiring beauty as well as solidity. We had much to learn from our neighbors. But we showed the greatest jealousy and dislike of anything that ostensibly came from any foreign-born prince residing among ourselves. So, when the plan was first mentioned that foreigners should be invited to show their goods along with our own, there was a cry that it would not be good for our trade, and the residents of Knightsbridge declared that they would not have a big conservatory placed between themselves and their view of the serpentine water. So it was resolved that the building should only be placed there for one short summer season. But it was to be a splendid thing.

The man who assisted Prince Albert the most in regard to the building was Paxton, who was knighted, and be-

came Sir Joseph. He had been a gardener's boy, and had attracted the notice of the Duke of Devonshire when working in his gardens at Chiswick, tying up a peach-tree. The Duke liked the looks of the lad, and asked him about his home and family, and was struck with his manner and promoted him. Paxton lost no chance, and from his knowledge of the great conservatories at Kew and Chatsworth, proposed an enlarged edition of such a building for the Great Exhibition. The idea was adopted, and an immense greenhouse, which received the name of the Crystal Palace, rose from the grass of the Park.

It was nearly one thousand feet long and nearly seventy feet high, with a high transept of over one hundred feet in height. Here was held the huge Fair, an old English word, always used in the colonies for shows of all kinds, when provinces or states desire to prove their wealth, and compare themselves with their neighbors, or with those of other lands far away, to bargain and make sales. The aspect of the gigantic glass house was beautiful. The iron framework that supported the light galleries and roof and the columned vistas was painted a cobalt blue. The hangings were mostly of scarlet. Fountains played in the nave, which was bright with white statuary, colored porcelains, rich stuffs, and beyond all loomed up a great elm-tree in full foliage, included under the dazzling roof, while the crowds, delighted with the novelty of the whole scene, thronged the clean pine-wood floor.

The result was not achieved without the necessity to combat many prejudices, many misunderstandings, and many fears of a most unnecessary character.

"Just at present," the Prince said, "I am more dead than alive, from overwork. The opponents of the Exhibition work with might and main to throw all the old women into a panic and to drive myself crazy. The strangers, they give out, are certain to commence a thorough revolution here, to murder Victoria and myself, to proclaim the Red Republic in England. The plague is certain to ensue from the confluence of such vast mul-

titudes, and to swallow up those whom the increased price of everything has not already swept away. For all this I am to be responsible, and against all this I have to make efficient provision!"

But the Queen had no fears of the kind, and delighted to see the progress made with the beautiful building which rose steadily—the blue painted iron shafts, with their transparent interspaces, growing higher and higher, and the long arched roof of ribbed glass in the centre giving back in ever fuller and fuller volumes the rays of the sun. Long lines of banners floated along the roofs. She watched this as she drove in Hyde Park, and was proud of it as mainly the work of her husband. Meantime, thousands of packing-cases were being carted from the end of every railway line in London in great wagons, and were being unpacked after being carried inside the big glass house.

At last everything was so far arranged as to allow of the private inspection of what had been done. "We remained two hours and a half," said the Queen, "and I came back quite beaten, and my head bewildered, from the myriads of beautiful and wonderful things which now quite dazzle one's eyes. Such efforts have been made, and our people have shown such taste in their manufactures! All owing to this Great Exhibition and to Albert—all to him!

"We went up into the gallery, and the sight from there of the numerous courts full of all sorts of objects of art, manufacture, etc., was quite marvellous. The noise was overpowering, for so much was going on everywhere, and from twelve thousand to twenty thousand people were engaged in arranging all sorts of things. My poor Albert is terribly fagged. All day long some question or other, some little difficulty or hitch, all of which he took with the greatest quiet and good temper. Great as is his triumph, he never says a word about it, but labors to the last, feeling quietly satisfied in the country's glory, and in having gone on steadily in spite of the immense difficulties and opposition."

Although there was nothing to justify the idea that

bands of foreigners had come only to make a disturbance —or, still less, that any disorder would have been tolerated by the English multitude—the most unaccountable amount of anxiety in reference to what might happen continued. But the 1st of May, 1851, came and went, to add a perfect triumph to the country's previous displays of the self-government of the British people.

The Queen in her diary said: "The great event has taken place. A complete and beautiful triumph, and a glorious and touching sight; one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country. Yes, it is a day which makes my heart swell with pride and glory and thankfulness. We began it with the tenderest greetings for the birthday of our dear little Arthur. At breakfast there was nothing but congratulations. Mamma and Victor were there, and all the children and our guests. Our humble gifts of toys were added to by a beautiful little bronze replica of the Amazon statue at Berlin from the Prince of Prussia, a beautiful paper-knife from the Princess, and a nice little clock from mamma.

"The Park presented a wonderful spectacle — crowds streaming through it, carriages and troops passing, quite like the Coronation Day. And for me the same anxiety— no, much greater anxiety, on account of my beloved Albert.

"The day was bright, and all bustle and excitement. At half-past eleven the whole procession in State carriages was in motion. The Green Park and Hyde Park were one densely crowded mass of human beings, in the highest good-humor and most enthusiastic. I never saw Hyde Park look as it did—people as far as the eye could reach.

"A little rain fell just as we started, but before we came near the Crystal Palace the sun shone and gleamed upon the gigantic edifice, upon which the flags of all the nations were floating. We drove up Rotten Row, and got out at the entrance on that side. The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, the flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, and the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave

us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. We went for a moment to a little side room, where we left our shawls, and where we found mamma and Mary [Duchess of Teck], and outside which were standing the other princes.

"In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand, and Bertie holding mine. The sight as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair, which I did not sit on, were placed, and the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt, as so many did who I have since spoken to, filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard.

"The tremendous cheers, the joy expressed in every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains; the organs, with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing, and my beloved husband, the author of this peace festival which united the industry of all the nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was, and is, a day to live forever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all.

"The only event it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the Coronation; but this day's festival was a thousand times superior—in fact, it is unique. The enthusiasm and cheering, too, were much more touching, for in a church naturally all is silent.

"Albert left my side after 'God save the Queen' had been sung, and at the head of the commissioners—a curious assemblage of political and distinguished men—read me the report, which is a long one, and to which I read a short answer, after which the Archbishop of Canterbury offered up prayer, followed by the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' during which the Chinese mandarin came forward and made his obeisance.

"This concluded, the procession began. It was beauti-

fully arranged and of great length, the prescribed order being exactly adhered to. The nave was full, which had not been intended, but still there was no difficulty, and the whole long walk from one end to the other was made in the midst of continued and deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Every one's face was bright and smiling, many with tears in their eyes. Many Frenchmen called out, 'Vive la Reine!'

"The return was equally satisfactory; the crowd most enthusiastic, the order perfect. We reached the palace at twenty minutes past one, and went out on the balcony and were loudly cheered.

"That I felt happy and thankful, I need not say; proud of all that had passed, of my darling husband's success, and of the behavior of my good people. I was more impressed than I could say by the scene; it was one that will never be effaced from my memory, and never will be from that of any one who witnessed it. Albert's name is immortalized, and wicked and absurd reports of danger of every kind which a set of people, *soi disant* fashionables and the most violent protectionists, spread are silenced."

Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Normanby: "Yesterday is a topic of thought and of words with everybody in London. It was indeed a glorious day for England, and the way in which the royal ceremony went off was calculated to inspire humility in the minds of the representatives of foreign governments, and to strike despair into the breasts of those, if any such there be, who may desire to excite confusion in this country.

"There must have been nearer a million than any other number of people who turned out to post themselves as they could to see some parts of the show, and Mayne, the head of the police, said he thought there were about thirty-four thousand in the glass building.

"The Queen, her husband, her eldest son and daughter gave themselves in full confidence to this multitude, with no other guard than one of honor and the accustomed supply of stick-handed constables to assist the crowd in keeping

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE ALFRED IN 1849

order among themselves. Of course there were in reserve, at proper stations, ample means of repressing any disorder if any had been attempted; but nothing was brought out and shown beyond what I have mentioned, and it was impossible for the invited guests of a lady's Drawing-room to have conducted themselves with more perfect propriety than did this sea of human beings.

"The royal party were received with continued acclamation as they passed through the Park and round the Exhibition house, and it was also very interesting to witness the cordial greeting given to the Duke of Wellington. I was just behind him and Anglesey, during the procession round the building, and he was accompanied by an incessant running fire of applause from the men, and waving of handkerchiefs and kissing of hands from the women, who lined the pathway of the march during the three-quarters of an hour that it took us to march round. The building itself is far more worth seeing than anything in it. How many of its contents are worth admiration?"

Six million people are said to have visited the fair. Among others the Queen notes "a most hale old woman who had walked all the way from Cornwall, and who was near crying on my looking at her."

There is no doubt that from this time dated a great improvement in art, which is very palpable as we examine the earlier and later productions of the reign. Dinginess, the absence of due proportion, heaviness of design, garishness of color, all marked the earlier time. The bringing together of French, German, and Italian, and other European works of art, showed us where we were behindhand; while, on the other hand, we compared very favorably with foreigners in all the heavier and more durable products, especially machinery. In the making of china, too, Stoke was soon shown to be by no means inferior to Dresden and Sèvres.

The colonies all made a fine show at the Exhibition, chiefly of raw material. Malachite worthy of Russia was exhibited from South Australia. Enormous masses of

gold came from Australia, splendid iron from New Zealand, and plumbago or black lead, iron ores, coal, wheat, and fur from Canada.

As everybody was naturally anxious to make the most of the opportunity, the Queen had to meet about three hundred exhibitors one morning, all of whom were desirous to display their wares. She went through all the departments of the south and northwestern galleries in detail. The excitement among the exhibitors was very great, and one of them actually fainted. The kindness with which her Majesty conversed with those whose productions interested her pleased them greatly.

One of the greatest achievements in mechanics was the Nasmyth steam-hammer. It was five tons in weight, and when raised came down with tremendous force, but was nevertheless so perfectly under control that the workmen were in the habit of putting a nut under the hammer, and cracking it without injuring the kernel. It is only quite lately that any other means have been found to give the necessary power, and it may be said that half the mechanical triumphs of the engineers could not have been carried out without this engine of force, which was so admired for the first time by the general public in 1851.

The Queen and Prince bought many beautiful works in painting and sculpture, as well as in furniture. It is curious to note the commencement of modern inventions, one having been a submarine boat, the precursor of those which in America and France are now awakening so much curiosity and attention. This one was driven by a screw propeller; its shape was that of a broad-backed carp, and the inventor said that it would sink under water, swim any distance, and rise again at the will of a crew bold enough to trust themselves in this moving diving-bell. The inventor naturally did not wish to say too much about his plan, but it recalled the fact that a certain smuggler, named Captain Johnson, had planned to rescue Napoleon Bonaparte from St. Helena by the aid of a submarine boat, and

was only prevented from making the experiment by the death of the captive.

A costume ball given at Buckingham Palace later in the year greatly occupied the minds of those who received invitations. It was a ball intended to give impetus to the trade of London, and was descriptive of the time of the Stuarts. It is chronicled that Mrs. Burdett-Coutts was one of the earliest arrivals, wearing a broad band of emeralds and diamonds, after the manner of a gentleman's baldric, over the right shoulder to the left hip.

The Queen and Prince were seated in the throne-room when the company entered and made their bow. The guests walked in procession up the whole length of the room, made obeisance before the throne, and passed into the picture gallery. Lord Clifden, then Leopold Ellis, herald-at-arms, followed by four pages of four national quadrilles—Lord Vaughan, Mr. Seymour Egerton, Lord Richard Grosvenor, and Mr. Fraser—entered, and joined the national quadrilles assembled in the next room. The orchestra then played a march, and a Spanish quadrille entered, preceded by their page. Then came the French, the Scotch, and the English, who first danced together, the others after them. They then formed up in line and made their reverence.

The Queen and Prince now went to the ballroom, where another quadrille preceded a polonaise or walk round the room, the Queen dancing with the Prince, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. The waving feathers, flowing curls, slashed sleeves and ruffles, picturesque baldrics, and bright coats, made a very pretty scene.

At 12.15 Lord Westminster, the Lord Steward, showed the way to the State supper. Dancing again took place afterwards, a Highland reel being danced by the Scottish ladies and gentlemen.

The Queen wore a gray watered silk trimmed with gold and silver lace, with bows of rose-colored ribbons fastened by bunches of diamonds. The front of the dress

opened; underskirt, cloth of gold and silver fringe. Shoes and gloves embroidered with roses and *fleurs-de-lis* in gold. On the front of the dress large pear-shaped emeralds; headdress, small diamond crown and emeralds, her hair plaited with pearls.

Prince Consort wore a rich orange coat, sleeves turned up with crimson velvet, pink epaulette on shoulder, baldric in silver; breeches, crimson velvet, pink satin bows, and gold lace; stockings, lavender silk. These dresses were all of British manufacture. Hat with white ostrich feathers around.

The Duke of Wellington's costume was that of a general of the period of the restoration of Charles II. Scarlet cloth frock coat, double rows of gold lace, white satin slashed sleeves, lace of gold, point lace collar and ruffles, blue velvet trunks, broad gold lace seams slashed with white satin, point lace at knees (which at this time were sadly bent), crimson silk sash, gold tassels, gold sword-belt, Order of the Garter, bows of point lace, hat with white and blue plumes, and the collar of the Golden Fleece. He did not wear the long curls of the time, appearing only in his own gray hairs.

By the irony of fate, the year in which all nations were invited to join in the peaceful rivalries of art and science in Hyde Park saw discord in the government at home, owing to the events in France, where Louis Napoleon had determined, at all costs, to make himself Emperor of the French.

The lady who was to share his throne for eighteen years, Madame Eugénie de Montijo, had been, in July, 1851, the much-admired guest at one of Lady Palmerston's parties at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, now the Naval and Military Club. She was, as Malmesbury noted in his journal, very handsome, a beautiful skin and figure. Her grandmother was Scotch, a Mrs. Kirkpatrick, which accounted for her lovely complexion and the auburn light in her hair.

Louis Napoleon had been so much in England himself

PRINCE ALBERT IN 1851

that he thoroughly knew the strength of this country, and within two years' time of his destroying the Presidency he was our ally against Russia. He had determined on the famous "stroke of State," or *coup d'état*, an event which found in England few sympathizers, although, as was afterwards proved, it brought to England the official friendship of the French government, of which he became the autocratic ruler.

The London season saw a State visit to the Guildhall in July, 1851, a ball and supper being given. Malmesbury says: "I hear that the people were very ridiculous at the dance last night. Some ladies passed by the Queen at a run, never courtesying at all, and then returning to stare at her. Some of the gentlemen passed with their arms round the ladies' waists, others holding them by the hand and at arm's-length, as if they were going to dance a minuet. One man kissed his hand to the Queen as he went by, which sent her Majesty off into a fit of laughter."

The Queen greatly admired the fine room. Indeed, the great banquets in the ancient halls of the City companies, with their panelling of oak, their decorated galleries, their open roof, and the fine old silver plate belonging to many of them, together with their lavish hospitality and ample recognition given so generously to the claims of charity, form a pleasant survival of the old days. England's old custom of the passing of the loving-cup, seen nowhere else, still survives at these gatherings, where formerly—although not so frequently now—old English songs fitted to the feast might also be heard.

One of the greatest of the provincial municipalities, that of Manchester, was also visited by the Queen and Prince Albert in 1851, after seeing Liverpool, where they viewed from the water the line of docks and the St. George's Hall, which was not finished. They stayed at Worsley Hall, and thence went in a barge along the famous Bridgwater Canal, the boats of the Manchester and Salford regatta clubs following, and the banks being crowded with people. At Peel Park, Salford's Mayor (Sir Thomas Agnew) re-

ceived them, and eighty-two thousand children from the twin cities sang the national anthem. Towards the close of the hymn the Queen arrived at the centre of the orchestra, and was visible to the whole of this vast and youthful crowd.

Manchester was entered under the Victoria Bridge, and Mr. John Potter, in his mayoral robes, received the Queen. The Queen was presented with an address, which, after complimenting her on the moral influence of her private virtues, proceeded to acknowledge the blessings which, under Divine Providence, had attended the public policy which, with her Majesty's willing sanction and approval, had been steadily pursued during the whole of her beneficent reign. "The effect of that policy," it went on to state, "based on the full and enlightened recognition of a wisely regulated freedom, was strikingly manifest in the generally flourishing condition of the realm and the increased content and happiness of her Majesty's people. We believe," it added, "that our country now enjoys more abundant elements of social welfare and of national prosperity and strength than at any former epoch of its history; demonstrating that the free institutions under which we live, and the free commercial policy which, under your Majesty's wise and benign auspices, has been recently consolidated in your Majesty's dominions, and are the surest means of promoting the firmest foundations on which can rest the progressive happiness, peace, and prosperity of nations."

The Queen read her reply in a clear and ringing voice, which was heard all over the hall of the Exchange, in which the ceremony took place. "I rejoice to have been enabled," she said, "to visit your borough—the capital of one of the most important branches of industry carried on in my dominions; and I have derived the highest gratification from the favorable account you are enabled to give me of the condition of my people, with which, in this large manufacturing district, you must be intimately acquainted."

In 1852, when an Empire of France was being created for the second time, the great soldier antagonist of the first Emperor died.

Wellington had been able to pursue a wonderfully active life at his age of eighty, but the "Iron Duke" suddenly found his strength failing him, and he died peacefully in his arm-chair at Walmer. The body was taken to London, and lay in State at Chelsea Hospital. The long hall was darkened, and was hung with black cloth, relieved only by the banners on the walls—trophies of the battles of the dead. Guardsmen, leaning on the stocks of their muskets, the muzzles resting on the floor, stood at short distances apart on each side of the central passage. The bier and coffin, covered with the insignia of the orders he had won, with the "batons eight of high command"—for Wellington was a Field Marshal in the army lists of eight armies, seven of these giving him this honorary rank in foreign hosts allied in war with ourselves—all these, with the cocked hat and sword, were seen on the coffin. Around it large candles shone, and officers in scarlet and steel guarded their lost commander.

The funeral procession from Chelsea to St. Paul's was a splendid national tribute to the leader who never lost an English gun, and had taken more from the enemy with fewer men than had any soldier of his time. The towering bronze car on which the coffin was placed was adorned with dazzling trophies of arms. Representative detachments of every available regiment in our armies followed where the Field Marshal's charger, with empty saddle, was led. The roll of the muffled drums incessantly accompanied the solemn march of the immense procession, until the final ceremony left the old hero sleeping in St. Paul's.

> "Yes, let the feet of those he fought for,
> And the voice of those he wrought for,
> Echo round his bones forevermore,"

as Tennyson sang in an ode that spoke in melody from

a heart resolved to do all that pen could accomplish to keep his countrymen alive to the lessons given by Wellington, that England must never allow her "cannon to moulder on the seaward wall."

Very soon there were clouds in the East, and the Emperor Nicholas, who had been such a favorite in England when he came to see the Queen, and towered in magnificent stature over all the Court, was, as the business Englishman said, "at a discount," because he was supposed to desire to have Constantinople for himself and destroy what was called "the balance of power in Europe." The quarrel had begun about the holy places in Jerusalem, and is too intricate to do more than to be indicated here. But the discussion became dangerous, and Russia threatened. English officers were allowed to assist the garrisons of Danubian frontier towns, like Silistria, in case they were attacked.

The main mover in the British Cabinet against Russian aggression was Palmerston. Russia moved on. It was not with her now, she said, a question of influence at the holy places. She must have a protectorate to shield Turkish subjects who professed the orthodox faith. The Whig government did not wish for war; it was said afterwards they drifted into it. Palmerston alone was hearty and confident in his determination to check Russia by war. There was a good deal of dissension in the Cabinet. On one occasion he angrily declared aloud that he "would not be dragged through the mud by Johnny Russell." Much negotiation had to be carried on between the members of the government before the wheels would work at all.

On February 22, 1852, Lord John Russell resigned. The condition of affairs did not impress Baron Stockmar with respect. As an able critic, very conversant with English affairs, yet looking at them from an external point of view, he thought the Coalition government of Whigs and Peelites would not last.

As a compromise between Lord John Russell on the one

side and Lord Palmerston on the other, the Earl of Aberdeen was, in December, intrusted with the duty of forming a Liberal government, Palmerston consenting to accept the Home Office, and Lord John Russell going to the Foreign Office.

The Russian Emperor issued a manifesto in which he said that the Turkish proclamation, filled with lying accusations, left the Emperor no alternative but to compel Turkey by force of arms to respect treaties. He wrote to the Queen, who replied that a painful impression had been produced upon her by the occupation of the principalities. "For the last four months," she continued, "this has caused a general commotion in Europe, which is calculated to lead to ulterior events which I should deeply deplore in common with your Majesty; but, as I know that your Majesty's intentions towards the Porte are friendly and disinterested, I have every confidence that you will find means to give expression and effect to them, so as to avoid those grave dangers which, I assure you, all my efforts will be directed to prevent.

"The impartial attention with which I have followed the causes which up to this time have led to the failure of all attempts at conciliation, leaves me with the firm conviction that there exists no real obstacle which cannot be removed or promptly surmounted with your Majesty's assistance."

Menschikoff, the Russian Ambassador, left Constantinople on May 21, 1853. The Russian army crossed the frontier stream, the Pruth, in July. The Porte declared war. The first battle occurred at Oltenitza. The Turks evacuated the northern bank of the Danube, except at Kalafat. Russia's first great success was gained by a sudden attack upon the Turkish fleet in the harbor of Sinope in the Black Sea, destroying completely all the ships lying before the town.

The Russian attack upon Sinope made peace practically impossible, people being so angry that when Lord Palmerston's disgust at Lord Aberdeen's disinclination for war made him for a time resign, they were ready to vent their

anger on Prince Albert, supposing that he was not sufficiently bellicose.

On December 10th, Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Aberdeen: "Will you allow me to repeat in writing what I have more than once said verbally on the state of things between Russia and Turkey? It appears to me that we have two objects in view—one to put an end to the present war between these two Powers, and the other to prevent, as far as diplomatic arrangements can do so, a recurrence of similar difficulties, and, through such difficulties, renewed danger to the peace of Europe.

"Now it seems plain that unless Turkey shall be laid prostrate at the feet of Russia by disasters in war—an event which England and France could not without dishonor permit—no peace can be concluded between the contending parties unless the Emperor consents to abandon his demands, to evacuate the principalities, and to renounce some of the embarrassing stipulations of former treaties upon which he has founded the pretensions which have been the cause of existing difficulties.

"To bring the Emperor to agree to this it is necessary to bring to bear considerable pressure upon him, and the quarter in which that pressure can at the present be most easily brought to bear is the Black Sea and the countries which border it.

"In the Black Sea, the combined English, French, and Turkish squadrons are indisputably superior to the Russian fleet, and are able to give the law to that fleet. What I would strongly recommend, therefore, is that which I proposed some months ago to the Cabinet—namely, that the Russian government and the Russian Admiral at Sebastopol should be informed that so long as Russian troops occupy the principalities, or hold a position in any other part of the Turkish territory, no Russian ship of war can be allowed to show itself out of port in the Black Sea."

Preparations by sea and land were now anxiously watched by the Queen and Prince Albert.

The Queen wrote: "We went twice more to the camp

[Chobham], and had two interesting days there. It has been most successful, and the troops have been particularly well all the time. When I think that this camp and all our large fleet are without doubt the result of Albert's assiduous and unceasing representations to the late and the present governments, without which I fully believe very little would have been done, one may be proud and thankful. But, as usual, he is so modest that he allows no praise. He works for the general good, and is sufficiently rewarded when he sees this carried out."

She also wrote to Stockmar in Germany: "That you should be absent when we are tried in the basest and most disgraceful manner, and when the Prince is being badgered for weeks by the ultras of both parties, is very unfortunate.

"The Prince treats it with contempt; but, with his keen and very high feeling of honor, he is wounded, hurt, and outraged at the attack on his honor, and he is looking very ill, though his spirits do not fail him. And coming as it does at a moment of such intense political anxiety, when this country is on the verge of a war, and anything but prepared for it, it is overwhelming and depresses us sadly.

"Aberdeen is all kindness, and so are the other Ministers, and I am told that the reaction will be stronger than any attack could be—that the country is as loyal as ever, only a little mad. If brought forward in Parliament, they say that things could be put and explained in a manner that would elicit universal satisfaction and enthusiasm. But the uncertainty of all this is harassing."

Referring to the position now taken up by Great Britain and France, the Emperor of Russia wrote to Louis Napoleon: "England and France have sided with the enemies of Christianity against Russia, combating for the orthodox faith." The Russian Minister left London at the end of the first week in February, on which date the British representative at St. Petersburg left for home.

On March 27, 1854, at Paris, the British representative was informed that Russia refused to reply to the summons of England and France. The next day both countries

declared war. "Her Majesty feels called upon by regard for an ally, the integrity and independence of whose empire have been recognized as essential to the peace of Europe, by the sympathies of her people of the right against wrong, by a desire to avert from her dominions most injurious consequences, and to save Europe from the preponderance of a Power which has violated the faith of treaties and defies the opinion of the civilized world, to take up arms."

On the same date the Lord Chancellor read a message from the Queen "to acquaint the House that the negotiations in which her Majesty, in concert with her allies, has for some time past been engaged with his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias have terminated, and her Majesty feels bound to afford active assistance to her ally the Sultan against unprovoked aggression." "Preparations for war" had been the headline each morning of a column in the London papers for months past.

The Queen wrote: "The last battalion of the Guards and the Scottish Fusiliers embarked to-day. They passed through the court-yard here [Buckingham Palace] at seven o'clock this morning. We stood on the balcony to see them. The morning was fine, the sun was shining over the tower at Westminster Abbey, and an immense crowd collected to see the fine men, and cheered them immensely. It was with difficulty they marched along. They formed up, presented arms, and then cheered us very heartily, and went off cheering. Many sorrowing friends were there, and one saw the shaking of many a hand. My best wishes and prayers be with them all."

Meanwhile a continual succession of troop-ships, crowded with scarlet-clad soldiers, had been leaving the English forts, amid the cheers of the people, for Gibraltar, Malta, and the East. Large camps had been formed at Varna, to the south of the mouth of the Danube, where both cholera and fever had begun to make inroads on the numbers of the men available for the front.

At last the great fleet of war-ships and transports crossed

to the north of the Black Sea, and landed in safety the army—twenty-five thousand English, a like number of French, and eight thousand Turks—who met with no resistance, and were able to form up in uninterrupted comfort, and to take their places in the long line whose right flank, formed by the French, rested upon the sea, protected by the fleet, while the left stretched to the red lines of the English, a long way inland.

Moving eastward, they first came into touch with the Russians at Balbek, where a sharp cavalry skirmish was the overture to the battle of Alma.

"Great battle—Russians defeated!" "Awful slaughter—two thousand British killed and wounded!" were the cries in the London streets when the news arrived that in the first shock of arms the Allies had been the victors. We all thought in those days that the war would not last long, for had not the great Russian army, in their chosen position, been signally defeated? Our troops had advanced in beautiful order on that hot autumn day, keeping a good line with the French. As the long front swept down the vine-clad slopes beside a little stream, which wound along at the base of the far steeper bank that shelved towards them and the still steeper ridges above, they came into the heavy firing directed upon them from those adverse hills. Great blue masses of troops, of cannon smoke rushing and rising at intervals—notably in one great battery on the British centre—could be distinctly seen, for the distances in battle were still short.

The Russians were armed for the most part with old smooth-bore weapons, often converted from flintlocks into percussion, and we had comparatively few riflemen. The cannon were also smooth-bore, firing chiefly round-shot.

Through the steeply embanked little river our troops splashed and waded, many eating the grapes they had plucked from the vineyards, and took breath for a moment under the shelter of the bank. Then they struggled up and formed line for the terrible advance up the steep glacis of the natural fortress, so strongly occupied by the enemy.

The lines advanced, wavered, advanced, and looked to where, on the far right, the Zouaves and light infantry of the French were already ascending the last of the adverse heights.

The fire from the central redoubt was tremendous, and for a moment it seemed as though the Guards and Highlanders would find the task too heavy for them; but, with a great cheer, they swept on, and the heavy earthwork was hid in the continuous smoke from the small-arms, the heavier volumes from the cannons having ceased.

The Russians broke and retired in sullen crowds. The British reserves were pushed up, and when they reached the plateau above the last ridge, they found that they and the French had won a complete victory, the whole of the Russian army being in full retreat. Thinned in numbers, and greatly fatigued with their exertions, they did not pursue, but bivouacked upon the position so splendidly won.

The intention of the commanders was to leave the coast, and to march forward until they rounded the head of the harbor and the long inlet of Sebastopol, and to march eastward until they struck the sea. The French right flank was nearest Sebastopol, and the British farther on to Balaklava. Here it was thought they could be best supported from the sea by their fleet, while by keeping along the elevated parts near the top of Sebastopol harbor they might hope in time to endanger the enemy's sources of supply. Meanwhile the Russians were allowed to calmly enter their defences on both sides of the inlet. It was held that the course taken by the commanders was a mistake, and that if they had resolutely advanced upon the side of the town nearest them, instead of making the circuit to that farther off, they might have driven in the Russian defences, and at once possessed themselves of the so-called north side, to which the Russians ultimately retired at the end of the siege.

Under the genius of Todleben the Russian defences rose like magic. Those on the northern side were never menaced,

even by distant artillery fire, but those upon the southern and eastern sides were subjected to a constant hail of cannon-balls and bullets. But the great earthworks of the famous Russian engineer completely bade defiance through two long winters to all the efforts of his enemies.

The Queen wrote: "We are—indeed, the whole country is—entirely engrossed with one idea and one anxious thought—namely, the Crimea. We have received all the most interesting and gratifying details of the splendid and decisive victory of the Alma. My noble troops behaved with courage and determination truly admirable. The Russians expected their position would hold out three weeks. Their loss was immense. The whole garrison at Sebastopol was out.

"Since then the army has performed a wonderful march to Balaklava and the bombardment of Sebastopol has begun. Lord Raglan's behavior was worthy of the old Duke —such coolness in the midst of the hottest fire! I feel so proud of my troops, who, they say, bear their privations and the sad disease which still haunts them with the greatest courage and good-humor."

October brought the attack at the back of Balaklava on the English lines, the splendid but fatal charges of the Light Cavalry, and the more successful onslaught of the "Heavies." Nolan had brought the order to Cardigan to charge the guns. The task evidently involved a death ride, and from the widely extended lines of the Highland brigade, slanting up across the hills which guarded the head of the little circular loch of Balaklava, they could see the galloping squadrons of our cavalry head for the plain, where, ranged in front and to the right and left, were the field-batteries of the Russians, who continually plunged their shot into the horsemen's ranks. In spite of all, however, the little force of less than 700 men galloped on, until they sabred the gunners at the batteries. They left 478 of their number on the ground, and only 195 returned.

By this time our forces in the trenches had been reduced to 16,000 men. The Prince wanted—

1. The militia to be completed by ballot, according to the law of the land.

2. The obtaining of the power for the Crown to accept offers from the militia to go abroad, and the relief of some of our regiments in the Mediterranean by these regiments.

3. The sending of these relieved regiments to Lord Raglan.

4. The obtaining of the power for the Crown to enlist volunteers.

5. The taking of immediate steps for the formation of foreign legions.

6. The proclamation inviting militiamen to volunteer into regiments of the line.

Six thousand English and 20,000 French troops were to reinforce the army before Sebastopol. Meanwhile mud and mismanagement deepened. Some very singular blunders were committed. In one instance when cattle were landed alive at Balaklava, and could have been marched up to the front, so that they themselves would save all difficulty of transport, they were killed, and their carcasses could not be carried the few miles necessary for the supply of the troops. There was a sea of mud between the army near the trenches and their base of supply at the harbor.

In November the Russians ought to have carried, but did not carry, the plateau about Inkerman. If they had established themselves there, they would have got behind the English right flank, and thus endangered all communication with Balaklava.

"The Queen has received with pride and joy," she wrote on November 18th, "the telegraphic news of the glorious—but, alas! bloody—victory of the 5th. These feelings of pride and satisfaction are very painfully alloyed by the grievous news of the loss of so many generals, and in particular of Sir George Cathcart, who was so distinguished and excellent an officer.

"We are most thankful that Lord Raglan's valuable life has been spared. The Queen trusts he will not expose

himself more than is absolutely necessary. The Queen cannot sufficiently express her high sense of the great service he has rendered, and is rendering, to her and to the country by the very able manner in which he has led the bravest troops that ever fought—troops which it is a pride to her to be able to call her own.

"To mark the Queen's approbation, she wishes to confer on Lord Raglan the baton of Field Marshal. It affords her the sincerest gratification to confer it on one who has so nobly earned the highest rank in the army which he has so long served in under the immortal hero who, she laments, could not witness the success of a friend he so greatly esteemed. Both the Queen and the Prince are anxious to express to Lord Raglan their unbounded admiration of the heroic conduct of the army and their sincere sympathy in their sufferings and privations so nobly borne."

To Lady Cathcart she wrote: "I can let no one but myself express to you all my deep feelings and heartfelt sympathy on this sad occasion when you have been deprived of a beloved husband, and I and the country of a most distinguished and excellent officer.

"I can attempt to offer no consolation in your present overwhelming affliction, for none but that derived from a reliance on Him who never forsakes those who are in distress can be of any avail. But it may be soothing to you to know how highly I valued your lamented husband, how much confidence I placed in him, and how very deeply and truly I mourn his loss.

"Sir George Cathcart died as he lived, in the service of his sovereign and his country, an example to all who follow him."

"Since I wrote," she says to King Leopold, "on the 28th November, we have received all the details of the bloody but glorious battle of Inkerman. Sixty thousand Russians defeated by 8000 English and 6000 French is almost a miracle. The Russians lost 15,000. They behaved with the greatest barbarity. Many of our poor officers

who were only slightly wounded were brutally butchered on the ground; several lived long enough to say this.

"When poor Sir George Cathcart fell mortally wounded, his faithful and devoted military secretary, Colonel Charles Seymour, who had been with him at the Cape, sprang from his horse, and with one arm—he was wounded in the other—supported his dying chief, and three wretches came and bayonetted him.

"This is monstrous, and letters have been sent by the two commanders-in-chief to Menschikoff to remonstrate. The atrocities committed by the Russians on the wounded are too horrible to believe. General Bentinck, whom we saw on the 29th, said it was a disagreeable kind of warfare, as it was with people who behaved like savages."

The presence of Sardinian troops on the battle-field was marked at home by a visit of the Duke of Genoa, a most gallant officer, who in the year 1848 fought in the desperate battle of Novara and had his horse shot under him. A handsome man, he wore an immense mustache, which was prolonged in most formidable spikes on each side of his face. Everybody admired him and was civil to him. A great dinner was given to him at Stafford House by the Duchess of Sutherland, and was attended by the Queen and Prince.

To do them all honor, my grandmother had arranged that four of us children were to act as pages, and all four were very solemn and very nervous as to the duties cast upon us at the ages of seven, eight, and nine. We were to precede the party as they walked up the stairs in the great central hall, and were to do it backward. But only one rehearsal had been undertaken. All went pretty well until half the ascent had been accomplished, and then one, afraid of tripping up, ignominiously turned tail, followed by the other three, to the great amusement of the Queen, who laughed much at us; but we were blushing too much to allow us to face round towards her again.

The dinners, when the party was large, were always held in the room above the portico, where a wonderful hanging

candelabrum, with white brass lilies interspersed among green glass leaves, held a wealth of candles. The company, after dinner, dispersed as they liked in the great picture-gallery, which takes up the whole length of the house on the eastern side, and is connected with other large rooms looking on to the garden.

The winter brought us trouble. The Crimean cold and mud had not been sufficiently provided against. There was not enough warm clothing for the troops, and the supplies of all sorts were got up to the lines investing the city with difficulty. There was terrible want of organization, and one notable instance may be cited, in the killing at Balaklava of a large herd of cattle, which might just as well have been driven to the front, but when killed the meat could only be transported with much delay. The Russian despatches, always published in London sooner than our own, as messages for us had to be first carried by sea to Constantinople; and the accounts of sufferings sent by Mr. Russell, of the *Times*, and in private letters, bred great anger against the War Office in England. In November a very heavy attack was made on the British right flank by vast masses of Russians, who came by the Tchernaya Valley to that of Inkerman, and surprised our men, who, fighting desperately, lost 102 officers and 2500 men, but retained the position they had occupied, being at the end of the fight nobly supported by the French, who lost over 1600. Before the end of the year the intrenchments of the Russians had become stupendous works, executed under the superintendence of General Todleben. The British riflemen had the advantage in small-arms, the garrison being largely armed with old flintlocks, converted to percussion, smooth-bore muskets. We had the new Minié rifle, and also two guns of rifled pattern called after the inventor, Lancaster. Their shooting, though of long range, was very erratic. In mortars we were better armed; but the Russians, by landing all the guns from their fleet before they sank the vessels, were well provided with heavy smooth-bore cannon. In the embrasures they fitted man-

telets made of thick rope, to keep out the Minié bullets. The shelter the town gave them was of great value, especially on the north side. Their bomb-proofs were immense; but the terrible twinkling arcs in the sky of our great shells were to be seen by day and night, and the tremendous detonation of the explosions made all existence above ground hazardous on the southern side of the harbor.

Throughout the spring of 1855 sorties by the garrison and desperate fighting in the trenches occurred. A naval expedition to Kertch, in the Sea of Azof, was successful in May in destroying stores and forts. In June it was resolved to make a combined assault with the French on two of the great Russian advanced forts. One, called by the French Mamelon, was to be stormed by them, and the other, called by the English the Redan, was assigned as the task of the British. The English attack failed.

Lord Raglan, the British commander-in-chief, one of Wellington's Peninsula men, died very soon after this repulse. In September there was another attempt made. The French were close to the Malakhoff tower and trenches, and their assault succeeded. Ours, against the Redan, again failed. The men had to run across a space of open ground, and suffered heavily. They reached the ditch of the Redan, and there clung desperately to the ramparts of the works, which gave forth a close stream of shot, killing all exposed to it. The survivors had to retreat. Sir Colin Campbell desired next day to attack again with the Highland brigade, and arrangements were made to support them with heavy columns, but the enemy had had enough; the bombardment that accompanied the attacks had been very severe. The French success at the Malakhoff tower was a strong argument to induce them to retire to the north side of the harbor. The bridge of boats across the water was thronged all night with the retiring columns. Great explosions in the city showed that the Russians had put an end to their wonderful defence, and the fall of Sebastopol was celebrated all over Great Britain with much rejoicing. In the Malakhoff and Redan 3000 cannon were

found, and 120,000 pounds of gunpowder. In Sebastopol, 120 cannon of bronze and 3711 of iron, 407,000 round-shot, 102,000 shell, 24,000 canister, 525,000 pounds of gunpowder, and enormous stores of all kinds. In February, 1856, an armistice was signed at Vienna, and the treaty of peace at Paris in March.

Lord Ellesmere, in speaking in praise of the troops and fleet, said of Lord Raglan's headquarters: "From that humble abode there radiated a moral force, a serene and unquenchable spirit of faith and trust and duty, which did resist, and which alone could have resisted, the combined influences of weather, privation, and fatigue, superadded to the constant changes of a defective military position, threatened in front, flank, and rear, by a brave and able and outnumbering army. The spell prevailed; not even discomfiture, far less disgrace, fell on the banners of England." Then, alluding to Miss Nightingale, who, with her women nurses, had labored in the hospitals organized at Scutari on the Hellespont, he continued: "My lords, the agony of that time has become matter of history. The vegetation of two successive springs has obscured the vestiges of Balaklava and Inkerman. Strong voices now answer to the roll-call, and sturdy forms now cluster round the colors. The ranks are full; the hospitals are empty. The angel of mercy still lingers to the last on the scene of her labors, but her mission is all but accomplished. Those long arcades of Scutari, in which dying men sat up to catch the sound of her footsteps or the flutter of her dress, and fell back on the pillow, content to have seen her shadow as it passed, are now comparatively deserted. I am sure that while England's renovated battalions are shaking the earth with their tramp, and extorting alike from constant allies and former foes that ungrudging admiration which true soldiers feel even for foemen worthy of their steel—amid that pomp and circumstance of war's display, without its terrors, there will be a bunch of myrrh in the festival goblet when the cup is fullest and the revel is at its height, which will make the draught bitter, but whole-

some. There will be a thought and a sigh for one who should have been there. They will miss, among the crowd of officers of many nations, the armless sleeve and noble form of Lord Raglan. Yes, there will be a thought and a sigh for him who established and maintained the footing of England on that soil, and but for whom, as I devoutly believe, the graves at Inkerman would be now, like the tumuli which record in that country the reign of extinct dynasties, the sole memorial of the achievements and the fate of an English army." It was remarked in the same debate, that if we "compared the position of Russia in the Baltic and the Black seas before the war with that she occupied afterwards, we must admit that the objects of that war had been gained. Russia had threatened Norway and Sweden, she held a protectorate of the principalities, and in Sebastopol she kept a standing menace over the Ottoman Empire. Sebastopol is now destroyed; the protectorate no longer exists; the Black Sea is opened, and Sweden is secured from aggression." The only gain to Russia was the advance through the Caucasus and in the country about Kars, in Asia Minor. Kars, defended by General Williams, capitulated, after a long and most gallant defence. The garrison consisted entirely of Turkish troops, led by a few English officers.

The peace celebrations showed the joy of the people in the conclusion of the war which had brought terrible suffering on the army in the Crimea, but had finished in victory, leaving Britain with a force far larger and better than before. The return of the Guards through the London streets to their barracks was a most moving sight. In the parks hundreds of thousands watched great displays of fireworks, and the Russian cannon taken were distributed as war trophies to all the great towns. Aldershot has since been regularly maintained as the exercise ground of a considerable force, where regiments from all parts of the kingdom may receive good military instruction. The fleet was augmented; all forces by sea and land were given improved rifled small-arms. Fortifications at the

THE QUEEN IN 1851

great seaports were commenced, and the alliance with France guaranteed peace between ourselves and our most powerful and most jealous neighbor.

The following letters from Queen Victoria to an intimate personal friend refer to the period of the Crimean War:

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *February* 1, 1854.

"The Prince was very much touched by your very kind expressions, which we both value much. I have always loved you greatly, but your admiration for, and appreciation of, my beloved husband, has naturally greatly increased this feeling. How very gratifying and satisfactory was the reference concerning this subject [vindication of the Prince] in the two Houses last night.

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *March* 28, 1854.

"I understand there is doubt as to the burial of poor Gilbert Grosvenor, which must make his loss doubly distressing to his poor parents. Under the circumstances I will not ask you to come to dinner, although I should wish that you should, under any circumstances, come to the Drawing-room. But, perhaps, by Friday, this sad uncertainty may be at an end, and you might be able to dine with us. Lady Ely, of course, is excused."

"WINDSOR CASTLE, *October* 28, 1854.

"My thoughts are constantly with you since I heard yesterday that your worst fears about your dear boy are realized [the death of Lord Frederick Gower before Sebastopol]. I cannot tell you how grieved and shocked we are. Truly we both sympathize with you and the Duke and your whole family on this very sad occasion. You will know my love and affection for you, and will therefore fully believe how my heart bleeds for you, who are so tender and so devoted a mother.

"This is a terrible season of mourning and sorrow. How many mothers, wives, sisters, and children are bereaved at this moment. Alas! it is that awful accom-

paniment of war, disease, which is so much more to be dreaded than the fighting itself.

"The Prince joins with me in everything I have so inadequately expressed. You are so truly pious and good that He who has taken your child to Himself will support and comfort you as He does all who trust in Him."

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *March* 6, 1855.

"Our visit to Chatham was of immense interest and a great gratification to me. Four hundred and fifty of my dear, brave, noble heroes I saw, and, thank God, upon the whole, all in a very satisfactory state of recovery. Such patience and resignation, courage and anxiety to return to their service. Such fine men!

"The solemn event of the poor Emperor's [of Russia] death will, I am sure, have shocked your uncle [Duke of Devonshire] much."

"WINDSOR, *April* 5, 1855.

"I am anxious to know what your feelings would be as to being here during the visit of the Emperor and Empress of the French, which takes place on the 16th. Tell me candidly if you still prefer delaying a little longer your return to society, and, moreover, if you would rather not begin upon an occasion when there are to be so many people here."

"BALMORAL, *October* 4, 1855.

"The Prince has been a great sufferer with rheumatism, but it has not kept him at all to the house. It is wonderfully warm for the season. Our new house is delightfully pretty and comfortable, and I think you will like the simple furniture and plain carpets, chintzes, etc.

"I think you will like the Exhibition at Paris, which is certainly very good, though to me that was certainly the least interesting or novel of what I had to see in that beautiful and enjoyable city. I envy you going there again. We were so very kindly received by the whole nation, and

the Emperor and Empress made it so very pleasant and easy for us."

Louis Napoleon had paid a visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor in April of the preceding year (1855).

"News arrived that the Emperor had reached London," wrote the Queen, "and I hurried to be ready and went over to the other side of the castle, where we waited in one of the tapestry rooms near the Guard Room. At a quarter to seven we heard that the train had left Paddington. The expectation and agitation grew more intense. At length the crowd of anxious spectators lining the road seemed to move, then came a groom, then we heard a gun, and we moved towards the staircase. Another groom came. Then we saw the advanced guard of the escort; then the cheers of the crowd burst forth. The outriders appeared, the doors opened, I stepped out, the children and princes close behind me; the band struck up 'Partant pour la Syrie,' the trumpets sounded, and the open carriage, with the Emperor and Empress, Albert sitting opposite to them, drove up, and they got out.

"I cannot say what indescribable emotions filled me—how much all seemed like a wonderful dream. These great meetings of sovereigns, surrounded by very exciting accompaniments, are always very agitating."

A ball was given in the Waterloo Room. The Queen danced a quadrille with the Emperor. "How strange," she wrote, "to think that I, the granddaughter of George III., should dance with the Emperor Napoleon, nephew of England's great enemy, now my nearest and most intimate ally, in the Waterloo Room, and this ally only six years ago living in this country an exile, poor and unthought of!"

The Emperor and Empress paid a visit to the City. The Queen and Prince journeyed from Windsor to London with them, but the Emperor and Empress proceeded from Buckingham Palace alone in full State to the Guildhall, and were delighted with their reception. In the evening a State visit was paid to Her Majesty's Theatre. "Never,"

wrote the Queen, "did I see such enormous crowds at night, all in the highest good-humor. We literally drove through a sea of human beings, cheering and pressing near the carriage. The streets were beautifully illuminated. There were many devices of N.E.V.A., which the Emperor said, oddly enough, made 'Neva.' This seemed to have impressed him, for he said he had observed it before at Boulogne." On entering the theatre the Queen, taking the Emperor by the hand, led him forward, and, bowing to the people, presented to them her Imperial guest, while Prince Albert led forward the Empress.

A visit was paid to the Crystal Palace. "Nothing," the Queen wrote, "could have succeeded better. Still, I own I felt anxious as we passed along through the multitude of people, who, after all, were very close to us. I felt, as I walked on the Emperor's arm, that I was possibly a protection for him. All thoughts of nervousness for myself were past; I thought only of him, and so it is, Albert says, when one forgets one's self, one loses his great and foolish nervousness."

Before their departure on the following day, the Emperor's last act was to inscribe his name in the Queen's album. "I am glad to have known this extraordinary man," she wrote, "whom it is certainly impossible not to like when you live with him, and not even to a considerable extent to admire. I believe him to be capable of kindness, affection, friendship, and gratitude. I feel confidence in him as regards the future; I think he is frank, means well towards us, and, as Stockmar says, 'that we have insured his sincerity and good faith towards us for the rest of his life.' Albert felt just as I did—much pleased with everything, liking the Emperor and Empress, and being very much interested in them."

The Queen, on May 18, 1855, distributed medals to those who had fought in the Crimea, and writing to the King of the Belgians of the ceremony, she said: "From the highest prince of the blood to the lowest private, all received the same distinction for the bravest conduct in the severest

actions, and the rough hands of the brave and honest soldiers came for the first time in contact with the hand of their Sovereign and Queen. Noble fellows! I own I feel as if they were my own children; my heart beats for them as for my nearest and dearest! They were so touched, so pleased—many, I hear, cried; and they won't hear of giving up their medals to have their names engraved upon them, for fear that they should not receive the identical ones put into their hands by me! Several came by in a sadly mutilated state. None created more interest or is more gallant than young Sir Thomas Troubridge, who had at Inkerman one leg and the foot of the other carried away by a round-shot, and continued commanding his battery till the battle was over, refusing to be carried away, only desiring his shattered limbs to be raised in order to prevent too great a hemorrhage! He was dragged by in a bath-chair, and when I gave him his medal I told him I should make him one of my aides-de-camp for his very gallant conduct; to which he replied, 'I am amply repaid for everything.' One must revere and love such soldiers as those."

When the news of Lord Raglan's death reached the Queen, she wrote to Lady Raglan:

"Words cannot convey all I feel at the irreparable loss you have sustained, and I and the country feel also, in your noble, gallant, and excellent husband, whose loyalty and devotion to his sovereign and country were unbounded. We both feel most deeply for you and your daughters, to whom this blow must be most severe and sudden. He was so strong, and his health had borne the bad climate, the great fatigues and anxieties, so well, ever since he left England, that, though we were much alarmed at hearing of his illness, we were full of hopes of his speedy recovery.

"We must bow to the will of God! But to be taken away thus, on the eve of the successful result of so much labor, so much suffering, and so much anxiety, is hard indeed!

"We feel much, too, for the brave army, whom he was so proud of, and who will be sadly cast down at losing their gallant commander, who had led them so often to victory and glory.

"If sympathy can be any consolation you have it, for we all have alike to mourn, and no one more than I, who have lost a faithful and devoted servant in whom I had the greatest confidence."

In August, 1855, the Queen and Prince paid a visit to Paris. When the royal yacht arrived at Boulogne, the Emperor stepped on board. "He led me on shore," wrote the Queen, "amid acclamations, salutes, and every sound of joy and respect. We four [the Queen, Prince, Prince of Wales, and Princess Royal] entered a landau carriage and drove through the crowded and decorated streets, the Emperor escorting us himself on horseback to the railway station, which was thronged with an enthusiastic crowd largely composed of ladies."

Of Paris itself the Queen wrote: "Imagine this beautiful city, with its broad streets and lofty houses, decorated in the most tasteful manner possible, with banners, flags, arches, flowers, inscriptions, and, finally, illuminations; full of people, lined with troops—National Guards and troops of the line and Chasseurs d'Afrique—beautifully kept and most enthusiastic! And yet this gives but a faint notion of this triumph as it was. There were endless cries of 'Vive la Reine d'Angleterre! Vive l'Empereur! Vive le Prince Albert!' The approaching twilight rather added to the beauty of the scene, and it was still quite light enough when we passed down the new Boulevard de Strasbourg (the Emperor's creation) and along the Boulevards, by the Porte Saint-Denis, the Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, and the Arc de Triomphe de l'Étoile.

"In all this blaze of light from lamps and torches, amid the roar of cannon and bands and drums and cheers, we reached the palace. The Empress, with Princess Mathilde and the ladies, received us at the door, and took us up a beautiful staircase to our rooms, which are charming."

The Queen was delighted with the beauty of the palace. "The saloons are splendid—all *en suite;* they, as well as the court-yard, staircase, etc., remind me of Brühl. The ceilings are beautifully painted, and the walls hung with Gobelins. The Salle de Mars is a very noble room, and opens into the fine long gallery called La Salle de Diane, in which we dined. Everything was magnificent, and all very quiet and royal. Maréchal Magnan told me that such enthusiasm as we had witnessed had not been known in Paris, not even in the time of the Emperor Napoleon's triumphs."

The next day the Queen and Prince drove with the Emperor and Empress to the Bois de Boulogne, which had recently been transformed by the Emperor into the beautiful park which it now is; also to Neuilly. "We returned by the banks of the Seine, which are very pretty, and remind one of Richmond."

On Monday, August 20th, a visit was paid to the Exposition des Beaux-Arts. "The enthusiasm," wrote the Queen, "was very great, both at the Exposition and in the densely crowded streets, and the cries of "Vive l'Empereur! Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!" were very constant and gratifying. I was, of course, always at the Emperor's arm."

The party subsequently went to the Élysée, where the whole Diplomatic Corps with their wives were presented to the Queen. Afterwards the Queen, the Prince, and the Emperor drove in an open carriage to the Sainte Chapelle and to the Palais de Justice. Pointing to the Conciergerie, the Emperor said, "'Voilà où j'étais en prison!' Strange contrast to be driving with us as Emperor through the streets of the city in triumph!"

On Monday, August 27th, the Queen and Prince took their departure from Paris. "We started at half-past ten, the Emperor and Empress going with us. I was sorely grieved to leave this charming Saint-Cloud. Along the whole route there were immense crowds, all most friendly." At Boulogne all the troops of the camp, thirty-six thousand infantry, besides cavalry, lancers, and dra-

goons, were assembled on the sands. "We drove down the lines, which were immensely deep—quite a forest of bayonets. The effect they produced, with the background of the calm blue sea, and the setting sun, which threw a glorious crimson light over all, was magnificent."

The betrothal of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia took place at Balmoral in September, 1855. "He had already spoken to us," wrote the Queen, "on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so, and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of 'good luck') which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes as they rode down Glen Girnock, which led to this happy conclusion."

The foundation stone of Netley Hospital was laid by the Queen in May, 1856. Referring to the ceremony in a letter to the King of the Belgians, she spoke of the hospital as "the first of the kind in this country, and which is to bear my name and be one of the finest in Europe. Loving my dear brave army as I do, and having seen so many of my poor sick and wounded soldiers, I shall watch over this work with maternal anxiety."

Princess Beatrice was born on April 14th. "She is to be called Beatrice," the Queen wrote; "a fine old name, borne by three of the Plantagenet princesses, and her other names will be Mary (after poor Aunt Mary), Victoria (after mamma and Vicky, who with Fritz Wilhelm are to be sponsors), and Feodore (the Queen's half-sister). I hope you approve the choice."

The title of "Prince Consort" was conferred on the Prince by Royal Letters Patent on June 25, 1857.

"You know that people call Albert 'Prince Consort,'" wrote the Queen to King Leopold, "but it never has been given him as a title, so I intend to confer it on him by Letters Patent, just as I conferred the precedence on him in 1840.

You remember how awkward his position was in Germany, having none but a foreign title; and besides, I think it is wrong that my husband should not have an English title. I should have preferred its being done by Act of Parliament, and so it may still be at some future period; but it was thought better upon the whole to do it now in this simple way."

"The evening was splendid," wrote the Queen in her Diary, on August 19, 1857, of a visit that she paid to Cherbourg. "The sea like oil, and the sun throwing over everything a beautiful golden light. The breakwater at Cherbourg is of great extent, and extensive works are going on all around; the only shipping, two or three small trading-vessels. The small town is picturesquely situated, with an old church, a fort with a high cliff commanding it on one side, and hills rising behind the town, very like Ehrenbreitstein. Albert landed, and afterwards the naval authorities came on board and had dinner with us. General d'Herbillon, the Inspector of Infantry, who had been in the Crimea and distinguished himself there, was making a tour of inspection at Cherbourg. He was extremely civil, expressing his thanks 'for the great favors given by your Majesty' in sending him the Companionship of the Bath, 'the star of which I wear with great pride.' His aide-de-camp had also been with him in the Crimea. There was also General Borel de Bretizel, commanding the troops here, who turned out to be an old acquaintance, we having seen him with Nemours at our fancy ball in 1845. It was strange. After a few civil speeches they returned, and we went below.

"Next morning at half-past eight all the fortresses saluted and the Consul arrived, and Albert, to my great delight, has consented to remain here to-night, so that we might visit an old château. Presently the Admiral arrived, and preceded us in a fine large boat, we following with the three eldest children and the ladies and gentlemen (the three youngest remaining to go on shore with the governesses). Rowed up under salutes and the well-known

fanfare or *battre aux armes* of the different guards of honor. The reception was half private—no troops being drawn up—but all the generals and officers of different kinds were there; General Borel, in high boots and on horseback, riding near our carriage. We and the two girls were in the Admiral's little open carriage, the ladies and gentlemen and officers, in others, following. The docks and *bassins*, of which there are three enormous ones in course of construction, are magnificent, formed of the finest granite of the country, and all executed in the best manner.

"It makes me very unhappy to see what is done here, and how well protected the works are, for the forts and the breakwater (which is treble the size of the Plymouth one) are extremely well defended. We got out twice to examine the construction and look at the enormous depth of the docks. There are at least eight thousand workmen employed, and already millions have been spent. The works were commenced in the time of Louis XIV. We then proceeded to the town, leaving the arsenal and fortifications, and passing by the Corderie (rope manufactory), and ascended a hill outside the town. The town itself is very picturesque, but small, humble, and thoroughly foreign-looking; streets narrow, pavement bad; all the windows, without exception, casements, opening quite back, leaving the whole space open, as if there were no windows, and with outside shutters."

In 1857 occurred the great Indian mutiny. No one could tell the exact origin of the outbreak. Several reasons were given, but the cause which found most credence was that the natives in the army had been persuaded that the British desired to destroy caste by making the soldiers bite off the paper ends of cartridges (to get the powder to pour down the barrels), which had been dipped in animal fat, thus defiling the True Believer. It was said, also, that an act passed by the Indian government that no man should lose his property on account of changing his religion had given great anxiety to the native priests. Another interference with their faith was alleged in the permission given to the

THE QUEEN WITH H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1860

Hindoo widows to marry a second time. Then the kingdom of Oude had been annexed, which was supposed by some Indian feudatory princes to be the precursor of the abolition of their own sovereignty, and led the Mohammedan chiefs to make common cause with the Hindoos. Whatever the cause, it was evident that Great Britain would lose her Indian empire unless measures were quickly taken to reinforce the troops. Lord Canning was the Viceroy. He represented in the strongest terms the dangers of the situation. Sir George Grey, at the Cape, without orders and with great presence of mind, sent troops intended for his colony on to Calcutta. Lord Elgin did the same with troops destined for China. Calcutta breathed again. But no one knew how far disaffection extended. The Governor-General himself, in the vast palace at Calcutta, could not depend on the loyalty of the armed native soldiers who rode before his carriage and mounted guard at the steps of his portico. Everywhere there was suspicion.

But England was fortunate in the men who had to meet the storm. John and Henry Lawrence, in the Upper Provinces, were both trained to Indian service, and had the confidence and love of many among the natives. It was John who saved the Northwest. It was Henry who valiantly defended his post and died there in the Residency of Lucknow.

The British officers of the Sepoy army could hardly be persuaded that their regiments were disloyal. They deemed it impossible until convincing proof came. But proofs appeared soon enough in open mutiny or sedition, betrayed by the loyal few to the authorities. A European officer was murdered at Barrackpore. Then began the disbanding of suspected battalions, and at Meerut the conspiracy flamed out, to be followed by a massacre of white men at Delhi. At Lucknow, Cawnpore, Benares, Bareilly, Allahabad, and other places the Sepoys rebelled, in many cases murdering all the white women and children they could find. Most of the rebels went to Delhi. Very many others were disarmed, and wherever there were

British forces this step was carried out. A frequently used method was to order a parade, when the natives found themselves face to face with the British force, their muskets loaded, and the guns ready to fire, and surrender then became inevitable. Thus at Meean Meer, close to Lahore, there were quartered three native infantry regiments and one of cavalry, with the 81st British Regiment and some artillery. It came to the knowledge of the commanding officer that there was a plot to seize the fort of Lahore, open the jail, and massacre all Europeans. A ball was being given by the British residents to the officers of the 81st. It was resolved to let the ball proceed, the better to lull the natives' suspicions. Next morning all troops were summoned, as though to hear a general order read. The Sepoys were drawn up two thousand five hundred strong, and in their rear were five companies of the Queen's regiment, with the guns. The adjutant stepped to the front of the whole line, and read a statement of reasons why disarmament should be enforced. When the order was given to pile arms, it was not instantly obeyed, and the 81st were ordered to load. The guns were ready to pour in grape, and seeing this the natives sullenly gave up their arms.

Sir John Lawrence's proclamation to the Hindoos of the army of the Punjaub warned them plainly of their danger. The rajahs of Puttiala and of Jheend quickly backed the words of Sir John Lawrence by appearing as allies of the British before the walls of Delhi. Punishment overtook the rebels in many places. We were in no mood to spare traitors and fanatics who had murdered women and children. Numbers were blown away from guns, a quicker death than that by hanging. The Sikhs worked loyally on our side, although many among them remembered the battles in which we obtained so hard a victory over them.

As the mutiny spread it was evident that the Bengal army was the centre of disaffection. In Central India there were also insurgents, but in Bombay and Madras presidencies it soon appeared evident that the risings would not be serious. Everywhere throughout Bengal the same

scenes were repeated. At almost every military station there were first the whispers of trouble, then some overt act which showed how true the rumors were, then the flight of women and children to some place where they too often hoped in vain for safety, and then the outbreak, the shooting of officers, the pillaging of cantonments, and too often the successful siege of some poor refuge, and the massacre of all within it.

At Cawnpore the most ghastly of all these events took place at the bidding of the infamous Nana Sahib. The sight of the prison, splashed with the blood of the defenceless babes and women, drove our people to fury, so that no quarter was given when the rebels fell into our hands.

The beginning of the advance of the British in force was made under General Havelock. The work before him was hard. He had only two thousand men. Cawnpore was taken shortly after the massacre. Lucknow was fully invested by the Sepoys. Inglis, who was in command of the Residency, wrote: "It is impossible for me to leave my defences. I have one hundred and twenty sick and wounded, and two hundred and twenty women, and no carriage of any description. I shall put my force on half rations. No time must be lost in pushing forward if you wish to save us. We are daily attacked by the enemy, who are within a few yards of our defences. Their mines have already weakened our post, and they are carrying on other mines. Their eighteen-pounder guns are within one hundred and fifty yards of some of our batteries. We cannot reply to them. Therefore the damage is very great. My strength in Europeans is now three hundred and fifty, and three hundred natives, the men dreadfully harassed, and, owing to part of the Residency having been brought down by round-shot, many are without shelter. If our native force, who are losing confidence, leave us, I do not know how the defences are to be manned."

Meanwhile the main body of the rebels in Delhi had to be dispersed. The city was strongly walled by a succession of bastioned fronts, the connecting wall, or curtain,

being very long. The bastions usually had six guns each. The long array of the main walls was from sixteen to twenty feet high, with a musketry shelter at top. There was a deep ditch in front. The Jumna River flowed by the city. Our batteries began the bombardment at one thousand two hundred yards distance. The Sepoys tried to harass our lines, but were always driven back. Gradually, with the help of the Sikhs, the outlying buildings were one by one taken. On a blazing day in June occurred the anniversary of the great victory by Clive at Plassy, and there was a prophecy that the British Raj or rule should then cease. The garrison came out and attacked in force. This effort of the enemy was repulsed. One side of the city being open to the enemy, fresh forces were constantly coming, and their arrival was usually announced by fresh attacks. In August four of the rebel guns were captured, but this fight alone cost us one hundred and thirteen officers and men. Then General Nicholson, a magnificent soldier, fated to give his life during the siege, came in with a column of two thousand five hundred men, who had been employed in attacking and chasing bodies of the rebels in the Punjaub. He was able to crush a turning movement attempted by the enemy with heavy loss. Now came the time for the assaults upon the walls. Four columns were to storm the city in different places. A party of men with powder bags advanced against the Cashmere gate, and, in face of a furious fire, blew it in. It was a most gallant deed. A bugle announced the success to the 32 d Regiment, waiting for the signal. They rushed through the splintered gate. The first column assaulted a breach in the curtain wall near the Cashmere gate. Part entered by escalade, and the rest rushed up the breach. The second column, again attacking at a breach near the water gate, succeeded and took possession of a large section of the ramparts, and turned again upon the enemy. Colonel Campbell led the third column, and attacked the great mosque, the "Jumma Musjid," but could not scale this, for all openings were

bricked up, and a very heavy fire poured on them from guns which they could not silence.

The fourth column was not successful. The Cashmere troops, forming part of it, were beaten back, and lost four guns. The position, held by strong batteries, was almost impregnable. The cavalry, during these attacks, prevented sorties designed to take us in rear. But the fighting continued, though the walls were pierced. General Wilson wrote to Calcutta of these days: "From the time of our first entering the city, an uninterrupted and vigorous fire from our guns and mortars was kept up on the palace, Jumma Musjid, and important posts in possession of the rebels, and, as we took up our various positions in advance, our light guns and mortars were brought forward and used with effect on houses and streets. This firing brought about the evacuation of the city. The king fled from the palace, and the troops from all defences. The old king and his two sons were captured."

Then came the advance on Lucknow, which had held out with little hope, but with unfaltering gallantry. With equal courage Havelock rushed on through streets lined with loopholed houses, until the Residency was entered. Sir Henry Lawrence had been killed. The forces of Havelock were strong enough to prolong the defence, but were not numerous enough to raise the siege. They, in turn, were hemmed in. But with the increase in the forces of the rebels came the time when England's aid for her sorely pressed Indian army should reach Calcutta. Eighty transports brought thirty thousand men. At their head was the old Peninsula veteran, Sir Colin Campbell. This officer was very popular in the army, and beloved by the Highlanders. He was the son of poor parents, and his father lived at Bunessan, in Mull.

Sir Colin made short work of the "Pandies," as the rebels were called, after the name of one of the first of the mutineers. He concentrated forces at Cawnpore, and marched thence, on November 9th, to effect the relief of the imprisoned garrison of the Residency at Lucknow. Since Havelock had

reached them, only to be shut up in his turn, they had fought wonderfully, but could make no impression on the ring of their adversaries, whose shot and cannon-balls incessantly wrought death among them. Avoiding the approach through the widely built city, Sir Colin took the troops round to the right, and then attacked one after the other the Dilkoosha Park and the Martinière, a suburban school institute. Another large enclosure, called the Secundra Bagh, was next successully assaulted, and then a large-domed mosque, with its garden, was taken, the naval brigade helping much with the fire of ship guns, which they had taken up-country with them. "Then," as Sir Colin wrote, "the troops finally pressed forward with great vigor, and lined the wall separating the mess-house [another detached enclosure] from the Motee Mahal, which consists of a wide compound and many buildings. The enemy here made a last stand, which was overcome after an hour, openings having been broken in the wall, through which the troops poured, with a body of sappers, and accomplished our communication with the Residency. I had the inexpressible satisfaction shortly afterwards of greeting Sir James Outram and Sir Henry Havelock, who came out to meet me before the action was at an end." To remove the sick and wounded a line of military posts was maintained against the frequent attacks of the enemy. The Residency was evacuated. The guns that could not be taken away were destroyed. "Each exterior line of troops gradually retired through its supports, till, at length, nothing remained but the last line of infantry, with which I was myself to crush the enemy if he dared to follow." Thus Sir Colin wrote of a retirement admirably carried out under great danger and enormous difficulty. At Futtegurh Sir Colin effected a junction with a column under Walpole. Sir Jung Bahadur, with a body of Nepaul troops, gave most valuable help to the British. At Lucknow, our troops took one hundred and twenty guns. In April of 1858 we lost the leader of the naval brigade, the gallant Peel. Disease had taken many, but their places were more than

filled by drafts from home. The Governor-General, hoping to limit the work still to be done in suppressing the mutiny, issued a proclamation promising life and honor to those who might at once surrender, rewarded some landholders in the old Oude kingdom by making their rights hereditary, and announced that the land was now confiscated to the British government. This proclamation was abused at home for the last-mentioned measure, and was blamed in India as shutting the door on vengeance. "Clemency" Canning was the nickname Lord Canning won by this procedure, a name that his friends were proud to see given to him.

Sir Hugh Rose, afterwards Lord Strathnairn, was operating in central India, punishing the rebels with the greatest severity, and blowing hundreds from his guns. He spared none taken in arms. He rode faster and farther than could any of his officers. Undaunted by sunstroke, want of food, and difficulties, he must have seemed an avenging spirit to the mutineers. Jhansi was stormed by him. He beat them at Gwalior and Calpee. Campbell took up the work again. Sir James Outram had remained at the Alumbagh, near Lucknow, and could not be dislodged by the frequent attacks of the enemy. Sir Colin advancing, relieved him. The city was thoroughly conquered, and the important post of Bareilly was captured. Everywhere success attended the main force and the flying columns. Sir Colin was made Lord Clyde, Oude was pacified by his victorious arms, and the great Indian mutiny was over.

The marriage of the Princess Royal was solemnized on January 25, 1858.

"Such a house full," wrote the Queen, "such bustle and excitement! After dinner a party and a very gay and pretty dance. It was very animated, all the princes dancing. Albert did not waltz. Ernest [Duke of Coburg] said it seemed like a dream to him to see Vicky dance as a bride, just as I did eighteen years ago; and I still (so he said) looking very young. In 1840 poor dear papa [the late Duke of Coburg] danced with me as Ernest danced with Vicky."

"January 25th.

"The second most eventful day in my life as regards feelings. I felt as if I were being married over again myself, only much more nervous, for I had not that blessed feeling which I had then, which raises and supports one, of giving myself up for life to him whom I loved and worshipped then and ever."

When all was ready for proceeding to the Chapel Royal at St. James's Palace, the Queen and Crown Princess were daguerreotyped together with the Prince, "but," says the Queen, "I trembled so, my likeness has come out indistinct. Then came the time to go. The sun was shining brightly; thousands had been out since very early, shouting, bells ringing, etc. Albert and uncle, in field-marshal's uniform with batons, and the two eldest boys, went first. Then the three girls in pink satin trimmed with Newport lace, Alice with a wreath, and the two others with only bouquets in their hair of cornflowers and marguerites. Next the four boys in Highland dress. The hall full. The flourish of trumpets and cheering of thousands made my heart sink within me. Vicky was in the carriage with me, sitting opposite. At St. James's took her into a dressing-room prettily arranged, where were uncle, Albert, and the eight bridesmaids, who looked charming in white tulle with wreaths and bouquets of pink roses and white heather. Went into the gallery, where mamma (looking so handsome in violet velvet trimmed with ermine, and white silk and violet) and the Cambridges were. All the foreign princes and princesses, except uncle, the Prince of Prussia, and Prince Albert of Prussia, were already in the chapel.

"Then the procession was formed, just as at my marriage, only how small the former royal family has become! Mamma last before me—then Lord Palmerston with the sword of State—then Bertie and Alfred, I with the two little boys on either side, and the three girls behind. The effect was very solemn and impressive as we passed through the rooms, down the staircase, and across a covered in court.

THE QUEEN IN 1855

"The chapel, though too small, looked extremely imposing and well—full as it was of so many elegantly dressed ladies, uniforms, etc. The Archbishop at the altar, and on either side of it the royal personages. Fritz looked pale and much agitated, but behaved with the greatest self-possession, bowing to us, and then kneeling down in a most devotional manner.

"Then came the bride's procession, and our darling flower looked very touching and lovely, with such an innocent, confident, and serious expression, her veil hanging back over her shoulders, walking between her beloved father and dearest Uncle Leopold, who had been at her christening and confirmation, and was himself the widower of Princess Charlotte, heiress to the throne of this country—Albert's and my uncle, mamma's brother, and one of the wisest kings in Europe!

"My last fear of being overcome vanished on seeing Vicky's quiet, calm, and composed manner. It was beautiful to see her kneeling with Fritz, their hands joined, and the train borne by the eight young ladies, who looked like a cloud of maidens hovering round her, as they knelt near her. Dearest Albert took her by the hand to give her away; reminded me vividly of having in the same way proudly, tenderly, confidently, most lovingly knelt by him on this very spot, and having our hands joined there. The music was very fine, the Archbishop very nervous. Fritz spoke very plainly, Vicky too.

"When the ceremony was over we both embraced Vicky tenderly, but she shed not one tear, and then she kissed her grandmother, and I Fritz. She then went up to her new parents, and we crossed over to the dear Prince and Princess, who were both much moved, Albert shaking hands with them and I kissing both and pressing their hands with a most happy feeling. My heart was so full.

"Then the bride and bridegroom left hand-in-hand, followed by the supporters, the 'Wedding March' by Mendelssohn being played, and we all went up to the Throne Room to sign the register. The young couple first signed,

then the parents of both, and all the princes and princesses present, including the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who had come in, resplendent with pearls. I felt so moved, so overjoyed and relieved, that I could have embraced everybody."

The following letter from the Queen will be of interest here:

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE, *February* 4, 1858.

"Your very kind and feeling letter touched us both much. Tuesday [marriage of the Princess Royal] was a dreadful day, and she [the Princess] also writes: 'Nobody knows how I suffered leaving you. I can survive anything since I have gone through to-day.' She says her whole comfort is in her husband, whose kindness she cannot describe. The passage was excellent, and the delay in arriving at Antwerp was an advantage, as it gave her a day's quiet and fresh air, which always restores her.

"We have had most affectionate letters from both this morning, written on board, and have heard of their departure from Brussels, but the blank seems to me at times unbearable. I feel quite bowed down for a moment by it.

"My dearest husband, too, who loves his dear child so much, and is worshipped by her, feels it very much, but he never thinks of himself. You can so well enter into my feelings, as you have gone through the same, though you never had such a distant separation as is ours."

The Prince wrote to his daughter at Berlin on February 11, 1858: "You have now entered upon your new home, and been received and welcomed on all sides with the greatest friendship and cordiality. This kindly and trustful advance of a whole nation towards an entire stranger must have kindled and confirmed within you the determination to show yourself in every way worthy of such feelings, and to reciprocate and requite them by the steadfast resolution to devote the whole energies of your life to this people of your new home.

"To Him who has shaped everything so happily, I am grateful from the very depths of my soul for the happy

climax to the most important period of your life. Dear child, I would fain have been in the crowd to see your entrance, and to hear what the multitude said of you; so, too, is it with mamma. We are, however, kept admirably informed of everything by the telegraph and post and papers. The telegraph must have been amazed when it wrote: 'The whole royal family is enchanted with my wife.—F. W.'"

Meantime, Lord Palmerston, according to his previously expressed purpose, brought in a measure for consolidating the government of India under the Crown, and carried it by a majority of one hundred and forty-five. He seemed to stand in a sure place, and was himself at the height of his personal popularity; and yet, in a few days, he was suddenly hurled from power.

On January 14, 1858, an attempt was made to assassinate Napoleon III. by a gang of desperadoes, headed by Orsini, whose headquarters had previously been in London. Not without reason, it was felt in France that such men ought not to be able to find shelter in this country. The French Ambassador spoke in London to this effect, and Lord Palmerston was anxious to meet the French halfway, and desired to make England a less comfortable abode for assassins.

But at this moment the officers of the French army, who were received by their Emperor in a deputation, irritated by the attempt against his life, used language which was received with resentment by the English Press. Lord Palmerston's bill had been read a first time, but the popular opinion changing enabled Lord Derby to move an amendment to the second reading, which was carried against Lord Palmerston, who resigned.

Lord Palmerston visited Louis Napoleon and the Empress, and said of his hosts: "They were all very civil and courteous, and the Emperor told me his ideas with regard to giving the unenfranchised the power to vote."

CHAPTER VIII

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT

THE year 1861 was a terrible one for the Queen. It began with the death of her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Frogmore, a pleasant house situated among the oaks and shrubberies in Windsor Home Park, at the foot of the slope to the south of the castle, had been the home of the Duchess since the marriage of her daughter with Prince Albert. At first the Duchess was very often near her, and accordingly enjoyed the little parties she was able to give when her daughter could be her guest. She was a woman most kindly and generous and excellent. To children she was always most hospitable, delighting in nothing more than a large party at which young people could enjoy themselves.

At a ball she gave shortly before her death she invited many Eton boys, who had been told that if they were kept by the Duchess longer than a certain hour at night they would be excused from morning chapel. Several of us had determined to be excused this chapel service if possible. We enjoyed ourselves much, especially a quaint country dance called "The Grandfather," in which the Queen and Prince danced as gayly as anybody, and we all jumped over the handkerchief they and their partners held, this being one of the figures of the dance, which made each couple in turn hold a handkerchief and go down the line making the others jump over it.

But all good things come to an end. The last dance was over; the Queen and Prince drove back to the castle; the Duchess retired; and still the appointed hour had not yet come that would excuse us from the morning chapel.

We were very naughty, for we stayed until lights were being turned out, when everybody had quitted the lower rooms except a few servants, who were anxious we should be gone. We then made our adieu; but one of the boys incautiously had let out the reason of our prolonged stay. A day or two afterwards we found to our horror and surprise that her Majesty had caused inquiries to be made of our masters if it were indeed true that Eton boys had overstayed their time in order to escape their duties of the following morning. Confession did not make things better.

It was not till March 15th that our kindly hostess of that evening died at the age of seventy-six, and on the anniversary of her death her daughter was wont ever afterwards to pay a visit to the beautiful mausoleum she erected on the island in the lake in front of Frogmore, a building in which she placed an excellent statue of the Duchess.

The end of the year was marked by that terrible loss which the Queen suffered in the death of her husband, which altered the whole of her life, making the forty years she survived him one long homage to his memory.

The brief and sad story of the fatal illness of Prince Albert, who for some weeks had been in poor health, began on December 1, 1861, when he was still unwilling to give way and took a short walk in the garden below his windows; he went also to the chapel in the castle, and looked, the Queen thought, "very wretched and ill, but insisted on going through all the kneeling. He came to luncheon, but could eat nothing. Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner came over, and were much disappointed at finding Albert so very uncomfortable.

"He came to our family dinner, but could eat nothing; yet he was able to talk, and even to tell stories. After dinner he sat quietly listening to Alice and Marie [Princess Leiningen] playing, and hoped to get to sleep. I joined him at half-past eleven, and he said he was shivering with the cold, and could not sleep at all.

"Next day he was no better. I was so distressed," says the Queen in her *Journal*. "He did not dress, but

lay upon the sofa, and I read to him." Yet he was able to see Lord Methuen and Colonel Francis Seymour, who had returned from Portugal, where they had been sent for the funeral of the King. He said that if his own illness was fever, it would be fatal to him. He was unable to dine.

"Next day he would take nothing hardly: no broth, no rusk, or bread—nothing. My anxiety is great, and I feel utterly lost when he, to whom I confide all, is in such a listless state, and hardly smiles. Sir James Clark arrived, and was grieved to see no more improvement, but was not discouraged. Albert rested in the bedroom and liked being read to, but no books suited him, neither *Silas Marner* nor *The Warden.* Lever's *Dodd Family* I subsequently tried, but he disliked it, so we decided to have one of Sir Walter Scott's to-morrow."

On the 4th the Queen said he was looking very wretched and woe-begone, and would only take half a cup of tea. "He afterwards came to his sitting-room, where I left him so wretched that I was dreadfully overcome and alarmed. Alice was reading to him; he was very restless, haggard, and suffering, though at times he seemed better. I was sadly nervous, with ups and downs of hope and fear, while Alice was reading *The Talisman* in the bedroom, where he was lying on the bed. He seemed in a very uncomfortable, panting state, which frightened us. Dr. Jenner said the Prince must eat, and he was going to tell him so, that the illness would be tedious, and that completely starving himself, as he had done, would not do.

"Yet he asked about news, and heard with great sorrow of the death of Lady Canning at Calcutta."

On the 5th the Queen says: "He did not smile or take much notice of me. He was on the sofa, but complained of his wretched condition, and asked what it could be and how long this state of things might last. His manner all along was so unlike himself, and he had sometimes such a strange, wild look. I left him to get dressed in a state of cruel anxiety, though greatly reassured by hearing that the doctors thought him better. He slept for some

time, and the improvement seemed to continue; taking some nourishment.

"Alice continued to read to him. In the evening he seemed more himself; most dear and affectionate when I went in with little Beatrice, whom he kissed. He quite laughed at some of her new French verses, which I made her repeat. Then he held her little hand in his for some time, and she stood looking at him. He then dozed off, when I left, not to disturb him.

"Dr. Jenner was very anxious he should undress and go to bed, but he would not, and he walked over to his dressing-room and lay down there, saying he would have a good night; but it did not bring rest. By eight he was up, and I found him [on December 6th] seated in his sitting-room, looking weak and exhausted, and complaining of there being no improvement, and he did not know what his illness could come from. I told him it was overwork and worry. He said, 'It is too much; you must speak to the Ministers.'

"I felt quite upset when the doctors came in, and I saw that they thought him less well. I went to my room and felt as if my heart would break. He only took a cup of tea while I was there, and choked very much.

"The doctors now said that they had all along been watching the patient's state, suspecting fever, but unable to judge what it might be and how to treat him until that morning; that the fever must have its course—namely, a month dating from the beginning, which they considered to have been the day Albert went to Sandhurst [November 22d]. They were not alarmed—saw no bad symptoms; Albert himself was not to know it, as he unfortunately had a horror of fever.

"What an awful trial this is, to be deprived for so long of my guide, my support, my all! My heart is ready to burst; but I cheered up, remembering how many people had fever. Good Alice was very courageous and tried to comfort me. I seem to live in a dreadful dream.

"Late in the day [December 7th] my angel lay in bed,

and I sat by him watching. The tears fell fast as I thought of the days of anxiety, even if not of alarm, which were in store for us; the utter shipwreck of our plans, and the dreadful loss this long illness would be—publicly as well as privately.

"And then, when I saw Sir James Clark and Dr. Jenner, I talked over what could have caused this illness. Great worry and far too hard work for long—that must be stopped. Dr. Jenner is going to sit up with him, as well as the valet. My poor darling; I kissed his hand and forehead. It is a terrible trial to be thus separated from him, and to see him in the hands of others, careful and devoted though they are.

"December 8th. — When I returned from breakfast I found him lying on the bed in the Blue Room. The sun was shining brightly; the room large and cheerful. He said, 'It is so fine.' For the first time since his illness he asked for some music, and said, 'I should like to hear a fine chorale played at a distance.' We had a piano brought into the next room, and Alice played 'Eine Feste Burg ist Unser Gott' and another, and he listened, looking upward with such a sweet expression and with tears in his eyes. He then said in German, 'That is enough.' It was Sunday, and Kingsley preached, but I heard nothing."

The Queen read *Peveril of the Peak* to the Prince, and he followed the story with interest, occasionally saying something about it. "When I went to him, after dinner, he was so pleased to see me, stroked my face and smiled, and called me 'dear little wife.' His tenderness this evening, when he held my hand and stroked my face, touched me so much and made me so grateful.

"Clark and Jenner desired, with the Ministers, that Dr. Watson and Sir Henry Holland should be called in consultation. There was some wandering on the 9th. He was so kind," wrote the Queen, "and liked me to hold his dear hand. Oh, it is an anxious time!"

On the 10th the Queen says: "Going through the door, when he was wheeled into an adjoining room, he turned to look at the beautiful picture of the Madonna which he

gave me three years ago, and asked to stop and look at it, ever loving what is beautiful.

"I found him a little excited about his letters, which Dr. Jenner asked him if I might open (they were about Alfred and Leopold) as yesterday. When I asked he said 'No,' and was afraid they contained bad news; but I soon quieted him, and by his desire read them to him. After lunch, I went again, when he asked me to read out of Varnhagen von Ense's *Memoirs*, and I remained with him until twenty minutes to four. The doctors are very much pleased with his state."

"Dear Albert," the Queen says, "was very confused, but everything else was very satisfactory on the 11th. Another good night, for which I thanked and blessed God. I went over at eight and found Albert sitting up to take his beef tea, over which he always laments most bitterly. I supported him, and he laid his dear head—his beautiful face, more beautiful than ever, has grown so thin—on my shoulder, and remained a little while, saying, 'It is very comfortable so, dear child,' which made me so happy."

As he was being assisted by the Queen to the sofa, he said, looking at his favorite picture of her, "It helps me through half the day." The Queen passed the greater part of the day with him, reading to him.

On the 12th the fever increased, the breathing was shorter, but in the evening he said, "You have not forgotten the important communication to Nemours," whereupon the Queen asking what he meant, he answered, "The one Lord Palmerston told you to make to him about his nephews"—namely, that the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres ought not to remain in the American army if war were declared against England.

On the 13th the breathing was quick and difficult. He did not take any notice of anything when wheeled to the sitting-room, and remained with hands clasped, looking silently out of the window. The Queen, in the afternoon, found there had been a sudden sinking of strength, but he

was better in the evening, quite conscious, affectionate, and kind.

On the 14th again there was a rally in the morning. "I went over at seven," the Queen said, "as I usually did. It was a bright morning, the sun just rising and shining brightly. The room had a sad look of night watching—the candles burned down to their sockets, the doctors looking anxious. I went in. Never can I forget how beautiful my darling looked lying there with his face lit up by the rising sun—his eyes unusually bright, gazing, as it were, on unseen objects, but not taking any notice of me."

The Prince of Wales had been summoned by telegraph from Maddingley, and arrived at three in the morning, and was then told of the anxiety about his father, to whose room he went later on, the Queen finding him there when she entered at ten.

The Queen's *Journal* notes that the day was very fine and very bright. "I asked whether I might go out for a breath of air. The doctors answered, 'Yes, just close by for a quarter of an hour.' At about twelve I went on the terrace with Alice. The military band was playing at a distance, and I burst into tears and came home again; I hurried over at once. Dr. Watson was in the room. I asked him whether Albert was not better, as he seemed stronger, though he took very little notice. He answered, 'We are very much frightened, but don't and won't give up hope.' They would not let Albert sit up to take his nourishment, as he wasted his strength by doing so. 'The pulse keeps up,' they said; 'it is not worse.' Every hour, every minute was a gain, and Sir James Clark was very hopeful. He had seen much worse cases, but the breathing was the alarming thing; it was so rapid. There was what they call a dusky hue about his face and hands which I knew was not good. I made some observation about it to Dr. Jenner, and was alarmed by seeing that he seemed to notice it.

"Albert folded his arms and began arranging his hair just as he used to do when well and dressing. These were

said to be bad signs. Strange! As though he were preparing for another and greater journey."

The doctors still tried to alleviate the Queen's distress by expressions of hope.

"About half-past five," she continues, "I went in and sat beside his bed, which had been wheeled towards the middle of the room. 'Good little wife,' he said, and kissed me, and then gave a sort of piteous moan, or rather sigh, not of pain, but as if he felt that he was leaving me, and laid his head upon my shoulder, and I put my arm under his. But the feeling passed away again, and he seemed to wander and to doze, and yet to know all. Sometimes I could not catch what he said. Occasionally he spoke in French.

"Alice came in and kissed him, and he took her hand. Bertie, Helena, Louise, and Arthur came in one after the other and took his hand, and Arthur kissed it, but he was dozing and did not perceive them. Then he opened his dear eyes and asked for Sir Charles Phipps, who came in and kissed his hand. Then again his dear eyes were closed. General Grey and Sir Thomas Biddulph each came in and kissed his hand, and were dreadfully overcome.

"It was a terrible moment, but, thank God, I was able to command myself, and to be perfectly calm, and remained sitting by his side. So things went on, not really worse and not better."

It was thought necessary to change his bed, and he was even able to get out of bed and sit up. He tried to get into bed alone, but could not, and was helped on to the other bed. The doctors said plenty of air passed through the lungs, and so long as this was so there was still hope.

The Queen had retired for a little to the adjoining room, but soon returned, as the breathing became worse. She found him bathed in perspiration, which the doctors said might be an effort of nature to throw off the fever. She whispered to him, "It is your own little wife," and he was able to kiss her. He seemed half dozing, quite calm, and only wishing to be left undisturbed, as he used to be when

tired and not well. The Queen had hardly retired some time afterwards when a rapid change set in and she had to return, for it was plain that the end was near.

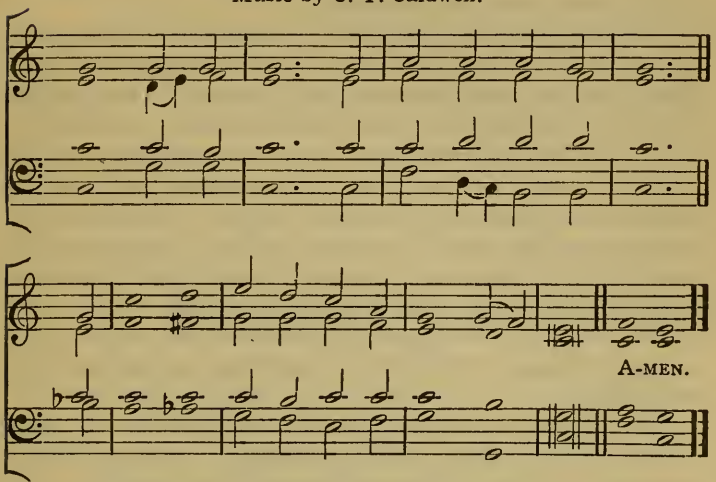
She took his left hand—which was already cold, although the breathing was quite gentle—and knelt by the side of the bed. On the other side was Princess Alice, while at the foot knelt the Prince of Wales and Princess Helena. General Bruce, the Dean of Windsor, Sir Charles Phipps, and General Grey were also present. The breathing grew quieter and quieter. At a quarter past ten it ceased, and the Queen was left to bear alone the burden of her sovereignty.

Ministers and friends alike feared for her reason, so terrible was her distress. But great as it was, she showed marvellous power of self-command. The Princess Alice was the greatest comfort, and after her Lady Augusta Stanley and the Duchess of Sutherland, who at once drove over from Cliveden.

HER MAJESTY'S FAVORITE HYMN

"PEACE! PERFECT PEACE!"

Words by the Right Reverend Bishop Bickersteth.
Music by C. T. Caldwell.



"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee."

"Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The Blood of Jesus whispers peace within.

"Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.

"Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' Bosom naught but calm is found.

"Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.

"Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and He is on the Throne.

"Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquish'd death and all its powers.

"It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus calls us to heaven's perfect peace. Amen."

Dean Stanley wrote: "How great the calamity is may be measured by thinking that it transcends even anything which the passionate burst of public grief has ventured to express, or even knows or thinks of. No public death could have affected me so much.

"I do not suppose that I should ever have known more of him, but so long as he lived I felt sure that there was a steady support to all that was most excellent in the English Church. That barrier is now thrown down, and God protect us from the spirits that will rush in through the chasm."

Of the funeral on December 23d he wrote: "It was a profoundly mournful and impressive sight. Indeed, considering the magnitude of the event, and the persons present, all agitated by the same emotion, I do not think I have ever seen or shall ever see anything so affecting."

The body for the time was placed in the vault of St. George's Chapel. The Queen had been persuaded to go to Osborne.

Dean Stanley noted in his diary* for December 14, 1862: "Anniversary of Prince Consort's death. Two special services in the Queen's private room. The Queen had desired that I should read some part of the last chapters of St. John, some prayers, and perhaps an extract from my sermon in the morning. I went at 9.45 to Mrs. Bruce's room, and with her and Lady Augusta to the fatal room. I went in first. There was the valet who had been with him at his death; there was a table placed for me. In a few moments they came in. I began by kneeling down and reading two prayers, chiefly made up from the burial service; I then sat down and read St. John xiv. 1–6, 18–20, and 27, 28; again from St. John xvi. 7, 16–22, 28, 32, 33; and upon these verses read about five pages of reflections which I had written in the morning; then two more prayers and the Lord's Prayer, and the enlarged form of the blessing.

"The Queen then rose from the bedside, where she had

* From *Life of Dean Stanley.*

been kneeling, kissed the princesses—I think the princes kissed her hand—then she kissed the Bruces, and then came across to me. I knelt and kissed her hand, and she passed away with all the others.

"The room was almost exactly as it was when I saw it before, except that there were fresh garlands of flowers on the beds and round the bust [of the Prince]. It was a very bright morning, and there was nothing of funeral gloom in the room. The great State bed in which the kings had died had been moved out early in the illness, to make room for two smaller beds.

"I then returned to my room and revised my sermon. The service was at twelve—litany and communion service, as usual. There was the usual congregation—none of the family present except the Prince of Wales and Prince Louis of Hesse. You will be pleased to hear that the Queen expressed to Mrs. Bruce the greatest comfort and satisfaction in the sermon of this morning, and had desired that I would print it privately for her use, and also asked me to read it again this evening at about 9.30, the hour of the death, which I did. There were present the whole family, the Bruces, the Duchess of Athole, Lady Caroline Barrington, and a few servants.

"The beautiful mausoleum at Frogmore is now sufficiently completed to have the consecration ceremony performed. At eleven the Dean of Christ Church arrived, and with him and the Bishop of Oxford we went to the mausoleum. The whole household was there. The Bishop, the two deans, and two or three Windsor clergy were on a raised platform at the east end, immediately above the sarcophagus. The Queen and all the children came in when every one was assembled. They remained inside while the clergy and choir walked round chanting the psalm. The Bishop then read the two or three prayers extremely well, and then were sung two hymns. I could not see, indeed I did not venture to look at, the Queen.

"Then was read the deed of consecration, prefaced

by the letter of the Queen herself, by Sir Robert Phillimore. Then she and the family passed out, and we returned as we came. The Dean of Christ Church received a message to stay for the night, and had an interview both with the Prince of Wales and the Queen.

"After dinner I was summoned to the Queen. She was sitting with Princess Alice. There was a good deal of conversation about *Essays and Reviews* about the Apocalypse and Psalms — most interesting. This morning (Thursday) I walked with the household to the mausoleum. The coffin had been moved early in the morning, and deposited in a temporary sarcophagus. We all assembled outside. Then came the Queen and children, who passed in first. The Dean of Windsor stood alone at a small table and read passages from the Bible wonderfully appropriate—'The Sepulchre in the Garden,' 'The New Sepulchre,' etc., and an admirable prayer. He was deeply affected, and could hardly struggle through. Then the Queen and children went and knelt by the coffin, each depositing a wreath, and passed out. Each of the household, from Lord Granville downward, went up and deposited a wreath in like manner. It was extremely touching, more so than the ceremony yesterday —as much so almost as the funeral."

General Bruce wrote in January, 1862, to Dean Stanley that it was the wish of the lamented Prince Consort, when he decided that the Prince of Wales should make a tour in the Holy Land, to have the benefit of his, the Dean's, advice and knowledge with regard to the details. "I have been directed by the Queen," the General wrote, "to ask if you can conveniently come to Osborne for a few days." The Dean went, and wrote, "As I was sitting in the Equerries' Room at Osborne, reading the *Times*, General Bruce came in and sat down. He seemed uneasy, as if wishing to say something, and at last I laid down the paper. He then turned to me and said, 'I hardly know how to approach what I am going to say, but is it totally impossible that you should go with us?' [to the Holy

Land]. I was silent. He went on, 'The Prince Consort had often said, "What would it be if Professor Stanley should go with you?" I fear it is impossible. The Queen has said the same thing to me since you came, and this morning the Prince of Wales said the same thing from himself. They do not urge it, they do not intend to request it, because they know what it is that they ask; but if you could go it would be inestimable.' Such a thought had never occurred to me before I came here; but, to speak quite openly, I doubt whether I am the proper person. It is neither compliment nor blame to me to say one thing or the other. I should not be a suitable companion for him."

The Queen wrote that the Archbishop of Canterbury could not have chosen better for her son. When the Dean's mother urged on him the duty of accepting the responsibility which might make him of service to the Queen, he at once consented.

Lady Augusta wrote to Miss Stanley that the Queen, when she heard of the illness of Dean Stanley's mother, which took place soon after he had started, said, "Oh, that was Mr. Stanley's only hesitation, only doubt, about going—the unwillingness to leave his mother." It was only when his mother's own wishes were made clear that the Queen, deeply touched and affected, desired that all she felt might be expressed, "for you, for her, for Mr. Stanley, and to say that nothing should be done but what Mrs. Stanley decided."

The Queen took the greatest interest in the letters written from Palestine. The Dean's mother died: but Stanley, knowing what her wishes had been, continued his journey with the Prince.

The following extracts concerning this journey are taken from the *Life and Letters of Dean Stanley*.

"Late in the afternoon we reached Bethany," he says. "I then took my place close beside the Prince, every one else falling back by design or accident, and at the head of the cavalcade we moved on towards the famous view. This was the one half-hour which, throughout the journey, I had

determined to have alone with the Prince, and I succeeded. I pointed out each stage of the triumphal entry of Christ—the fig-tree, the stones, the first sight of Jerusalem, the acclamations, the palms, the olive branches, the second sight where He beheld the city and wept over it. The whole cavalcade paused on that long ledge. It was as impressive to me, and as authentic, as ever. I thought of Ammergau, I thought of the many times I had talked over this very moment with my dearest mother. I turned round to call the attention of the rest of the party, and as I turned I saw and bade the Prince look round to the only detail which could have been worthy of notice on such an occasion—a flock of white sheep and black goats feeding on the mountain-side, the groundwork of the great Parable, delivered also from this hill-side, on the Day of Judgment. The cavalcade moved on again, and I fell to the rear, feeling that I had at least done my best. By the valley of Jehosaphat we returned, and so the day closed.

"The Mosque of Hebron was opened for the first time to a European and a Christian. Turkish soldiers guarded the streets, where hardly a face was visible as we passed, only the solitary figure of a guard standing on every house-top, evidently to secure that no stones should be thrown down. In short, it was a complete military occupation.

"At last we reached the corner of the great Jewish enclosure. Up the sharp flight of stairs, gazing at the huge polished stones, we mounted. At the summit we turned inside, and here immediately were met by the chief guardian of the Mosque. No one could be more courteous than he was, declaring that for no one but the eldest son of the Queen of England could he have allowed this. Sooner should the princes of any other nation have passed over his body. There was a deep groan from the attendants when the shrine of Abraham was opened, redoubled at the shrine of Jacob and of Joseph. You may imagine my feelings when I thrust my arm down as far as I could to reach into the rocky vault, and when I knelt down to as-

certain how far the tomb of Abraham was part of the native mountain.

"When we all came out I know not what feelings preponderated. I must say, the person for whom I felt the most was General Bruce. He said he had been desirous of making the attempt to get into the Mosque not only on the Prince's account, but on my own, and the Prince from the first had made my entrance an indispensable condition of his going at all."

On April 12th the Dean wrote: "Three-quarters of an hour before sunset the prayers of the Samaritan Passover began. Presently there suddenly appeared among the worshippers six sheep guarded by some of the youths. They wandered to and fro in the crowds, so innocent, and the young men who attended them so simple in their appearance, that it was like a pastoral scene in a play.

"The sun, which had hitherto burnished up the Mediterranean Sea in the distance, now sank very nearly to the farthest western ridge. The recitation of prayers became more vehement; indeed it was, I believe, the recitation from the early chapters of Exodus. The sheep were driven more closely together, still perfectly playful.

"The sun touched the ridge, the youths burst into a wild chant, and drew their long, bright knives, and brandished them in the air. In a moment the sheep were thrown on their backs, and the long knives were drawn across their throats. There were a few silent convulsions, 'dumb as a sheep that openeth not his mouth,' and the six forms lay lifeless on the ground, with the blood streaming from them —the one annual Jewish sacrifice that remains in the world.

"In the blood the young men dipped their fingers and marked the foreheads and noses of all the children; not the doors of the tent, nor the faces of the grown-ups. It was, as they explained, a kind of relic of the past, of which only this fragment remains.

"The next process was the skinning and roasting. For this a trough and deep hole were prepared. In both, vines

and brambles, those of Gotham's parable, were thrown and set on fire. Over these, in the trough, were placed two caldrons, and again, amid the recitation of Exodus xii., the water boiled, and when it had boiled enough, was poured by the same youths over the dead sheep to take off their wool. Their legs were torn off and thrown aside, and the sheep themselves were spitted on long poles, and were hoisted along, and were prepared to be sunk into the second hole filled with burning faggots to roast them.

"By this time it was past eight, and the question arose how long would it be before the feast took place. But I remained, tried to sleep in the Samaritan's tent on that wild mountain height, in the midst of this ancient sect, to witness the only direct vestige of the Jewish Passover. At half-past one we were aroused. The moon was still bright and high in the heavens. The whole male community was gathered around the hole, now closed up with wet earth, where the six sheep were being roasted. Mats were arranged for them, on which we were not allowed to tread. When the hole was opened, a cloud of steam and smoke burst forth, reminding me of Bishop Heber's line:

"'Smokes on Gerizim's mount, Samaria's sacrifice,'

and out were brought, on their long poles, the sheep, their heads and ears still visible, black from the oven.

"They were thrown on the mats, which were laid out between two files of Samaritans. Those who were in white had ropes round their waists (girded), staves in their hands, and shoes on their feet. A wild, long chant burst out. It suddenly stopped, and down they all sank on their haunches, and set to work on the masses of flesh before them. They did not seize it with so much haste as I had been led to expect, but they ate in perfect silence, and so rapidly that in ten minutes it was all gone but a few bones and scraps, which were gathered up in the mats and placed in a bundle over the fire, which was once more kindled. By its light, and with candles, the hole was searched for fragments, as if they were the particles of sacramental

bread. These were thrown on the burning mass, and the huge bonfire was stirred up, which illuminated the mountain, and then gradually died away, and left us to return home."

"On Easter Eve," he writes, "the Prince and I rode alone over the hills. He made the best proposals for the arrangement of the communion the next day, and spoke much of you and of our dear mother and of his father. 'It will be a sad Easter for me,' he said. 'Yes,' I said, 'and a sad one for me, but I am sure that if your father and my mother could look down upon us, they would be well satisfied that we should both be at this time in this place.

"Suddenly we reached the ledge of the cliffs, and the whole view of the lake [of Galilee] burst upon us. We quite cried out with surprise and pleasure, so unexpected and so beautiful. It was, indeed, that view of which I am always afraid to speak, lest the glory of the recollection should tempt me to exaggerate its real character. But that evening, the setting sun throwing its soft light over the descent, the stormy clouds flying past—it was truly grand. And when we found our tents pitched at the bottom of the hill by the old walls of Tiberias, on the very edge of the lake, General Bruce came up to me and said, 'You have indeed done well.'

"I went out early to look at the view. The eastern hills were dark, the sun behind the bank of black clouds poured down its first rays on the calm lake, and the western tops were tinged with golden light. We had our service in the great tent. I began with the anthem, 'Christ our Passover,' then the special psalms, then Exodus xii.—especially appropriate after the Samaritan Passover—Te Deum, Romans vi., Jubilate, and then the whole communion service. I preached on John xxi., taking the chapter through piece by piece.

"It was certainly a very solemn occasion, and I am thankful we had it there and not in Jerusalem amid the clatter of the contending Churches. After a long, quiet morning we strolled into the town, and then, glad to escape

from it, walked along the shores to the hot springs, and thence far away to the hill immediately overhanging the exit of the Jordan.

"Altogether it was to me the climax of the tour, to have had our Good Friday service at Nazareth and our Easter communion on the shores of the Sea of Galilee."

They then went on to Damascus by the hills of Naphtali. "In the midst of them, on a grand upland plain, there was a place I particularly wished to see, Kadesh Naphtali, the holy place of that great tribe, the birthplace of Barak, and close by the scene of the murder of Sisera, which is described in Judges iv. as taking place under the terebinth (oak-tree). It was delightful to see how many terebinths still grew on the plain. H.R.H. and I tore away a small branch, he for the Princess Royal, for whom he has made a collection of flowers and leaves from almost every famous spot he has seen."

The letters of this part of the journey close with a description of Lebanon's cedars. "The cedars! Imagine a vast semicircle of mountains, the upper range covered with snow, the lower range, which is, in fact, the deposit of glaciers, shutting up this upper range; and again, in the heart of the lower range, a rich, green, cultivated valley, penetrating till it ends in rocky barrenness. Exactly in the centre of the view, just appearing above the lower range and under the snowy range, you see a black, massive clump, the only vegetation on the whole horizon, till your eye descends on the green valley below. That is the cedar grove.

"We lost sight of them until mounting some intervening rocks and standing on the edge of a ravine which parted us from them. One after another, through the mist which was floating around us, the trees appeared close at hand. The second view was perhaps disappointing, for what then are seen are only the youngest cedars, which form the outskirts of the grove; but in a few minutes we were in the midst of them, and although again they were different from what I had expected, the whole effect was most impressive.

THE LOWER WARD, WINDSOR CASTLE

"They stand on a little island, as it were, planted on the centre of the barren mountains, the island consisting of seven hills, or knolls, of which six are arranged round the seventh—a square mount, in the midst of which stands the rude Maronite chapel.

"These knolls give a peculiarity to the place for which I was not prepared. The great old cedars are not, as I imagined, all collected together, but are interspersed with their younger brethren, two or three standing on the central knoll, four or five on the hill nearer the snow. In one respect they are inferior to their English descendants—they have not wide, spreading branches feathering to the ground, probably owing to their closeness to each other. One of them, I observed, actually supported in its gigantic arm a lesser tree whose trunk was quite decayed; but their trunks are very remarkable—so huge, so irregular, so venerable, the gray scales of bark covering them as with a skin. It was impossible for us to carry off a section of a fallen tree. All were pleased to have seen them. The Prince was very anxious that we should have the service under their shade."

Souvenirs of this tour are still preserved in the museum at the Swiss Cottage at Osborne.

The sadness and mourning which followed the death of the Prince Consort was, in March, 1863, changed for a while to gladness, when Princess Alexandra of Denmark, the bride of the Prince of Wales, made her public entry into London as she passed from Gravesend to Windsor.

The Corporation of London spent £40,000 upon decorations, triumphal arches, and illuminations, and every private house along the route the Princess was to take showed its own loyalty by decking windows and balconies with bright colors. The streets were thronged with a marvellous crowd, such as on great occasions only London can show.

At the marriage ceremony in St. George's Chapel, the Knights of the Garter wore their robes. The Princess was attired in a dress of white satin and Honiton lace. Among her jewels she wore a *rivière* of diamonds given by the Cor-

poration of London. Nothing could exceed the joy of the people in welcoming to her new home so beautiful a bride.

In 1864 came the dispute between Germany and Denmark, and the question of the succession to the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, a matter so intricate that it was said nobody could stand a competitive examination on the subject. Austria and Prussia sent troops to the duchies, the war resulting in the defeat of the Danes and the loss of most of their mainland possessions. It was also the seed-ground of the contention between the invaders, which brought out clearly to the mind of Bismarck that it was necessary, in the interests of Prussia, to rid Germany of the power of the Hapsburgs.

For many years following the death of the Prince Consort the Queen felt herself unequal to the strain on her nerves involved in taking part in public ceremonies of anything like a festive nature. At the same time she never lost an opportunity of showing her sympathy with all good works of a national character. The great military hospital at Netley was constantly visited by her, even during the earliest years of her sorrow.

She went to Aberdeen to be present at the unveiling of the Prince Consort's statue in 1863, and said to the Provost: "I could not reconcile it to myself to remain at Balmoral while such a tribute was being paid to his memory without making an exertion to show you personally the deep and heartfelt sense I entertain of your kindness and affection, and at the same time to proclaim, in public, the unbounded reverence and admiration, the devoted love which fills my heart, for him whose loss must throw a lasting gloom over my future life."

In the strict attention she gave to all business matters, conscientiously apportioning her day so as to always be able to read through the despatches and attend to all public duties, the Queen followed what she knew would have been the wishes of her husband. She loved to visit the places associated with his performance of public duty wherever possible. She went with one son and three

daughters to Coburg, revisiting all the houses, gardens, and woods she had known in happier days, and on the return journey saw King Leopold for the last time in Belgium. In the year of the terrible German conflict she opened Parliament personally, declaring her consent to the marriage of Princess Helena to Prince Christian, a union which took place in July, 1866.

Again, in the following year, she went to the House of Lords to open the session, and in May laid the first stone of the Albert Hall. She received the Sultan Abdul Azziz in 1867, and invested him, on board the royal yacht off Osborne, with the Order of the Garter, advantage being taken of a great parade of the fleet for the ceremony to be performed for the first time at sea.

Another great parade of volunteers was held in 1868, when they were inspected by the Queen, and in the summer she made one of those short visits to the Continent which she afterwards often enjoyed, staying this time for a month at Lucerne.

People who did not know how fully occupied her time was in affairs of State were inclined to grumble at the representation of royalty not being more adequately brought before the public, and the Queen, with her usual frankness, desiring that no false impression giving expectation of a resumption of her bearing a part in scenes of festivity should exist, wrote, that all might know the exact position of the matter:

"An erroneous impression seems generally to prevail, and has lately found frequent expression in the newspapers, that the Queen is about to resume the place in society which she occupied before her great affliction; that is, that she is about to hold Levees and Drawing-rooms in person, and to appear as before at Court balls, concerts, etc. This idea cannot be too explicitly contradicted.

"The Queen appreciates the desire of her subjects to see her, and whatever she can do to gratify them in this loyal and affectionate wish she will do. Whenever any real object is to be attained by her appearing on public occasions,

any national interest to be promoted, or anything to be encouraged which is for the good of the people, her Majesty will not shrink, as she has not shrunk, from any personal sacrifice or exertion, however painful.

"But there are other and higher duties than of mere representation which are now thrown upon the Queen alone and unassisted—duties which she cannot neglect without injury to the public service—which weigh unceasingly upon her, overwhelming her with work and anxiety. The Queen has labored conscientiously to discharge those duties till her health and strength, already shaken by the bitter and abiding desolation which has taken the place of her former happiness, have been impaired.

"To call upon her to undergo, in addition, the fatigue of those mere State ceremonies which can be equally well performed by other members of her family, is to ask her to run the risk of entirely disabling herself for the discharge of those other duties which cannot be neglected without serious injury to the public interest.

"The Queen will, however, do what she can—in the manner least trying to her health, strength, and spirits—to meet the loyal wishes of her subjects, to afford that support and countenance to society, and to give that encouragement to trade which is desired of her. More the Queen cannot do; and more the kindness and good feeling of her people will surely not exact of her."

Mr. Holmes, in his excellent *Life of the Queen*, mentions a long list of public institutions of various kinds which were opened at different times by the Queen in person. The deep debt of gratitude should also be mentioned here which the country owes to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who took upon themselves so large a portion of the burden of representation of sovereignty which the Queen herself was obliged unwillingly to relinquish. It may be said that from the time of their marriage to the time of their accession to the throne no worthy appeal for participation in any ceremony involving the national good and the ben-

efit of the people was ever neglected by them—a record of devoted service to the public unmatched by any others in the position of heirs apparent.

During the last few years of her life, Queen Victoria, notwithstanding the weight of advanced years and increasing infirmities, took part in more numerous public functions than had been her practice during the earlier period of her widowhood. At what a cost to herself she thus obeyed what she regarded as the calls of duty will never be known to the public generally.

CHAPTER IX

FROM THE SEVENTIES TO THE EIGHTIES

WE must here note a series of events in Central Europe, and see how its map was changed, and how Bismarck triumphed. In 1870 the hour was struck for the completion of his task of crowning his King as German Emperor, and giving England another discrowned monarch as a refugee in the person of Napoleon. Gigantic preparation had been made in Germany for the war. The army could be mobilized in twenty-four hours. Moltke had arranged where each corps was to take its place at the signal. Yet the King of Prussia did not want war. The cause of the outbreak was French jealousy of a proposal to put a Hohenzollern prince on the throne of Spain. No one about the King anticipated anything but some negotiations. The King went to drink the water at Ems. There the French Ambassador, Benedetti, began speaking to him on the promenade. King William, averse to continuing a conversation in such a place, indicated that another moment had best be sought. Paris was told that King William had turned his back on her representative. Crowds shouted, "À Berlin." Louis Napoleon, believing the assertion of his War Minister, Le Bœuf, that all was ready, and thinking that his throne would be in danger if he hesitated, declared war. But the Prussian organization at once triumphed in the massing of troops on and beyond the frontier. The Prussian diplomacy won, in that it found all Germans on its side against the "hereditary enemy." They who had fought in 1866 marched side by side four years later. The tremendous events of the capture of MacMahon's army at Sedan—the siege of Metz and

capture of the whole French army under Bazaine—the siege of Paris—the capitulation of Paris—followed before the winter had come and gone.

The Emperor Napoleon, ill and suffering so much that he could hardly sit on horseback, was taken prisoner at Sedan, capitulating with all his army, and, after a short stay as a prisoner of war at Wilhelmshöhe, a beautiful place near Cassel, often called the German Versailles, came to England, where he and the Empress lived until his death at Chiselhurst.

Soon after the re-establishment of peace on the Continent, another of the Queen's daughters, Princess Louise, was married in March, 1871, the Queen returning to the old custom, which had always obtained in Britain before the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, of allowing a sovereign's daughter to marry in the country of her birth. This would probably never have been changed had it not been for the unfortunate alliances contracted in the Georgian era, which almost compelled the sovereign and Parliament to pass the law which deprived all royal marriages of legality which were not expressly sanctioned by themselves. It is obvious that, where there may be a question of succession to the crown, the sovereign and Parliament must decide as to whether the marriage shall or shall not involve resignation of any right of possible succession.

There had been some opposition in the House of Commons with regard to the marriage of each of the Queen's children until, in this instance, it dwindled to the adverse vote of one man, and he was a personal friend of the bridegroom, and unfortunately blind!

The year was memorable in the triumph of peace in the Anglo-Saxon world, by the conclusion of the treaty at Washington, by which the Queen's representatives expressed in a friendly spirit the regret felt by her Majesty's government for the escape of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels. Both governments agreed that a neutral is bound, first, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting

out, arming, or equipping within its jurisdiction of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is to be used for carrying on war with a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended for use in carrying on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted in whole or in part within such jurisdiction to warlike use.

Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as a base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.

Arbitration was agreed to, and the Geneva Tribunal found England responsible for the acts of the *Alabama* as well as for the deeds of two other cruisers, awarding a sum to be paid by her to the United States of between three and four millions—a cheap price to pay if, as may be hoped, the example of the arbitration can be perpetuated so that in all questions not actually affecting the honor of either country differences may be settled by like means.

The great national anxiety caused by the Prince of Wales's illness, from an attack of typhoid fever, in 1871, was changed to universal rejoicing when the Queen and her family went to St. Paul's to give thanks for the Prince's recovery in February, 1872.

There was a splendid triumphal arch at Ludgate Circus, and a grand roar of acclamation followed the procession until the great cathedral was reached. The steps were enclosed with a pavilion, and there was a covered way laid with crimson cloth, the entrance being surmounted by the inscription, "I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the house of the Lord." The porch was fitted with rooms of blue, white, and red, and crimson damask in their

interior. Thirteen thousand persons found room in the galleries erected in the aisles and transepts.

Under the dome were the Queen and her family, the members of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, the foreign representatives, the judges, lords lieutenant, and sheriffs, and delegates from the universities. In the choir were the clergy, and the screen between the choir and the dome was taken away so that the music might be better heard. The royal family were in a specially designed long pew, raised two or three steps above the low platform arranged across the end of the nave, fronting the choir, and somewhat advanced into the central space under the dome. On the right were the foreign princes and Indian princes.

The Queen, after the seven miles' progress through the acclaiming multitudes was over, wrote: "The Queen is anxious, as on a previous occasion, to express publicly her own personal deep sense of the reception the Queen and her dear children met with on Tuesday [February 27th] from millions of her subjects on her way to and from St. Paul's. Words are too weak for the Queen to say how very deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited towards her dear son and herself from the highest down to the lowest in the long progress through the capital, and she earnestly wishes to convey her warmest and most heartfelt thanks to the whole nation for this demonstration of loyalty. The Queen, as well as her son and dear daughter-in-law, felt that the whole nation joined with them in thanking God for preserving the Prince of Wales's life. The remembrance of this day, and the remarkable order maintained throughout, will ever be affectionately remembered by the Queen and her family."

The Prince was able to undertake attendance on several public occasions early in the year, and the Duke of Edinburgh opened an exhibition in Dublin.

The Shah, Nusser-Ood-Deen, who was by descent a Turk of the tribe of the Kujurs, whose chief seized the

crown towards the end of the eighteenth century, visited this country in 1873. He came to England with the reputation of being a reformer, abandoning much of the cruelty formerly practised in the administration of the laws. He wore a black cap with a magnificent aigrette of diamonds in front, a befrogged black coat, and valuable rings. Anxious to see Europe, he visited Berlin and Paris as well as London. When he saluted a brother sovereign he crossed his hands on his breast, while all his courtiers put their hands to their hearts whenever he spoke to them.

There was a review arranged for him in the Home Park at Windsor, which was a great success in spite of one of his nobles falling from his horse and bedewing the grass with a shower of diamonds. He expressed the most cordial good-will towards Great Britain, and this was no mere trick of speech, for he set an example in his country in this respect which his successors have sought to follow.

He was mounted at the review on a chestnut Arab whose tail was dyed pink, and it was noticed that one of his followers had a horse with a magenta-colored tail. He was entertained by the City of London at a great ball at the Guildhall under the mayoralty of Sir Sydney Waterlow. He much admired English beauty, although he observed that our young ladies do not care to have their eyebrows meeting over their nose, which in his country is considered a very especial advantage.

The works of the great Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, in the version of Mr. Fitzgerald, had not then appeared to astonish the English reading public, and people were hardly inclined to give the Shah of Persia the credit he has of being at the head of a people whose literature is most remarkable, whose language centuries ago became, and still remains, the polite language of society in India, and who possess poets whose thoughts are as remarkable as the tongue in which they are expressed is full, musical, and powerful.

The Queen was glad to be able to show her interest in the creation and keeping of open spaces in great cities for

the recreation of the people by visiting the Victoria Park, in the East End of London. The two hundred and ninety acres of which the park boasts was a place to which vast numbers flocked on April 3, 1873. At the Hackney Town Hall her carriage stopped that the building might be seen, and thousands of working-people joined in the singing of the national anthem. It was remembered that no English sovereign had been there since the time of Charles II.

Soon afterwards came the wedding of the Duke of Edinburgh. The Queen wrote to Lady Augusta Stanley in August, 1873: "I shall see you to-morrow, and I wish to prepare you for what not only I, but Alfred and others, including the Dean of Windsor and Lord Granville, are very anxious for—it is that I am very desirous that your Dean should perform the English ceremony at St. Petersburg, and that you should attend as one of my ladies. You travel so much, and dread cold so little, that, as in January the Russian climate is said to be healthy, I hope you will be able to undertake a mission which will require great discretion, and which will be a comfort to me. But you must fully consider whether you can manage it, and that is why I have thought it best to write before I see you both."

Dean Stanley agreed to go, and started on January 9, 1874. The Queen wrote: "I address this letter to St. Petersburg with two parcels which require explanation, and which I trust to your special care. The one contains two sprigs of myrtle, which I ask you to put at once into a little warm water, and to keep till the afternoon of the 22d, to be placed in the middle of a bouquet of white flowers which I shall ask you to order and give from me to Marie before the English wedding, with this explanation—namely, that this myrtle comes from a large, healthy plant here, which has grown from a little bit of myrtle, much smaller than these sprigs, which was in the Princess Royal's nosegay, and which all the brides [the Queen's daughters] have had a piece of in succession.

"The second box contains two prayer-books. The one

in white, with an illumination of some verses which I had printed on purpose, is for the Grand Duchess, and the other, a plain one, is for Alfred, both to be given to them on their wedding-day, and for the English wedding. My dear mother gave my beloved husband and me prayer-books, which I now have and often use, especially the dear Prince's."

At St. Petersburg they were received in great state at the Winter Palace. The rooms were magnificent, looking out on the Neva; the temperature warm.

What Stanley saw is published in his *Life and Letters*, from which we condense the following account:

"Next day I was ushered into the Emperor's room. He was quite alone, standing in full uniform by a desk; exceedingly gracious. I said I hoped that the benediction of both Churches might descend on an event so happy for both countries; the only sufferers are the parents. His eyes filled with tears, and he said, 'Yes, it's true; she has been the joy of our lives, but it must be.' It was impossible not to be moved by his emotion.

"Augusta had meanwhile been sent for by the Empress, and just as I was passing through the galleries I was also summoned to see her. She was with the Grand Duchess and Prince Alfred. We had much conversation on the marriage ceremony. We had to make many calls afterwards. At the Czarevitch's there was a book for the inscription of names, and in this there was an entry that puzzled me—'Prince and Princess Walesky.' At last I saw that this must be Russian for 'of Wales.'

"There was a service in the English Church. I preached on Christ's presence at the marriage at Cana, which was not only the gospel of the day in the new style, but the second lesson for the Epiphany, old style. The Prince of Wales has written a very kind note begging that it may be printed.

"On Monday we went to the museum in the 'Hermitage.' Imagine what it is. An immense collection of pictures, statues, and antiquities, almost like the Vatican, under

the same roof as the palace. What is truly astonishing are the Grecian sculptures—the habits of the Scythians, 400 B.C.—in which there is a most beautiful representation of peasants, in the same costumes and with the same customs as you see in Russia now.

"Then came a message for me to read my sermon to the Empress. The interview was deeply affecting. There was no one but herself and the Grand Duchess. I begged her to interrupt me if there was anything she did not understand; this led to a constant series of remarks and questions. I went on, and when I came to the part relating to the feeling of the parents it was a hard struggle to get through. After it was over they both discussed, in the most easy and natural manner, the details of the marriage ceremony, and parted with the most gracious sayings, and expression of a desire to have it printed and translated.

"At six we dined with the Emperor. Every one in uniform except Lord Suffield, Francis Knollys, and myself; and eighty persons present. Dinner was extremely short, and the whole party broke up at 9 P.M.

"Next day I paid visits to the three metropolitans—St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Kief. The first visit to Isidore, of St. Petersburg. Nothing could be more cordial. He kissed me three times on each side of the face, as did all the others. I asked him about the Bulgarians, and various points connected with the marriage. Innocent, of Moscow, was questioned about missions. Ascanius, of Kief, talked history, and I asked him what opinion was held in Russia on the guilt or innocence of Mary Stuart. It really was touching to see how totally without jealousy, or any sort of feeling except love for the Emperor's family, they all seemed to be.

"It is impossible to exaggerate the comfort of the houses in winter. Nowhere have I felt so absolutely safe from the slightest sensation of disagreeable cold.

"The preparations for the marriage were very little discussed. I had a long talk with the Duke of Edinburgh over all the details, and found him very agreeable. The

music is to be by the Russian choir. There are at the Winter Palace one thousand six hundred rooms and four thousand inhabitants.

"January 23d.—Now we are all arrayed—I in my red robes for the Russian service, to be exchanged for white for the English; Augusta in lilac and resplendent with diamonds; Lady Emma in pink. At twelve we start; I with my two chaplains, the two English clergymen. . . . The marriage is over. Our places were in the Imperial Chapel, close to the chancel rails. It was much more like a family gathering than anything in Western churches. The bride and bridegroom are closed round by four groomsmen (for there are no bridesmaids), as if protecting them, and the crowns are held over their heads so long as to give the impression of a more than fugitive interest.

"The walking round and round the altar, with these four youths pacing with them, had quite the effect of—what originally it must have been—a wedding dance. The singing was magnificent. The Lord's Prayer again struck me as the most beautiful vocal music I had ever heard. I got away through the crowd with difficulty, changed my red robe for my white one, and then took my place on the high platform which had been made in front of the altar that stood against the screen. All the curtains were drawn down and the candles lighted, so that the place was transformed. As I looked down upon the vast array of officers, etc., it was a splendid sight. The Russian choir was on my right, the English residents on my left, the English clergy on each side, and the five Russian clergy came in with changed garments as soon as their service was over.

"Then came up the hall the bride and bridegroom and stood before me, the Emperor and Empress on their right. The music of the choir broke out, and Psalm xxi. was sung as they advanced.

"It was a thrilling moment when, for the first and last time in my life, I addressed each by their Christian name —Alfred and Marie. The first part of the service I read from the Coronation prayer-book, the second from one out

of which were married George IV., the Princess Charlotte, William IV., the Duke of Kent, and the Prince of Wales. Then came the final benediction and the chanting of Psalm xcii. 1, 2, 3.

"When this was over I bowed to the Emperor and Empress, and they returned it; and I then turned round to the metropolitans and kissed their hands. The Grand Duke Constantine was exceedingly kind, and said, 'There is so much that we have in common.'

"At 4.30 followed the banquet. There were eight hundred guests. Opposite me were the Emperor and a whole line of princes and princesses—the four heirs of England, Russia, Denmark, and Germany. The last is like a sunbeam wherever he goes. These were all waited on by the high dignitaries of the Court, who stood behind and talked to them.

"Then at 9.30 a ball, or rather an immense evening party, multitudes and multitudes spreading through hall and galleries, in one of which the princes danced, or rather walked, the polonaise, the Emperor once walking round with Augusta.

"January 25th.—Did I describe the signing of the register in the Malachite Drawing-room? It was my work to sign first. The Grand Duke Vladimir held the sheet as I wrote, and then threw sand over it as it was finished. Then came the bride's and bridegroom's and twenty-five other signatures, beginning with the Emperor's. The floor of the hall was almost covered with the trains of the princesses. It was impossible to tread here or there without putting one's foot on one or other of them as on a separate carpet. The Crown Princess came up with her most gracious smile, and said to one of the grand dukes near her, 'You could not have a better benediction on the marriage.'"

Stanley describes also all that went on in Moscow, and it should be remembered that whereas one of the Queen's grandchildren became Empress of Russia in after years, her sister, another grandchild, became the Grand Duchess Serge, and lived at Moscow, her husband being the Govern-

or-General. Both are daughters of Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

"At Moscow," said the Dean, "there was an immense crowd and immense confusion. In the morning we drove, by order, to the Kremlin. A large assemblage of the Court dignitaries. At last a door opened and in walked the Emperor and the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales with the Crown Princess, the Crown Prince with the Czarevna, the bride and bridegroom, etc. They marched straight on, the whole of their promiscuous Court assemblage following, through the great halls of St. Andrew, St. George, and St. Alexander, down through the ancient Hall of the Patriarchs; then through the long corridor lined with peasants, in their peasant dresses, holding in their hands their wedding-gifts of cakes and other things; and then through a very high covered space, and we were in the old Cathedral Church. There was instantly sung a Te Deum, and then all the members of the Imperial family went round and kissed the sacred pictures. The church was entirely filled, strange to say, not only with grandees, but with the very humble middle-class and peasants.

"At 10.30 there was a ball of the nobles—if ball that can be called which had hardly the semblance of a dance. We found ourselves on a spacious platform protruding into an immense hall, crowded as thick as it could be packed with human heads—like the Guildhall on a nomination day—a dense assembly of more than four thousand people. When the Imperial party entered, the band struck up, the fountain in the far distance began to play in the midst of a silver illumination, and a long line of sudden light ran round the two sides of the cornices joining at each end of the hall.

"On Saturday I drove to the Donskoi Monastery. A bright, cold day. A sledge with three horses tore over the deep snow, and the domes and towers of Moscow flashed in the glorious sunlight."

Stanley had written formerly: "How strange is the sensation, now familiar by repetition, yet not the less thrilling for that, to rush forward to a sight long imagined,

THE GREEN DRAWING-ROOM, WINDSOR CASTLE

and beheld for the first time! How delightful, I must confess, to feel that even after Athens, Rome, Thebes, and Jerusalem there is a flood of enthusiasm still to be let forth at one more glorious view! In one instant it breaks upon you. Looking down from the terraces of the Kremlin is the whole vast expanse of the sacred city. No panorama has given me the impression of its vast extent. It is like a boundless plain of green—the green roofs diversified with innumerable islands of forest and garden, out of which spring up like weeds and flowers the blue, red, green, yellow, silver, golden domes of hundreds of churches and convent towers. The river flows beneath, beyond on the horizon is a long line of hills crowned with firs, behind is the Kremlin—such a collection of historical and architectural marble as I have not seen in one place out of the great Piazza of St. Mark's.

"The Kremlin is inexhaustible. It is the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Canterbury Cathedral, Windsor Castle, Lambeth, all crammed together within the space of a quarter of an hour's circuit. It is surrounded by a vast wall, exactly like that of the Alhambra, only white instead of red, even to the flame-shaped parapets. The wall itself is girdled by gateway towers, mostly of crusted green. Each of the gateway towers contains a gate with some peculiar name, one being the Holy Gate, through which every human being passes hat in hand, even the Emperor himself doing the same.

"Immediately outside the Holy Gateway stands the Church of St. Basil, built by the mysterious, monstrous, marvellous Czar, Ivan the Terrible, the son of Basil. Pagoda on pagoda, pinnacle on pinnacle, chapel within chapel, cupola clustering on cupola, dome upon dome—it is senseless, useless, pointless, but most characteristic of the man, the place, and the time. Hundreds of masons and artists were kidnapped in Lübeck to build it. The architect had his eyes put out that he might never build another.

"You enter the Kremlin, and then come, jostled together in the wildest confusion, four palaces, two monasteries, four

cathedrals, seven churches, and I know not what besides. Three Imperial palaces are all attached together. They represent the three elements of the Empire—the old barbaric grotesqueness, the modern magnificence of the Emperor's State, and the unadorned simplicity of his private life. The last speaks for itself; the second is represented in the three great halls of St. George, St. Vladimir, and St. Andrew, each opening into the other, till at the end of St. Andrew's Hall you come upon the throne of the Czar, blazing with the emblems of all the Russian provinces, as each hall blazes with the emblems of the three superior orders. Nothing in any other palace, ancient or modern, Eastern or Western, can be named with this suite of gorgeous grandeur."

Stanley asked one of the clergy what lesson he thought the Western Churches could learn from the Russian, and summarized his answer thus: "What I chiefly expect and hope for is the pacifying effect which will be produced on the controversies of the West when they come to a knowledge of a Church which has never entered into these controversies; which has stood firm on the basis of the early centuries before they rose; which has a deeply rooted idea of the fixed and stable character of the ancient traditions, without the slightest tendency to proselytize."

The English Dean appreciated the union of a religious fervor in the Russian Church, unparalleled in Europe, with so complete a tolerance of the faith of others, and so ready a recognition of our point of view; also the advantage to the Western Christian in contemplating a Church which stands to us on ground so untrodden, and alternately cuts across the narrow prejudices both of Protestants and Roman Catholics. He asked himself, would its fervor and zeal ever turn with full force into a moral channel? "The religious principle among them is so strong and so simple, and yet, for the most part, so little directed against the moral evils of the country."

The bride at whose marriage Dean Stanley had assisted in Russia came to Windsor in March, 1874. "The Queen

invited us to come here on Friday evening," he wrote, "so as to be in time for the reception of the members of the family that were in England, who came either that day or the next. Besides these and the household there were no other guests. The day itself was one such as we rarely see in England at this season, such as is described by one of our English poets:

"'Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.'

Not only splendid in itself, but unlike our variable climate —so fixedly, solidly fine that rain and mist were as impossible as during the brilliant winters in Russia. The coming in of March was that of a lamb, as gentle, as pure, as spotless as ever followed St. Agnes.

"We saw the Queen and all the family, except Prince Arthur, who had gone to meet arrivals at Gravesend. Drove out through the park, and down a long avenue of gardens, amid a crowd of boys from the great school of Eton. We waited till we saw the head of the returning procession, and then went down to the entrance of the castle with the other members of the household to receive the Queen and the bridal pair.

"The Queen and her daughter-in-law stepped out first, and as soon as they had passed inside the doors she kissed her most warmly. My dear wife and I waited until the carriage arrived containing our old St. Petersburg friends, and you may imagine what a cordial greeting passed between us. We then all followed through the corridor, which is a kind of artery to the whole palace, and then the Queen introduced all the members of the household to the Grand Duchess, who looks full of radiance in the midst of her new home. There was no flaw or chill of any kind. The Queen was delighted, the bride and bridegroom quite at their ease, and so ended the *ὑπάντη*, if that is not too sacred a word to use of what is, however, like all domestic unions, a truly sacred thing."

In the summer the Emperor of Russia paid a visit to Eng-

land. At the luncheon given to the Emperor at Marlborough House both Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone were present. Stanley was also there, standing, after luncheon, with Mr. Gladstone. Disraeli, as he passed them, turned to Gladstone and said—alluding to a declaration Mr. Gladstone had made after his defeat that he would retire from public life—"with a mixture of comedy and tragedy expressed on his countenance, 'You must come back to us; indeed, we cannot possibly do without you.' Mr. Gladstone, with more than usual severity, answered, 'There are things possible, and there are things impossible. What you ask me to do is one of the things which are impossible.' Upon that Disraeli turned to me, as the representative of the public present, and said, 'You see what it is—the wrath, the inexorable wrath, of Achilles.'"

The visit of the Emperor to England passed off very pleasantly. He attended the great assemblage at the Foreign Office, and appeared much in public. But such visits are always a source of anxiety to the police, who know how many crazy persons are anxious to win fame by murder.

There was that peculiar look in the Emperor's eyes—which was noticed also by the Queen in the case of his father—a peculiarity arising from the occasional lifting of the eyelids, so as to show a little white for a moment above the eyeball. Yet few thought that his terrible and tragic end in the streets of his own capital was so near at hand. In the enfranchisement of the serfs, and in many another ameliorative measure, he had bravely acted for the good of his people, despite the prejudices and influences of many of the most powerful in the official classes of his nation.

Another pleasant international incident took place at the end of the year, when thanks were given to the Queen from the French nation for the assistance rendered by England to the sick and wounded during the war which ended three years before. These were sent by the councils-general of the municipalities, and were signed by over

twelve million people. Lord Derby, as Foreign Minister, introduced the deputation to the Queen in the audience chamber at Windsor, and afterwards the Queen had a more private interview with the Comte Serrurier and his companions, and said she accepted the volumes as beautiful works of art, but "their chief value in my eyes is that they form a permanent memorial of the gratitude of the French people for services rendered to them by Englishmen acting under the simple impulse of humanity."

The French and English acted together in this year in Japan in withdrawing their small force of occupation, a noteworthy event, for it heralded the marvellous change which two short decades have brought about in the Far East. It was only a short time before that the English Embassy had been attacked at night. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, the author of *Piccadilly*, and other works which are still worth reading, was among the diplomatists nearly murdered, their lives being preserved only through the accident of the passage in which they ran from their bedrooms having so low a roof that the attacking swordsmen's blades were caught as they hacked at the unarmed Europeans.

On the departure of the corps of occupation photographs were given to the officers—a new departure, because the sale of royal likenesses was altogether prohibited. Japan became determined to know what it was that gave the Europeans such superiority in war, and set herself earnestly to the task by sending her young people to the various capitals of Europe, and persuading foreigners to allow Japanese to enter their military and naval services. The result was that the old organization of society in Japan fell like a pack of cards. The invisible Tycoon, a sort of fetish emperor, who remained in a kind of consecrated retirement, had his office abolished; and the great tributary princes, who were often as powerful as the sovereign, had their supremacy overthrown.

The East, from which so many potent influences came in the earlier history of mankind, seems likely again to

impress upon coming centuries its mark, for vast populations of highly civilized communities must, when they awake from the sleep engendered by exclusion and routine, and adopt the ways of the West, rise both in naval and in military power. We have always been in touch with our Aryan cousins in the East. We have been thankful to many of their princes for loyalty and devotion in co-operating with the government of India, and it was to mark the sense of the importance they hold in the comity of our Imperial State that the Prince of Wales undertook, in 1875, a memorable visit to India.

At Bombay there was a banquet to two thousand sailors of the fleet. There was a great concourse from the whole of the Presidency, Hindoos with turbans of red or white, Mohammedans in green, Parsees with black robes and high hats diminishing towards the top from a bump in front. There were magnificent illuminations, every window being lit and the public buildings traced out in red, blue, and green. The Guicowar had a corps of men dressed in Highland costume, and there were twelve thousand school-children arranged in one place. A visit was paid to the wonderful caves of the Temple of Elephanta, situated on the Isle of Ghara Puri, a vast and ancient Brahmin temple with caves over one hundred and thirty feet long, probably entirely made by the hand of man.

Then to the capital of the Mahrattah country, Poonah, where a review was held. Then to Baroda, where the Guicowar and his Prime Minister, Sir Madhava Rhao, arranged a most picturesque and beautiful reception. The young Guicowar was only twelve years of age, but he had organized a great show. Elephants butted each other; two rhinoceri were pitted one against the other. Twenty-four State elephants trumpeted a welcome as the Prince's party took their seats. The elephants were painted in various colors; there were no two alike, but all bore clothing of marvellous hues. The effect was most extraordinary. The elephant bout is described as having taken place between two animals bare except for a small padding on their

back, and they had been made combative by various drugs and foods. One was a very large creature, the other smaller but more energetic. The larger one seemed inclined to charge the attendants and to run his head against the wall rather than against his opponent. But they finally agreed to differ, and butted each other, forehead to forehead, and tusk to tusk, their trunks often above their heads. They could not do each other serious injury, because their tusks had been cut close to prevent any wounds, and the Prince had especially asked that the animals should not be allowed to do each other any hurt, as he only wished to see how they fought and not the fight itself. The bigger elephant soon got tired, and turned his back to his antagonist, but the little one thought this an insult to his own importance, and charged again and again the hindquarters of his opponent, at last driving him against the wall. But when they began to get angry, any further contest was stopped. It was nothing but a sham fight.

A day's sport with antelope chased by the tame Indian cheetah was also exhibited. Visiting the little Portuguese settlement of Goa, on his way to Ceylon, Colombo was reached soon afterwards. An address was presented, the Cingalese wearing their curious costumes—a short jacket, great petticoat, low shoes, and their hair allowed to grow long and done up in a kind of chignon bound by a long crescent-shaped comb. It was noted that the people were even more demonstrative in their cheering than at Bombay.

From Colombo the Prince went to Trichinopoly, a striking place, where a great rock rises in the centre of the plain six hundred feet above the river, the scene of a remarkable British success in 1753. Madras, with its long lines of rolling surf, was next visited, and the Prince was entertained at a great race meeting, and had the opportunity of having presented to him the leading natives. The illumination of the surf gave a unique spectacle.

Calcutta, then under the viceroyalty of Lord Northbrook, welcomed him next. The Maharajahs of Puttiala, Jodh-

pore, Jeypore, and Cashmere, and the Begum of Bhopal and others, came to pay their respects, in each case being received with guards of honor and salute. "There is," said the *Times* correspondent, "in each case a salute of guns according to the visitor's rank. Then a guard of honor, with a band, present arms on his arrival. Next he is met at a distance of five hundred yards by an officer, and also by two of the Prince's aides-de-camp. At the foot of the stairs another officer receives and takes him to the audience chamber. He is followed by his sirdars, who take their place in an outer room until summoned by their chief to be presented.

"At the entrance of the audience chamber the Prince of Wales met each guest, took his hand, and led him to the sofa where they held their conversation, the political officers standing by their side. After the usual rose-water and betel-nuts have been given by the Prince, and the sirdars summoned and presented, the audience is over, and the chief and his suite are conducted back as they arrived. The lady sovereign of Bhopal was so thickly veiled she could not be seen, nor did she uncover her face throughout the audience. All the chiefs appeared in magnificent State, and were very desirous of making beautiful presents. The Maharajahs of Sindhia and of Cashmere desired to give gifts to the value of £50,000; but these kindly offers, on account of a rule established long since, could not be accepted."

Nothing could exceed the splendid welcome given by India's princes on India's soil. The Prince returned all their visits. There was a Levee at Government House and a State dinner in the magnificent rooms and vast building, whose flight of steps and columned portico have seen so many of those pass who have made of the many nations of India one great empire devoted to the British crown.

The investiture of the Star of India was held in an encampment on the Maidan, a plain near Government House. Inside were rows of seats for the knights, and enclosures for the spectators. At one end, on a dais of blue and silver,

there were two chairs for the Prince and the Viceroy. Knight commanders entered the tent in full costume, and attended by pages and banner-bearers. The followers of many of the great princes and chiefs were described as "animated nuggets and ambulatory mines of jewels."

The Prince's procession entered the tent in two lines. The Prince wore a field-marshal's uniform with white helmet and plume, his train being carried by two naval cadets in cavalier hats and cloaks, tunic, and trunk hose of blue satin. When the tent was all full of glittering jewels and costumes, under the waving banners the roll of the order was read, and every knight answered to his name.

The Rajah of Jheend was among those who were created Knight Grand Commander. Seventeen guns were fired for each Maharajah. When he had received the ribbon, the badge, and the star, his banner was unfurled, a flourish of trumpets was given, and the knight's titles proclaimed. This closed a long ceremony, and the processions returned as they came.

Charles Mathews appeared at the theatre in the evening, and £100 for a box was given. The General Hospital was inspected, and much hope at that time was aroused by Dr. Fayrer's attempts to counteract the effect of snake bite.

Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos, was next seen. The Rajah of Vizianagram was visited after a reception at a military camp, and, embarking on the Ganges in a decorated boat, the Prince was towed up the river to Ramanagar, where the Maharajah of Benares waited for him at the river bank, and had him conveyed up the hill to his castle in a gold and silver chair. There was a procession of elephants, camels, mace-bearers, and armed followers, and in his castle the Maharajah presented the Prince with beautiful brocaded shawls, and, mounting to the roof, begged him to look down on the illuminated city, which was a wonderful sight, the houses rising in row after row above the river, crowded with boats, each showing a light. Fireworks ascended everywhere, and were reflected on the flowing waters.

Then onward to the fateful Lucknow, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Oude, forfeited on account of disloyalty in the mutiny. From various points of view the scene made so memorable in that decisive contest was viewed by the party from England. The talookdars, or great land-owners, gathered to present an address and a crown set with jewels. On one day there was a boar hunt, at which the Prince killed one; while Lord Carrington, owing to his horse being charged by a boar, fell and broke his collar-bone.

At Delhi, Lord Napier, of Magdala, and fifteen thousand troops, and a Levee at noon, marked the Prince's arrival. The next days were devoted to military and archæological expeditions, for nowhere are there more remarkable monuments of the extinct dynasties than at Delhi, the capital of the Great Mogul.

A long night journey took the Prince to that famous centre of loyalty and warlike prowess, and remarkable races ruled by splendid chiefs, called the Punjaub. The chiefs were encamped about the city, and, before entering it, the Prince drove through their camps, which extended for some miles. "Never was anything more beautiful. The very spirit of chivalry hovered over the martial faces and noble forms of the grand stately chiefs making obeisance."

The Prince returned all the native princes' visits on the following day, and then went on to Cashmere, a wonderful country, whose famous valley has a beautiful river winding in loops, which is supposed to have originated the pear-shape or loop pattern so conspicuous in the Cashmere shawls. The Maharajah met the Prince seven miles from his capital, Jummoo, which is built upon a low-lying spur of the Himalayas overlooking the river, which had a great flotilla of boats upon it, while many elephants were paraded upon the bank. Here again, in a splendid building, the Prince received our loyal friends. The lovely country was seen, hunting was enjoyed, and the sovereign of this beautiful land insisted on presenting the Prince with a mag-

nificent jewelled sword. Then eastward again to Agra, where the Golden Temple was illuminated, and Puttiala was visited, a grand reception being accorded by its gallant and loyal chief.

It was during the year that saw the Prince's progress through the Indian Empire that Mr. Disraeli, who was to become Lord Beaconsfield in the following year, made on behalf of the British government the great purchase of the shares of the Suez Canal, which gave us a voice in the administration of that wonderful work, which was the realization of the dream of the Pharaohs and the triumph of French engineering—for our own men of that branch of science can lay no claim to the credit of an enterprise they at one time pronounced impossible.

When one thinks of the immense saving of time effected by the passage to India by the Suez route, as compared with the long voyage round the Cape, we must feel grateful for the indefatigable labors of M. de Lesseps. India has been brought much nearer to us, and yet our influence there was acquired in times when the voyage took sailing vessels about three months—months often enjoyed as a period of rest and refreshment by hard-working men in military or civilian service.

Lord Macaulay, among others, used to say that no time was more pleasant to him than that spent in the spacious cabins of the old East India clippers in the years when he had to go backward and forward between London and Calcutta, and only at sea found time to read the books in which he delighted—and he was not contented with reading a book once. I have three volumes of Paoli Sarpi, an Italian historian, which belonged to him, the pages of which are annotated over and over again by the great historian, all the notes having beeen written in his cabin at sea.

Lord Lytton succeeded Lord Northbrook as Viceroy of India, and it was from the mouth of Lord Lytton that the assumption of the Queen's title as Empress of India was announced at Delhi in a magnificent durbar. The title

was an addition to that of Queen, and was a natural consequence of the direct government of India being vested in the British sovereign in lieu of the old Company. For where there are, as in the East, many nations under many kings, the title of Empress is a proper one to use as defining the over-lordship, which has, by the experience of all ages, found its best designation in the word "emperor," meaning the head of an empire.

A long and terrible chapter of frontier wars in the Afghan country began with the murder at Cabul of Cavagnari, the British envoy. The disasters brought prominently to the front the genius of Lord Roberts, the brilliancy of whose deeds shine through the modest narrative of his success as given by himself. His march from Cabul to Candahar is a household word in the military annals of India, fertile as they are in marvellous achievements, from the days of Assaye to those of Dargai.

The affairs of another continent in which he was destined afterwards to act a great part awakened anxiety in the years when Lord Carnarvon had proposed a confederation of the South African colonies. Sir Bartle Frere had urged him to this, and he had seen that it was necessary to assert our position if we were to keep it in South Africa, both in the eyes of the natives and the settlers of Dutch descent. Already the ambition to be free of any British connection had possessed the hearts of the Boers, who made trek after trek in order to get away from a rule which gave equal rights to all, and objected to any form of oppression whether against settlers or natives. The country beyond the Vaal was not known to be possessed of great mineral wealth, but it was annexed by proclamation in 1877, so that the solidarity in civilization might pave the way for a confederation supported by British financial credit. The Boers, who had only a few shillings in their treasury, were at one time not averse to such an arrangement.

While the British Empire was thus forging ahead, defining or enlarging its frontiers, many of its citizens looked with favor, and some with apprehension, at the menace of

the break-up of the Turkish Empire, where the massacres of the Christians in Bulgaria, owing to attempts at insurrection which they had made, gave Russia an opportunity of interference.

A new Sultan in 1876 succeeded Abdul Azziz, who was supposed to have bled himself to death, and with a new possessor of the Ottoman throne new hopes arose for reform and for the postponement of that ruin which Turkish barbarity and maladministration threatened to turn to the profit of the conquering Northern Power. Turkey was to be given another chance. There was a conference at Constantinople at which the Sultan accepted the reforms urged upon him as necessary by his Western friends, only to be shortly afterwards again evaded. Russia declared war on April 24, 1877, against the Porte. The British fleet was ordered to Constantinople in February, 1878. In their passage through the Dardanelles it seemed very doubtful whether the Turks would not open fire from the forts guarding the entrance; but we were determined, if Constantinople was to fall, to have a hand in the subsequent arrangements. The Duke of Edinburgh was one of the British officers whose duty it was to force the Straits, and to answer the Turkish guns should they open fire.

The Russians were called upon to engage in fearful fighting from the time they crossed the Danube until after the defiles of the Balkans had been passed. They had with them the troops of the new State of Roumania, under the guidance of their able sovereign, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern; and the Turks, under Osman Pasha, intrenched at Plevna, had to endure the assaults of the descendants of the old Roman colonists, as well as of the Russians.

Most gallantly was column after column thrown against the mud walls and ditches by which Osman had made for himself and his army an almost impregnable fortress. The artillery fire of the Russians could hardly seriously affect the men hidden in the deep ditches dug by the Turks, who, laying their rifles upon the tops of the parapets, had them so arranged as to sweep any place whence an assault

could be delivered, while they themselves rarely raised anything but their hands above the mud walls to discharge their pieces. The advancing stormers were repulsed again and again.

The carnage was fearful, and when in rare instances Turk and Russian came to hand-to-hand fighting, owing to some specially daring and well-pressed attack, there was so little difference between the physical power of the men that the murderous wrestling caused a loss of life so large in proportion to the numbers engaged, that the figures of the dead or injured were more like those resulting from the battles of the past centuries.

Again, in the Balkans, the Turks under Zuleiman Pasha, after Osman had surrendered Plevna, offered prolonged and desperate resistance. One great mountain barrier in the Shipka Pass, a fort called St. Nicholas, was taken and retaken several times before the Turks, more than decimated by the Russian artillery and rifle fire, could be induced to give way. Adrianople at last saw the Russian army gathered within her walls, and her enemy thrown back from the lines covering the "sweet waters" of the Sea of Marmora.

The treaty of San Stefano saved Constantinople from the Russians, whose losses had been very great. On March 3, 1878, the Emperor and his officers turned northward from a spot whence they could see the domes and minarets of Stamboul, and, lying on the water between them and the Mosque of San Sofia, the war-ships of the British navy. Never were we nearer war with a great European power. Six millions had been voted on the supplementary war estimate by the large majority of two hundred and four. Two ministers of pacific views had resigned.

It was known that Indian troops would be summoned to take their part in the defence of the Mediterranean, but the menacing misfortune was averted, and a European congress was summoned at Berlin, resulting in a convention by which we occupied Cyprus, and in June, 1878, the representatives of the Great Powers, assembled in

THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SIX

congress, forced certain conditions on Turkey, strengthened the position of Bulgaria, Servia, and Roumania, and gave Turkey another lease of life. Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury received the Garter and the freedom of the City of London, and it was declared that they had secured "peace with honor."

The Parliament of 1876 was opened by the Queen in person in very bad weather, which her subjects noted with some surprise. "Queen's weather" had become a term of praise for the behavior of the elements almost whenever Britain's sovereign confided in that climate which has been denied by an American to exist at all, in the declaration that we have only "samples of weather." Again there was a loving reception, the cheering as of old, and the shouting of Westminster School boys to finish up the chorus of loyal acclamation before the Queen entered the House. The old ceremonial was again observed which seated the princesses on the woolsack, facing the throne, with their backs to the chamber, a custom which prevailed to the end of the reign, and was only altered in the first Parliament of King Edward VII., when the ladies of the family took their places on each side of the cloth of estate.

The Queen being seated on the throne, the usual boisterous rush behind the decorous Speaker was made by the members of the House of Commons to obtain a place at the bar, and when silence was again fully restored the Lord Chancellor knelt before the Queen and offered her the speech as though she would herself read it. But she, according to her previously expressed intention, only touched the paper, and signed to him to read it. After this had been done, the Queen, rising and bowing on each side to the peers, quitted the chamber, her procession marshalled before and behind her. She wore a black dress trimmed with miniver, a diamond crown, and tulle veil.

Queen's weather prevailed on a Tuesday in the middle of March, although there was a cold and piercing wind, when she visited the East End of London—a region in which she always took the greatest interest, and about

which she was always glad to hear. She liked to see what she could of it herself, and to receive the very hearty welcome of its people. Her new title of Empress of India was foreordained by one specially prophetic East-Ender, who put "Welcome, Empress of India" on his house. All along Whitechapel there was a double line of Venetian masts with garlands, festoons, and bunting in endless profusion.

She went in semi-state with Life Guards along the Embankment, and so on to the London Hospital, where, accompanied by the Lord Mayor and all his following, she passed through the wards of the Grocers' Company, a wing which she named after herself and her daughter (Princess Beatrice). There was singing by a choir, presentation of addresses, and then all the old wards of the hospital were entered and the patients spoken with.

Then came the turn of the children in another ward; one little child, who was severely burned, crying out that she would get well if she could only see the Queen, who at once went to her, talking to her and telling her of her hope that she would soon be well again.

There was no doubt that the Queen's presence and words were in some cases sufficient to do that which the panacea of the king's touch was supposed to do in the days of superstition. The belief in cure and the good spirits favored by hope are, in many cases, sufficient to give a turn to maladies that weaken before a strengthening of the nerves.

The Grocers' Company that evening had a most joyous dinner in their hall, and the streets of the City were crowded and illuminated.

In 1878 the Princess Alice caught diphtheria from her child whom she devotedly nursed, and died on the very day of the anniversary of her father's death. She was laid to rest at Rosenhöhe, a beautiful recumbent figure by Boehm of mother and child being placed above her grave.

The Queen wrote the following letter to the nation:

"December 26th.

"The Queen is anxious to take the earliest opportunity of expressing publicly her heartfelt thanks for the universal and most touching sympathy shown to her by all classes of her loyal and faithful subjects on the present occasion when it has pleased God to call from this world her dearly beloved daughter, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse.

"Overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a dear child, who was a bright example of loving tenderness, courageous devotion, and self-sacrifice to duty, it is most soothing to the Queen's feelings to see how entirely her grief is shared by her people. The Queen's deeply afflicted son-in-law, the Grand Duke of Hesse, is also anxious to make known his sincere gratitude for the kind feelings expressed towards himself and his dear children in their terrible bereavement, and his gratification at the appreciation shown by the people of England of the noble and endearing qualities of her whom all now mourn.

"Seventeen years ago at this very time, when a similar bereavement crushed the Queen's happiness, and this beloved and lamented daughter was her great comfort and support, the nation evinced the same touching sympathy, as well as when, in December, 1871, the Prince of Wales was at the point of death.

"Such an exhibition of true and tender feeling will ever remain engraven on the Queen's heart, and is the more to be valued at this moment of great distress in the country, which no one more deeply deplores than the Queen herself."

The home life of the Queen was rendered happier in 1879 by the marriage of Prince Arthur to Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia, daughter of the famous soldier, Prince Frederick Charles, who was known to his army as the Red Prince, on account of the scarlet uniform of the Ziethen Hussars which he wore. Prince Leopold was married to Princess Helen of Waldeck in 1882. He died two years afterwards at Cannes, leaving one daughter, while a son

was born after his death, who was destined to succeed to his grandfather's rank in the Dukedom of Coburg and Gotha.

Prince Leopold had delivered addresses in style and thought recalling the manner and excellence of his father's. Claremont had an additional sad memory linked to the beauty of the place, for his short married life was spent there when he was not residing with the Queen.

The title that he took was one borne by the ancient Stuarts and derived from Alban, an old name for Scotland before Ireland had lost its early name of Scotia, through the coming of the Scots to Argyllshire, and is probably of Pictish origin.

The famous Regent Albany, the son of Robert III., made it well known during the eighteen years that James I. of Scotland was kept an honored captive at the Court of Henry IV. and V. It received tragic associations through the death of the Regent and his son, and had been last used to designate the wife of the last of the Stuart line who died at Rome.

The Queen loved to recall her Scottish ancestry, and liked to revive this ancient name. It used to be said of her Majesty that she herself was the last of the Jacobites, and she would welcome anything which was written in favor of the most unfortunate of all the long line of her Stuart "forbears"—Mary, the victim of the jealousy of her cousin Elizabeth and of the fears of Cecil.

The opening of the law courts in the Strand, in December, 1882, gave a welcome holiday to London. Westminster Hall was no longer to be the place where lawyers could walk up and down and discuss the details of their briefs. The small and somewhat inconvenient courts which used to be entered from that hall were swept away to give place to offices, rooms, and other chambers, for the benefit of those associated with Parliament. Wider range, greater space, and more numerous rooms were to be given to the representatives of the law. It was felt that it was a pity the necessity of architecture could not reproduce some vast

chamber like that which was to be deserted, and that the space reserved for waiting and private discussion in the new courts was not upon the same level as the chambers occupied by the judges—an advantage which the courts at Edinburgh and Dublin both enjoy.

As early as ten o'clock the judges, who had already breakfasted in the Peers' dining-room with the Lord Chancellor, were to pass through Westminster Hall for the last time. They came, headed by the Lord Chancellor in black and gold, the Chief Justice in scarlet and ermine, the Master of the Rolls, and then all the other judges in pairs, the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General, prepared to fight a rear-guard action, closing the procession, and so by carriage to the Strand.

The cheers of the multitude and the appearance of the Life Guards in the open space in front heralded the approach of the Queen with her two daughters. The princes wore their Bencher's gowns over their uniforms. The Queen was led to her chair of State, and she delivered a short address after giving the key, which had been presented to Lord Selborne, who received it kneeling. Then came a prayer from the Archbishop of York, and a previous Archbishop's grandson, in the person of Sir William Harcourt, announced that he had her Majesty's permission to declare the building open. The Attorney-General next came before the Queen, and asked, in the name of the Bar of England, that the day's proceedings should be entered on the records of the Supreme Court. The Lord Chancellor answered that the thing should be done as prayed. The Prince of Wales presented the next address on behalf of the four Inns of Court, and another was tendered by the Incorporated Law Society, after which the first assembly within the walls of the new courts, in which no argument was offered, and no cause was pleaded, and no contention occurred, was over. Mr. Street, to whom the design of the great pile was due, the builders, their workmen, and others, had their turn to salute the Queen outside before her carriage again rolled away, accompanied by its mounted escorts.

At Berlin, the silver wedding was celebrated on January 25, 1883, of the Queen's eldest daughter, who was now the Princess Imperial of Germany, and it was quoted of her at the time that Moltke had said she had shown that she could love both countries and be true to both mother and husband. There was a medal struck in honor of the commemoration, with a jewel pendant, which was given to their relatives by the Prince and Princess, and which had the emblems of the German Empire—the eagle and the crown, as well as the red and white rose, with the thistle and shamrock interwined.

The Queen was able to hold a Drawing-room and open the International Fisheries Exhibition in May at South Kensington, where much interest was shown in the comparatively new industry of artificial fish-breeding. This art has been largely patronized by the United States government, for they have found in America that a too indiscriminate fishing can completely ruin the salmon fisheries, thus justifying the ancient practice in this country of conferring such rights only by royal charter, whereby it often happens that the owner of the bank himself may have no right whatever to kill the salmon in the stream. This right has always been jealously preserved with a view to keeping up a constant supply, and to allow the fish to ascend the rivers freely and without molestation, in order that they may reach their spawning-beds.

To such an extent has it been found necessary on the other side of the Atlantic to retrace the too generous steps taken by a government depending entirely upon the votes of the unscientific, that even on the sea-banks vast numbers of eggs, artificially hatched, are poured forth in the hope of teaching the young idea of the fish to come back to the haunts where they first tasted the delights of freedom in the water.

Canada, owing to the more careful preservation of her rivers, obtains from the sale of fish and other licenses for rod-fishing a far greater profit than is obtained by her Southern neighbor. All this, and many other lessons,

this exhibition brought to men's minds, while their eyes were gladdened by the sight of marvellous casts painted to the life by the brush of Mr. Frank Buckland.

The Queen resolved in this year also to institute an order to reward one of the noblest professions among us—namely, that of the women nurses. The new order has as its insignia a cross shaped something like that bestowed for valor, but with the sovereign's head in a medallion in the centre. This was intended as a mark by which those who distinguish themselves might be known.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, whom we so lately lost, and who has been more successful than any British musician of his time, received the honor of knighthood at the end of May. He has been among those who have helped to have musical dramas or operas sung in English. His work "Ivanhoe" was successful, but repeated too often, serious plays or operas being less attractive during a succession of representations than comic opera. In comic opera he, with Gilbert as librettist, easily excelled all others. There is no doubt that the British public could have and ought to have English opera given as well and as cheaply as German or French opera is given to all in Germany and France.

Another anniversary was celebrated in 1883 with great acclaim at Birmingham—namely, Mr. Bright's jubilee. That most eloquent man—the best speaker of his day—was for a short time brought into the harness of the State as a Minister. The tempestuous character of his oratory was mellowed as his views were widened, and age brought a more comprehensive knowledge of men and things. His health was already not what his friends would have wished. Fits of giddiness occasionally attacked him, and he was not able to devote to the arduous and long-continued drudgery of office the constant attention or the patience required.

His name will always live, with that of his friend Cobden, as the potent advocate of free-trade, and of many a measure designed to benefit his fellow-countrymen. Of a most kindly disposition and excellent heart, his mind was always receptive not only to public but to private claims upon his

sympathy and generosity. He was certainly the greatest among those who call themselves the Society of Friends, some of whom were, like himself, eager enough to crush an individual opponent by word of mouth, although they always shrank from the use of the armed embodiment of right when arrayed in fleet and army.

The Queen always took the greatest interest in the question of the housing of the working-classes, and her interest was equally shared by the Prince of Wales. The Prince was a member of the important commission on this question before whom, in 1884, Lord Shaftesbury was summoned as a witness, as well as Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, and a number of other gentlemen.

Already in many provincial towns, as well as in London, a good deal has been done in the erection of model lodging-houses. In Glasgow, for instance, where cheap eating-houses were long ago introduced under the guidance of Mr. Corbett, it is possible to have meals at extremely low prices. Large blocks of buildings—having on the lower story dining-rooms, bath-rooms, and kitchens, and on the upper floors hundreds of cabins each containing a bed—have been provided by that enterprising municipality, who seem to be able to do everything except to keep their river clean.

Perhaps the most remarkable success attained in recent years in regard to the housing question has been through the erection of lodging-houses in London on the plan adopted by Lord Rowton, better known as Mr. Montagu Corry, who was for so long secretary to Lord Beaconsfield. These buildings, erected in several parts of the metropolis, have secured homes at a marvellously cheap rate, where health, cleanliness, and good nourishment can all be obtained at the same time. These institutions, being conducted on a business footing, give a very good return to those who have seen fit to invest in them. The dwellings, however, are only for single men, and it may be hoped that a similar principle will be found equally successful for those rejoicing in family life.

King Theebaw, of Burmah, declared war against England in 1885. He was an amiable potentate, who was in the habit of making a solemn sacrifice of a considerable number of his relatives, and had little idea of keeping to any other obligation. One of the causes which produced a quarrel was his prevention of a company acting on their rights, as secured by agreement with him, from taking teak timber from certain forests which had been given to them for the purpose. These trees, so valuable for all kinds of purposes, and much used in the construction of decks in ships, as well as for almost everything where durability of wood is wanted, have a habit of growing singly, and are not usually found in great groves together. It is, therefore, necessary to have a very considerable area in which to search for them, and accusations were made that the limits had been exceeded in which it was permitted to seek for them. It was, however, an arbitrary denial on the part of the King of agreements entered into—part of the caprice which was a leading feature in his character.

King Theebaw's troops fought rather better than they were expected to do, and the resistance, especially to the north in the thick jungles, lasted for a considerable period. The annexation of the whole country to Great Britain followed, and the Governor-General of India, Lord Dufferin, who had insisted upon the necessity of the step, took, as an addition to his title, the name of "Ava," which was one of the ancient names of the newly annexed realm. Since Theebaw's reign was brought to a conclusion the whole country has steadily advanced, and peace has been preserved, while the old King's family have lived without any of the sudden calamities being brought upon them that were formerly coincident with the bad temper of the august head of that domestic circle.

The security of the Canadian Northwest was assured in the same season. There the same man whom Sir Garnet Wolseley had driven across the frontier in 1871—a man named Riel—had returned to the banks of the great Saskatchewan River, with a view of fomenting disaffection

among the French and Indian half-caste people, who had begun to object to everything which the Canadian government did with a view to the introduction of more white settlers. Riel was joined by a good many of the Indians who, under the bad advice of their half-white friends, were in danger of losing the advantages which had been secured to them by the very liberal treatment accorded them by the Canadian government. It was natural that they should be disconcerted when they realized that they had to be on their good behavior, that the ancient hunting-days were over, and that they could no longer war or follow the chase just as they pleased.

Upon the buffalo their ancestors and they had depended for generations, for that animal gave them their meat, which they dried for use in winter; it gave them their thread, for they used buffalo sinews in place of string or thread; it gave them their clothing, for the hide was the best protection against the weather. It gave them also the cover for their tepees, or tents. These were always erected on the prairie by means of poles tied together at the height of ten or twelve feet, and covered with the skins of buffaloes, from which the hair had been taken, and which were painted with figures of warriors, horses, and other animals. A little fire in the centre warmed the whole "dwelling," which had an opening in the skins above for the egress of the smoke. Around the circumference of the interior were little partitions, like miniature boxes in a stable, constructed with enlaced thongs.

The other robes, as the Indians call skins, were placed upon the ground, and each member of the family had a separate sleeping-place for himself or herself, while a recess, also constructed of skins, opposite the entrance, over which another skin hung, was a treasure chest, where the finest embroidery, saddles, and robes were deposited.

The handles of their war clubs were made of buffalo hide, this being exceedingly strong and elastic, so that the blow dealt by the egg-shaped stones inserted at the end of the stick, and fastened to it by a thong, was a blow

which could be given with tremendous force. And to the end of this "shaganappy" staff, as it is called, would be fixed, also by a piece of buffalo sinew, a scalp or two taken in battle from the dead, together with one or two feathers denoting the number of scalps.

You will, therefore, see that weapon, house, clothing, thread, and shoes, all being from the produce of one animal, made it seem to the poor Indian almost a necessity of life that the unlimited hunting of this creature should still be allowed. But the red man could no longer be the only hunter. The white man's rifle, as well as the improvidence of the Indians in killing the cows, was gradually making a herd of buffalo a most uncommon sight. Where the plains used to be so full of them that almost as far as the eye could reach there was a moving mass of shaggy, brown, hump-backed bison, a few years had caused so great a change that little but their whitened bones, their skulls with the short, curved, black horns, were left to show where myriads had sought their food, wandering north as the spring brought the succulent pasture to the prairie, and south again when the early winter snows began to whistle through the November air.

The Canadian and United States governments had both met the Indians' wants by providing them with rations; but a pannikin of flour was considered but a poor substitute for the smoking steak which they loved. Riel, returning from the States, added fuel to the fire of apprehension, indignation, and ignorance, and the whole country to the north of Brandon became unsettled. This trouble, like others, led to good. The Canadian volunteers gathered together from the different provinces, and although the railway at that time had many breaks in the line to the north of Lake Superior, the volunteers, conquering all obstacles, made long marches in difficult weather when the snows were melting, and finally appeared, though in too small a force, in front of the intrenchments thrown up by the "Metis," as the mixed race was called, in the neighborhood of Batoche, on the Saskatchewan.

The present Governor-General, Lord Minto, was one of those who accompanied General Middleton. He was on the staff of that commander, and was nearly shot on two or three occasions by Gabriel Dumont, a noted sharp-shooter among the insurgents. These occupied a copse-covered country, and had perpared excellent trenches with head cover. A long line of communication which the Canadian government forces had to guard had reduced their actual fighting force at the front to a number about equal to that of their intrenched enemy. On the third day after the volunteers had appeared before the intrenchments, the Toronto regiment "took the bull by the horns," and charging down, was joined by the other scanty battalions present. The trenches were taken and peace was secured to the Northwest by this charge, and by another action which took place farther west in the neighborhood of Fort Carlton, where a Gatling detachment, under a very gallant officer, Captain Short, of the Royal Canadian Artillery, had a hand-to-hand fight, Short's cap being taken off his head by a rifle bullet.

Nor must we forget, still farther west, another band of Indians under a chief called Big Bear. These were fought and scattered under the leadership of General Strange and Colonel Steele. The latter, wearing a red jacket, in the days when khaki had not become compulsory, distinguished himself, as he had several times before, in a personal struggle in which he came off the victor. The popularity of the militia force was conspicuously shown by the reception in each province of the returning troops, and from that time there has been no reason to fear for the security of any settler, however isolated, throughout the whole of the prairie country of British North America. Riel expiated his crime on the scaffold at the town of Regina not long afterwards.

Literature lost one of its most shining lights in 1885 through the death of Victor Hugo, who had for a long time chosen to live in one of her Majesty's possessions, the Channel Islands, whence he derived his inspirations for

one of his remarkable works called *The Toilers of the Sea.*

The Queen went to the Isle of Wight to prepare for the wedding of Princess Beatrice, which took place in July of 1885. On the lawn in front of Osborne House, she inspected the members of the corps which had been mounted on camels during the Soudan campaign. There were nearly six hundred men, who arrived off Cowes in the transport *Australia,* all looking much rejoiced to leave the torrid heat of Alexandria and see again the green fields of Old England. The evergreen glades of Osborne echoed to music as the men marched up and took their place in line. The Queen left her carriage, walking along and closely inspecting all ranks, who were in campaign kit—the Heavy Cavalry in khaki and the Guards' Corps in scarlet. Many of both uniforms showed the hard work of the campaign. Each officer was afterwards called to the front and introduced to the Queen, who spoke in high praise of their work and welcomed them home. The "Camelry," as they were called, rejoiced in a new flag, representing a black camel rampant on a white ground, and this flag the troop-ship that brought them home had flying upon her mast.

The marriage of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg took place at the pretty little church of Whippingham, the ceremony being performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The roads leading across the field were lined with holiday-making folks. There was a beautiful show of fireworks, and a dinner and dance given by the Queen to her tenants and servants. The Siamese band played one evening, and there was a great gathering of yachts, the roads at Cowes being fuller than ever, not only with the fairy fleet of sailers, but also with a large number of fine steamers. The tonnage of the steam yachts had for some time past been increasing, and it was a feature of the gathering that one or two large vessels belonging to American citizens were among the finest of those gathered in the Solent.

Prince Henry subsequently took the greatest practical

interest in yachting, and possessed himself of an excellent vessel in the *Sheilah*, in which he made many expeditions round the west coast of Scotland, and also visited the Mediterranean.

The Queen drove down to the shore with the Prince and Princess to see the procession of yachts of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the final parade of the "white wings," which always scatter in August, carrying their owners to other places around our shores, as well as to many a more distant harbor. While it has been often observed of late that the number of British seamen in our mercantile marine is steadily decreasing, it is pleasant to think that this holiday fleet is manned almost entirely by those of British birth.

The war between Servia and Bulgaria brought to the notice of Europe the soldier-life and noble qualities of Prince Henry of Battenberg's elder brother, Prince Alexander, who, placed in that most difficult position in Europe, the Princedom of Bulgaria, with great ability and energy organized the Bulgarian army, so that when the Servian invasion of the country took place, it was able to rapidly mobilize in the most inclement season of the year, and be placed at Slevnitza in a position which commanded the approaches to Sofia.

A battle ensued, which was truly a soldiers' battle, and the good shooting, discipline, and endurance of the Bulgarians were proved by the complete overthrow of the Servian invaders. The victory ought to have guaranteed Prince Alexander against the machinations of conspirators. That it did not do so is a matter of history, and the capture of the Prince by a section of the very officers he commanded, and his deposition, was an incident which did not tend to encourage confidence in the stability of the new State, which was the creation of those who hoped that the fine and varied territory it possesses would be distinguished by the practice of laws insuring toleration and a reasonable use of the institutions of representative government. One may still, however, venture to hope that the State has a great future before it.

CHAPTER X

THE JUBILEE AND AFTER

THE Queen's life was made brighter by the residence of the young married couple under her roof, and the following years were very busy ones with her, for she appeared a good deal more in public.

In the amusement of children she always delighted, and on the third birthday of the Duke of Albany's little girl, Hengler's Circus was allowed to give an exhibition in the Riding School at Windsor Castle, a kind of entertainment which the Queen had never attended since the hour of her great sorrow. But now a large party of young and old walked down from the Castle and sat looking for an hour and a half at the performing horses and everything that the enterprising proprietor could show—a reminder of the now long-past days when Astley's used to entertain everybody of all ages, and when Russian wars were represented in a sixty-feet circle, and British prisoners were offered, for their sole food and sustenance, by Russian jailers, a half-dozen Lambeth farthing tallow candles.

For music the Queen always had the greatest love, and Gounod's fine composition, "Death and Life," was performed before her at the Albert Hall. The ladies of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society presented her with flowers, there was an immense audience, and when the oratorio was concluded, Mr. Barnby, the conductor, and the principal singers were presented to the Queen, receiving her thanks for the performance, which she said had given her the greatest pleasure.

Close to the same spot she performed, in May, 1886, the ceremony of the inauguration of the Indian and Colonial

Exhibition—a signal mark of the times, when the overflowing wealth of the Empire, which during her lifetime had expanded as had none other before in the world's history, was shown by those things which its many rulers considered the best proofs of their success.

It was in her name that the governors, and councils, and Parliament, and assemblies, and princes, and chiefs scattered over the whole world, exercised their dominion, and it was under her title as Queen, or as Empress, that four hundred millions of human beings called themselves the citizens of her unparalleled Empire. From all these had been sent to London a representation, not of their armed power, but of that for which armament exists—namely, the wealth and produce of their varied continents and islands.

There was an entrance hall called the Colonial Hall, where a guard of honor awaited the Queen, and the Prince of Wales, as president of the exhibition, received her, presenting all the commissioners from the Colonies. With heralds and State officials in front of her she walked, with the Prince of Wales on her right and the Duke of Connaught on her left, and the Princess of Wales and other princes and princesses behind her, from the Colonial Hall through the Indian galleries, resplendent with Indian fabrics, and made stately by imitations of Eastern architecture, to a section representing Old London and an Old London street. Thence through the Indian palace, and the other varied display, until the main hall was reached, where a chair of State was placed for her. The national anthem was sung, one verse being in Sanskrit, and an ode by Tennyson to Sullivan's music followed.

Then the Queen rose and said, in answer to the Prince's address:

"I receive with the greatest satisfaction the address you have presented to me on the opening of this exhibition. I have observed, with a warm and increasing interest, the progress of your proceedings in the execution of the duties intrusted to you by the Royal Commission, and it affords

THE AUTHORIZED DIAMOND JUBILEE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN

me sincere gratification to witness the successful results of your judicious and unremitting exertions in the magnificent exhibition which has been gathered together here to-day.

"I am deeply moved by your reference to the circumstances in which the ceremony of 1851 took place, and I heartily concur in the belief you have expressed that the Prince Consort, my beloved husband, had he been spared, would have witnessed with intense interest the development of his idea, and would, I may add, have seen with pleasure our son taking the lead in a movement of which he was the originator.

"I cordially concur with you in the prayer that this undertaking may be the means of imparting a stimulus to the commercial interest and intercourse of all parts of my dominions, by encouraging the arts of peace and industry, and by strengthening the bonds of union which now exist in every portion of my Empire."

The Queen then received the key from the Prince. The Lord Chamberlain, by her desire, declared the exhibition to be opened. A flourish of trumpets and a royal salute proclaimed the same to the people. The Archbishop of Canterbury offered prayer; Madame Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home," and then "Rule, Britannia" ended the day's proceedings, the Queen retiring with the Prince.

The Queen went to Liverpool at the desire of its citizens to help a local exhibition, which did not, however, prove so great a success as was hoped, the truth being that the great town upon the Mersey had so many other attractions that it was difficult to concentrate the attention of the public upon its great show, except upon the day when the Queen's visit brought vast crowds to the site, too far removed from the central district of the city.

Edinburgh shared the same fate in regard to the success of its "Fair." Where people can have beautiful views, such as those from the Castle at Edinburgh and from Arthur's Seat, and make excursions to the Firth of Forth, to Linlithgow and Stirling, and other places of romantic

beauty or historic interest, they will not care, unless specially interested in some commercial sample, to spend a day among passages filled with merchandise, however well designed or cunningly wrought they may be.

Birmingham also claimed the Queen's presence to lay the foundation stone of the new Victoria courts of justice early in 1887. Not less than two and a half miles of stands are said to have been erected along the route, and were filled with people who assembled on that boisterous day in March to see her drive as usual in an open carriage, despite wind and weather. In the High Street splendid triumphal arches were erected. At a place called the Bull Ring an enormous number of the town and neighborhood collected, and again in Council House Square, which was one dense mass of humanity. The Queen entered the Town Hall, where the Corporation had invited over two hundred persons, and the Recorder read an address as she stood on the dais. She expressed, in reply, the pleasure her new acquaintance with Birmingham gave her, and referred to the fact that it was twenty-nine years since the last time she had been in the town, and then it was with the Prince Consort.

After speaking with Mrs. Chamberlain, the procession passed to Colmore Row, where the metal-workers' arch was erected. It looked imposing and solid enough to vie with the arch of Titus, for the piers and arches were composed of twenty tons of brass, copper, and iron tubes. A portrait of the Queen was in a shield, which bore the arms of Birmingham, all the patterns being made with steel pens. At King Edward's School, in New Street, a halt was made, the two thousand children having, as it were, an audience of the Queen all to themselves.

The law courts were guarded by tremendous trophies of swords and guns and bayonets; and when the stone had been laid, and the architects presented, the Queen's work was over for the day, and, much pleased with her hearty reception, she returned to Windsor to prepare for a brief holiday at Cannes, where she occupied a villa called after

the lovely Alpine flower Edelweiss, and had a time of rest which she much enjoyed.

Aix-les-Bains was also visited, this being the first time the Queen had seen this beautiful health resort, which she afterwards liked so much that at one time she thought of purchasing a villa here. The roads in every direction along the shores of Lake Bourget are excellent. The interest of the district bears memories from the days when the Romans found out the healing virtues of its waters to the present time. Within a two hours' drive is Chambéry, the headquarters of the French Alpine Corps, who, in blue serge, with blue bonnets on their heads, and with mule-borne mountain guns, show themselves indeed a most admirably equipped force; while a very different aspect of life is presented by the monks of the Great Chartreuse. All these places afford a variety and an interest, as well as a complete change of scene, which are most refreshing.

Nothing could exceed the courtesy shown at all times by the French, from the President downward through all ranks, to the Queen whenever she visited France. Most charming and accomplished officers were always selected for the command of the troops forming the guards of honor or in attendance upon her Majesty at Aix-les-Bains. It was remarkable on one occasion that both the officers commanding her personal escort and the officer commanding the division of troops in the neighborhood were descendants of men who had emigrated in bygone centuries from the north of Ireland, bearing the names of Niel and O'Neil.

The burial-place of the old Dukes of Savoy, a royal house with which our own was connected, is on the opposite side of the lake, where many a splendid monument in marble has been restored from the ruin wrought by the troops of the French Revolution.

Now was to commence the frequent acknowledgment of expressions of loyalty felt for the Queen at the attainment of her Jubilee. The delegates to a colonial conference, who had been speaking with one another on questions of common interest, commenced by presenting an

address at Windsor, telling her how her colonial subjects of European descent had increased during her time from two millions to nine millions; how those of Asia and India had increased from ninety-six millions to two hundred and fifty-four millions, and of other people in the Colonies from two millions to seven millions, there being seven million square miles of colonial area, and India having close upon fourteen million.

The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, as is their loyal wont, were among the earliest to present their loyal congratulations. They were received in the Throne Room at Buckingham Palace by the Queen, with her Garter Ribbon over the shoulder, and her decorations on the black silk dress. The sword and mace of the City were held reversed in her presence. The company were told by her how she looked back with great satisfaction on the past history of her reign as she recalled how much of its prosperity was owing, under God, to the sound sense and good feeling of her subjects, and to the sympathy which had united the throne and the people.

These State receptions were varied by paying a visit to see the American show at Earl's Court, where a famous frontier scout, Buffalo Bill, in his long locks and sombrero hat, gave her a representation of the ancient days of the prairie country in the United States, when Indians on horseback were still able to attack stage coaches, and enterprising emigrants heading over the prairies for Pike's Peak had to ride all armed, and guard their wagons by bands of horsemen, each with his rifle in his hand.

Again not sparing herself, even on the eve of being obliged to undergo so much State fatigue, the Queen drove to the East End of London, to the opening of the People's Palace in the Mile End Road. The East End greatly distinguished itself in the heartiness of its welcome; the people stood in serried ranks, enthusiastically glad to see her. At the London Hospital was the inscription, "When sick, ye visited me," and "God bless Her Majesty." The little people in the children's ward crowded the windows in their

flannel gowns. The People's Palace itself was beautifully decorated with palms and flowers. The Queen wore this time a bunch of lilac in her bonnet, and carried a nosegay of damask roses. Sir Edmund Currie, who had done a great amount of work in the creation of this place, the original idea of which came, like many other good things, from the fertile imagination of Sir Walter Besant, who had described an imaginary palace of the kind in his book *All Sorts and Conditions of Men.* The Queen, after the hall had been formally opened, laid the first stone of a technical handicraft school to be part and parcel of this most useful institution.

This year, too, the Queen herself received, by the wish of the Society of Arts, the Albert medal, which was voted to her by those who have awarded this mark of distinction for many years to persons of especial merit in promoting arts, manufactures, or commerce, according to the desire of the Prince Consort, in whose memory the distribution took place a year after his death. Great men famous in science, such as Whitworth, Liebig, Bessemer and Faraday, Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), also Dr. Pasteur and Lord Lister, had before been among its recipients. The last will always be remembered in the annals of medicine for the antiseptic treatment, and for the use of the antitoxins which destroy so many of the noxious living atoms which have afflicted mankind with various diseases. Pasteur's great discovery, which has done much to rob the bite of rabid dogs of its terrors, has made Paris a place of pilgrimage for those thus afflicted, and it was hoped that the conferring of the Albert medal would have been followed by the institution in England of places to which we could resort in cases of danger from hydrophobia, without having to cross the Channel to undergo the necessary treatment for this terrible scourge.

Jubilee day, June 21st, dawned in unclouded splendor. The course to be taken by the procession which was to accompany the Queen to Westminster Abbey to return thanks to the Almighty for the blessings vouchsafed to

her and her people was by no means a long route. It started from Buckingham Palace, went up Constitution Hill, and from under the old Wellington arch emerged upon Piccadilly, going along that street to the head of St. James's Street, where it turned down, and then on ward by Pall Mall, Trafalgar Square, and Whitehall, to the great western door of the Abbey. The crimson-covered stands were crowded with gayly dressed people. There was a broad fringe of people in the streets, which were lined by troops in full uniform. The long river of color which preceded, accompanied, and followed the State carriage of the Queen flowed slowly along amid continuous acclamations. With the Crown Princess of Germany and the Princess of Wales in her carriage, the Queen sat bowing and smiling, and so passed on to the most beautiful of Gothic abbeys, where she took her place upon the ancient throne which holds the mysterious stone.

High up on every side the galleries were crowded with the invited guests. A considerable space separated the Queen from the steps of the altar, where the archbishops and clergy, the first in purple copes, conducted the service. Immediately behind the Queen's throne were grouped the men of her family. The choir of three hundred voices sang magnificently, and when the last prayer had been said, and the sound of the singing voices had died away, each of her children in turn went up to her, rendering their homage and receiving a kiss. And then, amid renewed strains on the organ, she rose, and the procession reformed and returned by the way it came to the palace. The presents given to her seemed almost endless in number.

The appearance of the Prince Imperial of Germany in the Jubilee procession was more like that of one of the legendary heroes embodied in the creations of Wagner than of a soldier of to-day, for nothing could exceed the splendor of his presence in a uniform wholly white, and having on his burnished steel helmet the great silver crest of an eagle with outspread wings. Every one along the route admired

this beloved Prince, who, alas! at the next jubilee, ten years afterwards, had already passed "beyond these voices."

The Queen's words of recognition to her people were as follows:

WINDSOR CASTLE, *June* 24th.

"I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind, and more than kind, reception I met with on going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all my children and grandchildren.

"The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on those eventful days in London, as well as in Windsor, on the occasion of my Jubilee, has touched me most deeply, and has shown that the labors and anxieties of fifty long years—twenty-two years of which I spent in unclouded happiness, shared with and cheered by my beloved husband, while an equal number were full of sorrows and trials borne without his sheltering arm and wise help—have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and the sense of duty towards my dear country and subjects, who are so inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life.

"The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behavior of the enormous multitudes assembled, merits my highest admiration. That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer.

"VICTORIA, R. AND I."

Twenty-three thousand volunteers marched past the Queen, as she sat in a pavilion erected in front of Buckingham Palace, in July. Still continuing the round of her public ceremonies, she laid the first stone of the Imperial Institute, saying: "I concur with you in thinking that the counsel and exertions of my beloved husband initiated a movement which gave increased vigor to commercial activity, and produced marked and lasting improvements in industrial efforts. One indirect result of that movement has been to bring more before the minds of men the vast

and varied resources of the Empire over which Providence has willed that I should reign during fifty prosperous years. I believe and hope that the Imperial Institute will play a useful part in combining those resources for the common advantage of all my subjects, conducing towards the welding of the Colonies, India, and the mother-country, into one harmonious and united community."

The two great services for the defence of the country had an opportunity of paying their tribute. Fifty-eight thousand men with one hundred and two guns were reviewed at Aldershot, and a mighty fleet of one hundred and thirty-five vessels with five hundred guns and twenty thousand officers and men saluted their sovereign. The review of the sea forces was especially magnificent, for a fresh wind blew the great flags at the masts of each vessel squarely out, and the royal yacht, taking a position at the close of the display off the eastern end of the Isle of Wight, saw the two great divisions rush past, the numbers being so great that the first vessels had become mere dark dots on the horizon when the last went by, flinging the foam of the blue waves from the sharp and perpendicular lines of their bows.

At the review of the troops at Aldershot the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, was on the field, and Lord Wolseley rode with him. The King of Saxony and the King of the Hellenes were also present. The Queen had slept at the Pavilion. The troops stretched away from the Basingstoke Canal to the slopes of the hill called Cæsar's Camp. The royal salute throughout the long line was given with magnificent precision. After the review the Duke of Cambridge spoke thus on behalf of the army:

"Your Majesty's army, including the reserve forces, approaches the throne and offers its respectful homage and congratulations upon the completion of the fiftieth year of your Majesty's reign, and begs your gracious acceptance of an offering to commemorate that happy event, and as a tribute of its love and devotion.

"During those fifty years the army has been called

upon to maintain the interests of the British Empire in every quarter of the globe. It is deeply grateful for the concern which your Majesty has ever shown for its welfare in peace or war and in its history, and for your Majesty's sympathy for the widows and orphans, and those who have fallen in defence of the British flag."

The Queen in reply said: "The loyal and dutiful expression of congratulations of my army and auxiliary forces upon the completion of the fiftieth year of my reign is a source of deep satisfaction to me, and I accept with pleasure this tribute of love and devotion. Whenever, during that reign, I have had to call upon the army to perform its duty in any part of the world, it has never failed to justify the confidence and earn the gratitude of myself and my people by its gallantry and self-devotion, and I have no doubt that, should the occasion unfortunately arise, I can rely with equal confidence upon the co-operation of my auxiliary forces.

"But however confident I may feel in the valor and endurance of my troops, there is no blessing which I, at this season, more earnestly ask Almighty God to extend to my people during the remainder of my reign than that of peace."

A garden-party given by the Queen in the grounds at Buckingham Palace terminated the London season.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST DECADE OF THE CENTURY

THE great deep-water dock at Southampton was opened in 1890. The dock had cost about £350,000; its entrance was one hundred and seventy-five feet wide, and the water area of its interior eighteen acres.

The Queen came for the ceremony from Osborne, and named the new water space the Empress Dock. A pretty observance was repeated of making the vessel which bore the Queen break a ribbon stretched across from side to side at the entrance to the newly finished quays.

The clever and gifted Queen of Roumania, whose country was destined to be the home of one of the Queen's grandchildren, a daughter of the Duchess of Edinburgh, came to Scotland to see our Queen. Torchlight processions, dances, dinner-parties, and gay gatherings, enlivened by her company and her talents, made the time at Balmoral a very happy one during her stay.

In Ireland a serious potato famine again gave the Queen the opportunity of showing her compassion for the poor people, who suffered chiefly in the western part of the country; but the distress was great wherever the root formed the staple of food.

India received a fresh acknowledgment of the care with which her Empress watched over her interests in the appointment to the Commander-in-Chiefship at Bombay of her soldier son, the Duke of Connaught, whose tenure of command was most happily signalized by very many proofs of the true and abundant loyalty of the gallant princes, not only of the Presidency over which he exercised military rule, but also in many other parts of India which he visited.

Our Eastern Empire was also visited by his nephew, Prince Albert Victor, alas! too soon to be taken from us. The fatal illness which attacked him at Sandringham after his return in 1892 put the whole of the Queen's dominions into mourning. It was a terrible blow to his grandmother, and to the very many who had felt a deep personal sympathy for a nature singularly unselfish and upright.

I give some lines which endeavor to express the sense of this loss of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

"For marriage promise changed to death, for one
Young soldier dead:
For bride, for mother, for dear hopes undone,
Our tears are shed.
Half-mast the myriad British Standards float,
All seas repeat our England's funeral note.

"Sorrow divine that makes one bond for all
Hath done this thing.
No majesty of conquest can make fall
Tears for a king;
Yet all are proud, who speak the English tongue,
To mourn a comrade in this Prince so young.

"Comrade in memories that can never sleep:
Of great deeds past;
Of Her whose reign to-day proud Windsor's Keep
Sees not the last;
Her grandson's death shows forth our union's cause,
The people's heart enthroned in Britain's laws.

"True type of England's gentleness, farewell!
Our love must yield
To Love immortal; and this funeral knell
In God's great field
Enrolled thee in His hosts, to be some hour
A priest in righteousness, a king in power!"

Princess Marie of Edinburgh was married to the Prince of Roumania in 1892. The fine castle on the Danube, of Hohenzollern Hechingen, received many guests who went

to do honor to the occasion. The place is little known to English tourists, but is beautifully situated. The Prince, while serving in a Prussian regiment, was suddenly told that he had better try the venture of taking possession of the crown of Roumania; and, acting on the advice, he made the doubtful experiment a signal success.

Another of the Queen's grandchildren, Princess Margaret of Prussia, was married to the Prince of Hesse; her sister, Princess Sophia, having already become Crown Princess of Greece.

The last decades of the century have been remarkable for the magnificence of the gifts presented to the public by rich and generous men. The present made to the people by Sir Henry Tate, in building the great picture-gallery facing the Thames, was marked by the presence of the Prince of Wales at the opening, and by speeches delivered by Mr. Balfour and Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Carnegie, the great steel and iron worker of the United States, has also astonished the world by the magnificence of his contributions in support of the education of the people and in the giving of schools and libraries, the assertion being that he has spent something like twenty millions. A very fine gallery was also presented by Sir Andrew Walker to the city of Liverpool, and the gifts made to London for the housing of the poor by Mr. Peabody more than deserve the recognition of a statue placed near the Royal Exchange. Lord Iveagh and his brother, Lord Ardilaun, besides restoring a great church, have also spent vast sums on artisan dwellings in Dublin.

Other magnificent presents were given in order to complete the building of the Imperial Institute, which was fortunate in all except its situation, being rather far from the city. It still continues its work in one half of the building designed for it, while the other has been accepted by the London University as fulfilling all they want, and giving adequate space to a teaching body who must have technical as well as other schools for the full performance of the educational duties which they have undertaken.

An excellent hall provides a meeting-place for the reading of papers on all subjects touching the welfare of the Empire.

The Queen was anxious to show her full participation in this acknowledgment of the growth of her Empire beyond the seas, and was present at the opening ceremony. The occasion was a memorable one, vast crowds assembling in the park and along the route, and in their thousands in the immediate neighborhood of the Institute. Troops and volunteers lined the route from Buckingham Palace to South Kensington. The Household Cavalry were stationed at various points, battalions of the Guards' regiments lined the park, and the Lancers and volunteers were also posted in suitable places.

Sir Frederick Abel, who has been the mainstay and unfailing support of the Institute from its first inception to its present satisfactory financial condition, met all the guests and arranged where they should be placed. The Indian princes were received with great enthusiasm. Soon the whole of the Queen's family arrived, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princess May, now betrothed to the Duke of York, and her ever-popular mother, the Duchess of Teck, meeting with a very hearty greeting.

The Queen, with her glittering Life Guard escort, arrived, and immediately in front of her carriage were the Canadian and New South Wales troopers in their field-service uniform. They were wildly cheered by the people, who at once realized the full significance of their appearance in the imperial *cortège.*

The Great Hall was entirely filled with a bright mass of uniforms and ladies' dresses. The Queen was escorted up the centre by the Prince of Wales, while the audience stood. Then, in reply to an address presented to her, she said: "I recognize in the Institute a symbol of the unity of the Empire. That it may long continue, and never cease to flourish, is my earnest prayer." The Prince of Wales made the formal declaration, and then from the belfry of the tower came the chime and clang of the joy-bells as the Queen returned to her carriage.

Lord Rosebery's government came into power in 1894, and the new Premier quenched the ardent aspirations of his Irish allies by saying that Home Rule would not be granted until the predominant partner, meaning England, had been convinced of its justice.

Lord Salisbury came into power again in 1895, on a decisive pronouncement of the electors, the issue being again the Home Rule question, although the accidental vote on which the Ministry resigned was a charge that there was not sufficient small-arm ammunition available for the army.

The wedding of two grandchildren of the Queen, Princess Alice's eldest son, the Grand Duke of Hesse, to the Duke of Edinburgh's daughter, Princess Victoria Melita—the second name being a recollection of the Duke's long residence at Malta—gave the Queen again the pleasure of visiting Coburg, where a long series of festivities took place, which were followed by yet another happy betrothal—namely, that of Princess Alice's daughter Alix to the heir to the Russian throne, the first cousin of the Duke of York.

The terrible massacres in Armenia, the outbreak in Crete, the encouragement given to the Greeks to accept the arbitrament of war against Turkey—all brought in 1895 the ever-recurrent Eastern question most painfully before the public. Over one hundred members of the House of Commons signed a memorial encouraging the Greeks to undertake a campaign, which ended most disastrously, and would have again subjected the Hellenes to the rule of Turkey had not the Great Powers made it clear that they would not suffer Athens again to fall under the domination of the Porte. A very plucky resistance made by the Greek army only showed the hopelessness of their anticipations, for, great as was the horror excited by the Armenian massacres, Europe was not yet ready to face the far greater slaughter which a general war in the East would have inevitably brought about.

Yet the British Prime Minister declared that we had put our money "upon the wrong horse" in backing Turkey

in the middle of the century, and it is unlikely that the insincerity with which the Turks made promises of reformation will ever be forgiven or forgotten. The Sultan had to retire from Crete, and Prince George of Greece became its ruler.

But we were fated to keep our powder dry for smaller wars. Ashantee, and its capital Coomassie, the centre of horrors even greater than those in Armenia, was the scene of action for a second expedition to accomplish thoroughly a task we had hoped had been concluded by Lord Wolseley's conquest in that region. The campaign brought renewed grief to the Queen in the fatal ending to a fever, contracted in the deadly marches through the West African Hinterland, by Prince Henry of Battenberg. Unwilling to remain on the active list of the army without taking part in its dangers, he volunteered for service. The fever did not attack him until he had accomplished a great part of the march inland, and he was sent back to the coast suffering much, but not in a condition which was regarded by the doctors as very serious. After being carried on board ship the symptoms gave warning of the end, which came in a few days after leaving Cape Coast Castle.

Prince Henry had been appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, and at Whippingham, where he was laid to rest, the Princess erected a beautiful monument, the sarcophagus being surmounted by a recumbent statue, and the tomb being ornamented at the sides and corners with small columns of the green and white marble found on the island of Iona—the birthplace of Christianity in these islands—a place he was fond of visiting when cruising in his yacht among the Hebrides.

Looking back again to 1893, we must not forget to record that the Queen went to her old home at Kensington Palace in June to unveil on the eastern front a statue of herself, crowned, robed in her coronation attire, with a sceptre in her hand—a statue by her fourth daughter, Princess Louise. Large stands were erected on each side, and the Queen drove up the Broad Walk, and from her carriage—

after the figure (which was carved in one piece of Carrara stone) had been unveiled—spoke thus:

"I thank you very heartily for your loyal address, and for the kind wishes to commemorate my Jubilee by the erection of a statue of myself on the spot where I was born, and lived till my accession. It gives me great pleasure to be here on this occasion in my dear old home, and to witness the unveiling of this fine statue so admirably designed and executed by my daughter."

The desire of the people of Kensington with regard to this statue was commemorated in the following inscription:

"In front of the palace where she was born, and where she lived till her accession, her loyal subjects of Kensington place this statue, the work of her daughter, to commemorate fifty years of her reign."

In the following month the Duke of York's marriage to Princess May, who had also been born at Kensington Palace, took place in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The King and Queen of the Belgians, the King and Queen of Denmark, the heir to the Russian throne, two of the Queen's grandchildren, Prince Henry of Prussia and the Grand Duke of Hesse, were among those present. Archbishop Benson gave a brief address, and the Queen afterwards received a very numerous company at Buckingham Palace.

Another happy visit abroad, this time to Florence and to Coburg, where she had not been for eighteen years, gave the Queen much pleasure, and she was very busy in November in helping the poor people who suffered much from the floods of the Thames, a recurrent trouble which all our engineering has been unable hitherto to avoid.

Next year her visit abroad was to Darmstadt and to Nice, and in the autumn the German Emperor paid a visit to take part in the races at the Cowes regatta.

On June 22, 1897, we celebrated, with the greatest magnificence, the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's reign. Every colony sent a detachment of troops to lend dignity to the occasion, and to prove the universal pride and

love with which she had inspired her people in every clime.

The route this time was to take a far wider sweep than that arranged and followed ten years before. The foreign representatives, princes, and others were to accompany her the whole way on horseback; the navy was to be fully represented by numbers of seamen; the auxiliary forces were to take their part with the army in lining the streets, and every arm of the service was to be fully represented. Never did event more exactly answer the expectations of its proposers. The immense length of the procession, and its extraordinary variety, delighted the multitudes, who had everywhere full opportunity of gratifying their loyalty and curiosity at some point or other in the long route to St. Paul's, over London Bridge, and so back by the south side to Westminster Bridge, and home by the Mall.

At St. Paul's all the steps were occupied by the archbishops, bishops, clergy, ambassadors, diplomatists, and men whose position entitled them to be where the sovereign would pause in her journey to give thanks to God for the blessings vouchsafed to her. She remained seated in her carriage, drawn by eight cream-colored horses, at the foot of the steps. Her escort of foreign princes and her own family formed in line fronting the doors of the great cathedral. Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, in their uniforms of field marshals, took their places to right and left, while the Prince of Wales remained close to the carriage. The Archbishop offered prayer, and the grand anthem, "We praise Thee, O God," was sung with very fine effect.

At the conclusion of the brief service, and as the procession again moved off, the Archbishop, like the hearty Englishman he is, led three cheers for the Queen. She was glad to support the Prince of Wales's proposal that this her second Jubilee should be remembered by a fund raised to pay the debts of the great hospitals, and £750,000 were received in response to the appeal made. The Princess of Wales also wrote to the Lord Mayor

in favor of the poor of London, and over £300,000 were placed at the disposal of those appointed to distribute the money.

The Queen subsequently sent the following message to her people:

"WINDSOR, *July* 15, 1897.

"I have frequently expressed my personal feelings to my people, and though, on this memorable occasion, there have been many official expressions of my deep sense of the unbounded loyalty evinced, I cannot rest satisfied without personally giving utterance to these sentiments.

"It is difficult for me on this occasion to say how truly touched and grateful I am for the spontaneous universal outburst of loyal attachment and real affection which I have experienced on the completion of the sixtieth year of my reign.

"During my progress through London on June 22d this great enthusiasm was shown in the most striking manner, and can never be effaced from my heart.

"It is, indeed, deeply gratifying, after so many years of labor and anxiety for the good of my beloved country, to find that my exertions have been appreciated throughout my vast Empire.

"In weal and woe I have ever had the true sympathy of all my people, which has been warmly reciprocated by myself. It has given me unbounded pleasure to see so many of my subjects from all parts of the world assembled here, and to find them joining in the acclamations of loyal devotion to myself, and I wish to thank them all from the depth of my grateful heart.

"I shall ever pray God to bless them and to enable me still to discharge my duties for their welfare as long as life lasts. VICTORIA R. I."

On May 19, 1898, a statesman who had been four times the Queen's Prime Minister — namely, Mr. Gladstone — died at Hawarden. The memories of his great financial services to his country, his great eloquence, his fine char-

acter, and the great hold he had won on the sympathies of his countrymen, caused his loss to be most sincerely mourned by all who could appreciate earnestness, sympathy, and grandeur of aim in political efforts.

The public lying-in-state in Westminster Abbey of Mr. Gladstone, as well as the funeral there—soon to be followed by that of the loving wife whose devotion to him could not be excelled—gave occasion for a very remarkable exhibition of public mourning and respect.

Not long after his death the Queen asked that his lovely little granddaughter, Dorothy, should be brought to see her at Windsor. Mrs. Gladstone, to whom the Queen had written expressing her grief at the sad news of Mr. Gladstone's death, was unable to accompany the child.

Full of resolve as the Queen always was to vindicate the position of our country, if necessary by the dread means of war, the necessity was always abhorred by her, and the suffering caused gave her the greatest pain. The failure of all attempts to pursue successfully the negotiations with President Krüger was a bitter disappointment to her, as well as to her people, who hoped that the closing years of her reign might be given entirely to peace. But this was not to be, and the apparent ignorance of what must be the attitude of the British people, and their government, and their sovereign, induced a declaration of war and the invasion of Cape Colony and Natal, and caused the war which was not fully over even when the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, returned to see his sovereign, after many months of sanguinary battle as well as of desultory warfare.

During all this time the Queen followed with the closest attention every movement of her troops, and her wonderful memory often enabled her to correct those around her as to every detail respecting the places where her officers had received wounds, remembering as well the nature of the hurt. She was again unwearying in visiting the wounded at Netley, and in seeing those who were able to

visit her at Osborne or at Windsor. She also went to the Herbert Hospital.

Her courage, which throughout her life was so conspicuous, was never better seen than in the days when repeated checks were caused by the strong positions of the enemy. She not only never used herself the language of doubt, but disliked to hear anything but the language of resolute confidence. We had with us, as Mr. Balfour said, the conscience of the Empire, and it was a glorious satisfaction to her Majesty to see her loyal subjects in Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, Natal, and Canada, willing to shed their life's blood for the continuance of the institutions through which they themselves had grown to manhood, and had found freedom in union.

Among her public appearances in 1899 was the opening of the Bristol Convalescent Home. But ceremonies brought increasing fatigue. Unable to see very clearly herself any print or small writing, she had all telegrams written large, and anything printed read to her, but yet continued signing all documents with an unfaltering persistency which very few at her age could have shown. Music was enjoyed as much as ever, for her hearing remained excellent, and in December, 1899, she sat in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, while Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was performed. She also endured the fatigue of a long Drawing-room reception, and laid the foundation stone of the new Victoria and Albert Museum buildings at South Kensington, which are now rising to the westward of the great Roman Catholic Church of the Oratory.

The last year of our Queen's long life saw no abatement in the energy with which, despite failing eyesight and strength, she showed herself to her people, encouraging by her example and presence all that she thought most worthy in the movements among them deserving her countenance.

She came to London from Windsor on March 8th in order to personally show her gratitude for the efforts made by the City in equipping a regiment for her service in South

Africa. At the Temple steps on the Embankment she was met by the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen. The Lord Mayor presented the sword, and said, "Your ancient and most loyal City heartily welcomes your Majesty." She, bowing in response, said, "I wish to thank you for all that my City has done." At night her palace was serenaded by a vast crowd, and "God save the Queen" was sung by many thousands of voices.

The whole year was occupied in watching with anxiety the course of the South African war, the main features of which will be well remembered. Troops of every nationality under the British flag greatly distinguished themselves, and the Queen had been especially pleased with the gallantry of the Dublin Fusiliers, who, under Sir Redvers Buller, had suffered terribly in the desperate fighting on the Tugela.

The Queen was determined to thank the Irish herself, and intimated to Lord Cadogan, the Lord Lieutenant, that she would arrive in Dublin early in April. "The Queen is happy to be once more among her Irish people, from whom she has again received so warm a welcome." Thus she wrote a day or two after. She was much gratified by her reception from the thousands who saw her as she drove through the streets of the Irish capital, after landing at Kingstown. In the harbor the Channel Fleet had met and saluted her, and in the evening every vessel was outlined by electric light.

On the first Saturday thirty-five thousand school-children were gathered together in Phœnix Park, the Queen ordering that her carriage should be driven at a walking pace. She was much amused when a little child cried out, "Shure, you're a nice old lady." A party of children from Mayo, through some accident, arrived too late, and the Queen at once arranged that they should have an interview all to themselves the following afternoon. The uniform of the Household Cavalry was again seen in the streets of Dublin as her Majesty's escort, and nothing could have been more cordial and more courteous than the conduct of the people.

The Queen was sorry to leave Ireland, which took place after a review of the Dublin garrison and the Curragh Camp troops in Phœnix Park. It will always remain a pleasant memory with the citizens of Dublin that the last State visit of the Queen's great reign was paid to them in order to show her sympathy with the Irish people and her appreciation of the gallantry of her Irish soldiers.

In July the Queen gave one of those great garden-parties at Buckingham Palace which afforded an opportunity to many to see her, alas! as it proved for the last time. She drove in a low victoria, drawn by two gray horses, and wherever she went the gayly dressed guests formed a thick hedge so that they might catch a glance of her eyes and hear the sound of her voice. She wore spectacles, as her sight had become too dim to allow her, without their aid, readily to recognize the faces of those with whom she spoke. She took tea, as usual, in a tent apart with her family and those guests specially summoned to speak to her.

Again a terrible grief was to be hers in the illness and death of her second son, the Duke of Edinburgh. Courageously rallying under the blow, however, she made arrangements to be represented at the funeral of the King of Italy, whom the hand of an assassin struck down about the same time at Monza, near Milan. The Duke of Edinburgh was buried at Coburg, every detail being reported to the Queen, who bore this trial with great fortitude.

Once more Balmoral and its Highlanders received their mistress; once more she had an inspection of a few of her troops there, this time the soldiers being those belonging to a native force of West Africans; once more she drove about visiting the old places and caring for the old people; while all the time the sad tidings of wounds and deaths and fever brought the names of her soldiers who had died for her Empire in the distant South Africa to her ears. But still, in an ever greater degree, was the determination of the country shown to finish the task it had taken in hand. The general election confirmed the policy of those who had made up their minds to assert the right of the

freedom of all from the Zambesi to the Cape from any exclusive privilege of oligarchic government.

Regiments began to return home, and the City had a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's for the battalion more immediately connected with London; but by the time the Queen again went south it was noticed that she was not so strong, that the former punctuality was no longer persisted in, and the journey from Scotland tired her. Yet she saw at Windsor Sir Redvers Buller, who returned victorious from Natal, and Sir George White, the defender of Ladysmith.

Windsor also saw her welcome the return of her Life Guards in the quadrangle of the castle. Then the second battalion of the Royal Canadian Regiment, returning under Colonel Otter, had their turn, marching past the Queen's carriage; and, drawing up in close columns of companies with the officers in front, they were able to hear their sovereign say, "I am very glad to see you here to-day, and to express my warm thanks for the admirable services rendered in the war by the Canadians."

A few days afterwards the Queen visited, at the Windsor Guildhall, the Irish Exhibition of Home Industries, Lady Mayo, the Duchess of Abercorn, and Mrs. Lecky being among those who had stalls and from whom the Queen made purchases. She stayed an hour, and said she had been much pleased and interested.

CHAPTER XII

THE QUEEN'S HOMES

BUCKINGHAM PALACE—Buckingham House as it used to be called—was outside the little town of Westminster, which clung to its river bank in the neighborhood of its Abbey, and its gardens stretched along the waterway, over the present grounds occupied by the Mall and the Queen's gardens, in various fields and plots. Mulberries were largely planted there in the time of King James, who had an idea that the silk industry might be transplanted from China to England.

There was a house called after Goring, a noted name during the wars of the Commonwealth, and the name possessed a peerage in the earldom of Norwich.

The house was burned towards the end of the seventeenth century. The Duke of Devonshire subsequently became possessed of it, but it was then only "a neat box," and pleasantly situated among gardens beside the prospect of the park and the adjoining fields. It soon afterwards was bought by the Duke of Buckinghamshire, one of the favorite Ministers of Queen Anne, and he described his house as "a small distance from London, where I can conclude the evening on a delightful terrace, free from late visits. The avenues to it are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on the one hand and gay flourishing limes on the other — that for coaches, this for walking — the Mall lying between them. This reaches to my iron palisade, that encompasses a square court, which has in the midst a great basin with statues and water-works, and from its entrance rises all the way imperceptibly till we mount to a

terrace in front of a large hall, where there is a large kitchen thirty feet high, with an open cupola on the top, and from a terrace four hundred paces long — the wall being low and covered with roses and jessamine — are beheld the two Queen's parks and a great part of Surrey."

It was not until 1723 that the Prince and Princess of Wales, afterwards George II. and Queen Caroline, offered his widow a sum of money for the house. "I answered the Princess," she wrote, "that I was under no necessity to part with it; yet, when what I thought was the value of it should be offered, perhaps my prudence might overcome my inclination. If the Prince and Princess prefer much to buying outright with its entire contents under £60,000 it will not be parted with as it now stands, and all his Majesty's revenue cannot purchase a place so fit for them now for a less sum." Her effigy may still be seen in a glass-case at Westminster Abbey. It was not until she died that it passed to the reigning family. The old square Italian centre path, with colonnades on each side leading to wings, something like the arrangement of Clieveden, was altered by various other additions, an octagonal library being built in 1767 by George III., where Dr. Johnson was introduced to him.

Many of the Canaletti pictures of Venice and other places now at Windsor were then at Buckingham House, which was called "dull, dowdy, and decent"—nothing more than a large, substantial, respectable-looking brick house. During the Gordon riots the King addressed the troops quartered about the ground, saying: "My lads, my crown cannot purchase you straw to-night, but depend upon it, I have given orders that sufficient shall be here to-morrow before noon. As a substitute for the straw, my servants will constantly serve you with a good allowance of wine and spirits, and I shall keep you company myself until morning," which he did, walking in the garden and receiving all messages in the riding-house.

All his children were born there except the eldest. The

architect Nash was set to work to prepare new plans in George IV.'s time when he was Regent, and all sorts of alterations and additions were made, no good plan being followed. The whole place was a cobble-work; but in 1831 a committee of the House of Commons recommended that it should be finished as a royal residence, and the work begun by Nash was finished by Blore.

But the house was never made use of until Queen Victoria lived there, when the Marble Arch stood in front of it, and there were only three sides of a quadrangle. When the new front was built the arch was removed, and in 1852 a ball-room, a supper-room, and galleries of approach were built to the south. Stone was used, but the London atmosphere deteriorated the surface of that brought from Caen so much that it was painted. The garden west front was very much like Nash built it. The State entrance is in the same spot as the entrance to the old house was. In the centre of the inner court white marble steps and columns supported a roof which is too low for good effect, but where there is a great deal of space for the arrival and departure of company.

A wide corridor, traversing at right angles the entrance hall, gives access to a series of rooms towards the front, all handsomely furnished, but rather low in proportion to their size. The columns, both in these and in the better-proportioned apartments above, are of artificial marble, or Scagliola, material which very successfully maintains cleanliness from its polished surface, but the artificiality of which hardly justified of its being used to represent such beautiful natural products, as, for instance, *lapis lazuli*.

At the end of this great corridor there is a private staircase on the right, and a grand staircase of white marble on the left, giving access to the large reception-rooms above. There is a heavy scroll-work balustrade. Indeed, the fault of the whole decoration is the ponderous character of the ornamentation. A domed glass roof gives light. Full-length portraits by Lawrence of George III., Queen Charlotte, William IV. and Queen Adelaide, and others,

are hung on its walls. A wide corridor opens through mirrored doors to a very fine supper-room on the left. Farther on is the great ball-room or concert-hall, which is one hundred and ninty feet in length, sixty in width, and forty-five in height, and where there is a fine organ.

Returning again to the head of the stairs, and passing through a large ante-room, the long picture-gallery is entered—a very wide apartment and very well lit for the exhibition of pictures, of which it has many, and some very remarkable. Especially is this the case in the examples from the easels of Rembrandt, Rubens, Hobemar, Wolvermans, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Van der Weld, Frank Holls, Paul Potter, Jan Stein, and some Italian and other masters well worthy of their place. Lit from above this gallery divides the old ball-room—which the Queen always used in the first years of her reign as a supper-room—from the range of large rooms to the south already mentioned. The suite of rooms which the Queen and the Prince Consort occupied were on the western front, and the new curtain wing, or front, towards St. James's, has a number of excellently arranged living-rooms. The fault of the part of the building containing these apartments, which are often given to foreigners, is the want of any fine means of access by any well-arranged staircase. In short, Buckingham Palace, though a useful building, is neither bright, cheerful, nor so well arranged as any of the great palaces on the Continent. King Leopold's, at Brussels, for instance, is better arranged, having suites of fine rooms more elegantly decorated. Buckingham Palace shares the heaviness characteristic of the end of the Georgian period, when the people were inclined to take good models only to spoil them with overloaded ornamentation and somewhat tawdry coloring.

The Riding School is a very fine one, and it has a room from which the Queen used to be able to watch her children putting their horses to the leaping bar. In the preparations for both the Jubilee processions the horses were practised there, with the waving of flags, the cheering of men, the

playing of music, and as far as possible the imitation of all the sounds they would be called upon to face in the presence of the acclaiming populace in the streets. The stables are also remarkably fine, and the permanent home of the famous "creams," which, caparisoned in scarlet, covered with gorgeous harness, and led by scarlet and gold-coated grooms with black velvet jockey-like caps, had the privilege of drawing the sovereign to and from the Houses of Parliament.

Windsor Castle has been so often described that we need only speak of a few of its lesser-known features.

"Cavalleria Rusticana" was performed by the Lagos Italian Opera Company before the Queen at Windsor in November, 1891. The room in which the stage for this purpose was placed was one of the small courts of the old castle between St. George's Hall on the one side and the State apartments looking over the north terrace and Eton on the other. When George IV. took it into the rest of the building, lighting it by vertical windows in the roof, it was made into a commemorative monument to the soldiers and statesmen and sovereigns who lived through the time of the finish of the great war with France. There, placed the highest on one wall, is the portrait of "Brunswick's fated chieftain," the Duke whose father had been killed by the French, and who, at Waterloo, rushed "into the field and foremost fighting fell." Others are full-length State pictures of sovereigns in their robes, generals in uniform, and one excellent representation of a cardinal is there to remind the visitor that whatever goes on in Europe the Vatican is never idle. There is another of the Pope who reigned at the time.

The space in the great entrance hall at the back adjoining the armory and the old dining-room of Charles II. was very ample for the acting troupe. The State rooms are well known to the public, who delight in wandering through the great spaces. One is filled with trophies of mediæval armor, two more with gorgeous tapestries. Then there is the tower where John II. of France was kept a prisoner

after Poitiers, while the wonderful collection of Vandykes, filling another long apartment, whose windows look out on the Norman gateway, show with what zeal the pictures, gathered by Charles I., and dispersed at the time of the Commonwealth, have been gathered again under the old roof. Prince Rupert was the Governor of Windsor, whose love for art and invention helped to fill the Castle with the fine works of the Dutch, the Italian, and the German schools. We see the taste of Charles II.'s time in the painted ceilings of the room which served him as a dining-room, and the later and worse taste which placed there a colored window of George III. In the more elaborate painting on the ceilings of the tapestry halls we have the ceilings again of the Restoration period.

The library is not so well known, for the set of rooms occupied by Queen Elizabeth, and some time afterwards used as dwelling-rooms, were thrown by Wyatt, the architect employed by George IV., into one connected gallery, the ancient apartments forming recesses crowded with books. In one of these Queen Anne was sitting when she received a brief note written in pencil from the field of Blenheim wherein the Duke of Marlborough told her that Marshal Tallard, the French commander, was a prisoner of war in his coach, and that her Majesty had obtained a great victory.

In this part of the Castle, too, just over the Norman gateway, is a house reserved to the use of one of the officers of the household, and through this chamber the portcullis passed; the walls are unchanged since the days when it was used as a prison. This was not an unusual destination of a portcullis chamber, for the gate-house at Edinburgh Castle was used for a similar purpose, the prisoners who were condemned to die on the morrow being obliged to pass their last night within its precincts. Many of the prisoners have written their names on the stones, in the house at Windsor, that of a gentleman of the name of Fortescue ("Fortescutum" or "Strong Shield") being specially legible.

Over the way, in the interior of the court, is the entrance to the great stone stair which leads up to the apartments in the Round Tower. Down this arched entrance a short cannon frowns from a narrow embrasure so arranged as to command the stairs. Within the northern circumference of the ancient keep a most remarkable well exists. With Norman masonry facing it round near its mouth, it is carried down deep through the chalk till excellent water below is reached at a great depth. It is not likely to have been made before the Norman time, and is probably a mark of the occupation of the place by William the Conqueror. Some ancient timber-work in the interior of the keep is said to be the remains of a platform with a pent-roof over it, where the knights sat with their backs against the wall, and were served from the interior space when they were at meat, sitting round the tower in memory of the Arthurian heroes of the Round Table. The centre court was at one time covered in, and an armory arranged under the roof, but it is now again open. The dwelling-rooms are all around, rising in two stories, the height of the walls, with the heavy battlements above, having been again the work of George IV.'s architect.

A walk round these highest ramparts gives a magnificent view of the Thames winding along between the ancient borough and the collegiate village of Eton. The stream loses itself to the right in the windings that take it past the elm-wooded playing-fields of the great college, and, in front, stretches onward towards the blue ridge which marks the line of the heights of Clieveden and Taplow. Here in Mr. Grenfell's avenue, a tumulus lately opened showed a skeleton of a Norse viking in his gold-laden robe with a great golden double clasp set with six Oriental carbuncles at the breast, and there were light green-colored glass goblets by his side.

Farther to the left the horizon is bounded by the woods of St. Leonard's Hill, and then again a great expanse of the Home Park and the Long Walk with its league-long avenue of elms of the time of Charles II. Still farther on

are Cooper's Hill, and the flats at Runnymede, where the river is just visible, as well as the place where John signed Magna Charta. And then sweeping on to complete the panorama, and to get back to the point where we started, the meadows near Staines where the Saxon kings had a hunting-lodge, and then the flats of the Thames valley over which the smoke of London can be dimly discerned in the distance; and again leftwards a spire, five miles off, showing the church where Gray wrote his immortal *Elegy in a Country Churchyard.*

Beneath your feet you see, between the river as it flows down from Maidenhead and your standing-place, the roof of St. George's Chapel and the towers and walls of the Lower Ward—ancient buildings renewed, but rising from their old foundations. Facing the town are three great semicircular bastion towers, and beyond, on the south side, are the gateway built by Henry VIII. and the row of towers and houses in the Lower Ward opposite to the chapel, which are the headquarters of the old pensioners called the Knights of Windsor, with the Lieutenant's Tower and Winchester Tower almost beneath your feet, formerly connected by a fortified wall and gateway, and still marking, with a low abutment, the separation of the Middle Ward from that where the clergy had their headquarters.

Then, turning again to the eastward, to the more regular Upper Ward, an enclosure made by Edward III. and the old place of jousts and tourneys, is St. George's Hall on the left, and nearest on the right the lofty battlement under which James I. of Scotland lived for nearly eighteen years when arrested after being thrown by a storm on the English coast near Newcastle. He was on his way to the French Court, and Henry IV. of England kept him more as a guest than as a prisoner, the countries being at peace at the time. It was from the window of this "Devil's" Tower that he saw, walking in the garden of the dry moat beneath the Round Tower, the lady who afterwards became his queen, Jane Beaufort, Henry's cousin. From this tower

and St. George's Hall, in parallel lines, the buildings sweep on until they cross squarely to complete the court, or ward.

Now the memories become more recent as we look at them. We see the inner side of the court lined by the great corridor by which George IV. so greatly improved the comfort of the palace. The corridor is the main street, so to speak, whereon all the rooms in constant use by the Queen's family open, and is in itself a museum of art. Cabinets contain porcelain, models of all that is best in the work of Sèvres and Dresden's famous pottery. There are also busts of all the great men of modern history, as well as of members of the family. These are ranged on each side. The windows were draped with scarlet until recently changed to a darker maroon-like color. There are pictures by Canaletto and Zuccharelli; landscapes by Loutherberg, of battles and reviews; portraits by Hogarth, one a picture of Garrick and his wife, and another of the Mall in the days directly after the '45; others are by Lawrence, of Pitt and Sir Walter Scott, and Eldon and Wellesley. There were also memorial pictures of events in the royal family, examples of Wilkie, and many another. The occasional necessity of waiting in this corridor, therefore, is never a hardship, but always a luxury.

The Queen's own apartments were in the corner of the tower facing south and east. Adjoining these are the White Drawing-room and two large rooms occupying the whole of two of the great towers and the space behind their "curtain" walls, and they look upon the east terrace and terminate in the White Dining-room. In this room there is a wonderful silver-gilt wine cooler which was made for George IV. after a model designed by Flaxman.

At the bend in the great corridor on the inner side of the quadrangle is the dining-room, or "Oak Room," which the Queen always used unless the party was very large. It is ornamented with two fine Gobelin tapestries, a present from Louis Philippe, and has panels of the Princess of

Wales and the other daughters-in-law, the pictures being three-quarter length.

It was just outside this room in the corridor that the Queen used to sit after dinner and talk to her guests whenever she did not go to the drawing-room, and in recent years the drawing-room was rarely visited. When the audiences were over she would retire along the passage which led by a bridge over the double stair to her own rooms, while all who had been the guests at her table would join the members of the household and others who had dined in the larger room. Here a few years ago a very fine picture of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught in uniform and on horseback, riding through the Aldershot country with a Highland regiment moving in line on the side of the picture, was placed. It is an excellent example of the art of M. Detaille.

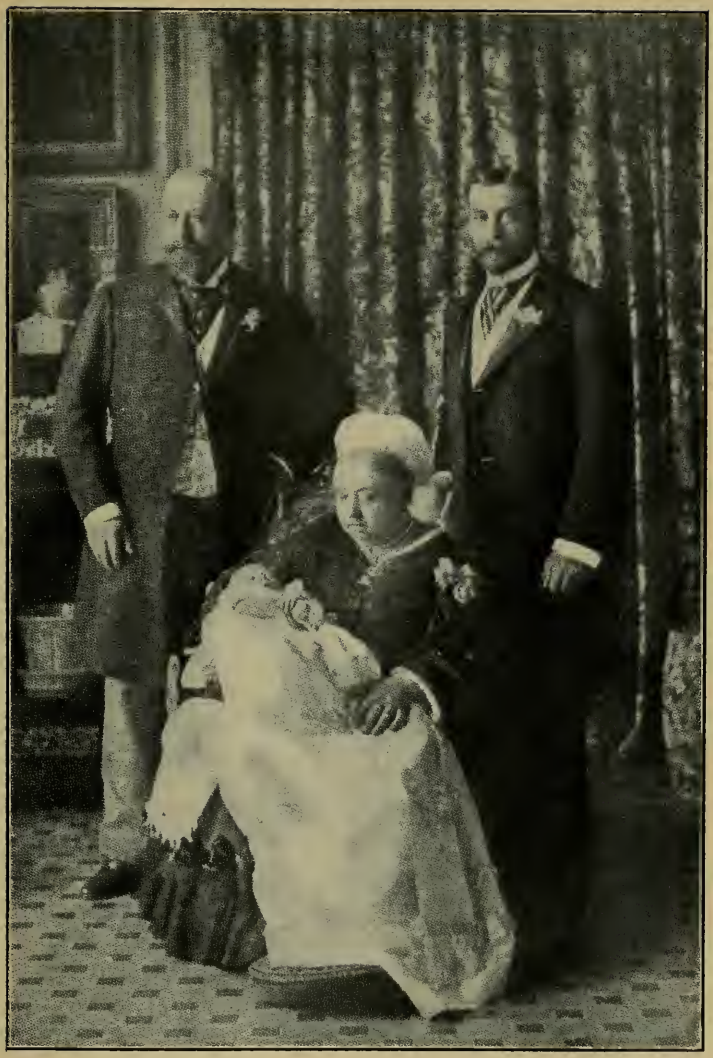
Of all the great palace residences of Europe, Windsor must be considered the finest. Its wonderful park and beautiful neighborhood and splendid situation above its historic river, its nearness to a mighty city, and its entire freedom from smoke or any other drawback often felt near a great town, give it advantages unmatched by other well-known palaces. Since the days when she used to make her riding excursions in its park, and from the time of her great sorrow, the Queen never enjoyed residing at it so much as she did her stay at other places. For it is not so easy to get at once into private ground, and she preferred to do a great deal of her work out-of-doors, liking thus to enjoy the coolness of the air while busily engaged in writing. To this end she loved to have little rooms prepared at Frogmore, at the great kitchen garden, and at a cottage which Queen Adelaide had built. In these work was done in privacy, and the multifarious business always coming before her was quietly considered and endless despatches read. Work began immediately after breakfast with the reading of papers and documents sent by Ministers, and when the walk or drive was taken at twelve it was never allowed to last beyond one o'clock. There was

always an hour before luncheon, when writing was again resumed. This was never left off for very many hours, and often the labor of correspondence had to be continued until far beyond midnight. During her walks the Queen was always accompanied by two or three of her dogs, for whom a charming home was provided during the years of her early wedded life. Among her favorites were Scotch collies, German badger hounds, Scotch terriers, Russian sheep-dogs, Italian spitzes, pugs, and English terriers. There "every dog had his day," none were spoiled, and all were happy.

The Queen often worked in the open air under two fine ilex-trees in the grounds of Frogmore, not far from where her husband and mother rested in the fine burial chapels she had built. The Queen had inscribed above the portal of the beautiful mausoleum which she had built for the Prince the wish that she might rest with him with whom she had lived in such perfect love. His figure, carved in white marble by Marochetti, the head slightly inclined on one side, and draped in the flowing Garter robes, had a space left for another statue on the gray and polished stone. This was to be filled by the beautiful white marble figure of the crowned wife, with her face turned towards his, and sculptured also by the same hand. Four great kneeling angels, with mighty wings, in bronze, the calm of whose countenances expresses well the peace and repose of the place, completed the outline of the monument in the centre of the floor.

The roof, at a great height, carried up from octagonal walls, is painted with golden stars. Windows give a good light from the highest part of the building, which below has its inner walls pierced on four sides by great arches admitting to an outer corridor, which circles past square recesses or transepts, the ground plan thus forming a short-armed, equal-sided cross with a central circle.

The painting and colored marble in very rich harmony cover the interior of the whole building, whose outer appearance is simple. The rounded heads of the windows



THE FOUR GENERATIONS

Taken in 1894, at White Lodge, Richmond Park, on the occasion of the baptism of the eldest child of H.R.H. the Duke of York

give a Byzantine look, heightened outside by the green of the copper roof. The mausoleum of the Duchess of Kent has a dome roof of copper, and rising on its pilasters, above balustrated terraces and steps, has a very graceful appearance, while both mausoleums are entirely surrounded by groves of evergreens.

The Queen's seaside property at Osborne was first bought with the idea of building upon it a comparatively small house where good air might be enjoyed, the navy watched by its mistress, and excursions made to Portsmouth and Plymouth to take part in ceremonies in which the naval service was interested. It was gradually found, however, that the number of persons to be entertained, and the convenience of the place for the exercise of hospitality not only to the officers and men of the fleet, but also to strangers from abroad, necessitated the addition of other rooms both for reception and habitation.

The old house belonging to the previous owners was not fortunately placed, and was in bad condition. This was pulled down, and advantage taken of a wide chine, or hollow, leading up from the bay, to begin the new house about a quarter of a mile distant from the shore, commanding a charming view of the twin slopes falling to the bay, and covered with oak-wood and copse, with the line of the Hants shore bounding the blue Solent a few miles away. The soil was chiefly gravel, with a good deal of clay in various parts, a substance which made the embanking of some of the seaward shore a matter of difficulty. The chief means taken to prevent the sliding of the banks was a thick planting of maritime pine and other fir. Quantities of Lambert pine, and that known under the name of *insignis*, and a multitude of other ornamental trees and shrubs, especially arbutus, were planted under the direction of the Prince Consort, who took the greatest pleasure in the arrangement of the new buildings and grounds.

Both the lower and the upper of these terraces stretched from slope to slope across the head of the chine. They have fountains, and above them, in the centre of bright

flower-beds, are placed statues in bronze and vases to hold yet more flowers.

The building which rose above these terraces has two great Italian square towers, one for a clock and the other so arranged that signallers can watch the coming and the going of ships, and have a view extending as far as the forts off Portsmouth Harbor, eleven miles away. Between the towers is a massive three-story, flat-roofed Italian block, fireproof on every floor. There is a covered corridor over the second story carried up by an arched and open colonnade.

This connected the main block with another separate building, also of three stories, having a bowed or semi-circular projection seaward. This was the portion designed for her Majesty's private use, and contained on the ground floor dining-room, drawing-room, and billiard-room, the last two being in one apartment, one half being set at right angles to the other. The Council Room for the reception of Ministers is of moderate size in the centre of the main block. This main mass of building has behind it and parallel to it another of nearly equal size, the westward ends of both being connected by a corridor, and again above that there is a colonnade. Thus, although from the sea only one front appears, the approach from the land side presents the house as consisting of two sides of a court-yard, and the prolongation of one side of that court by a great wing rising to the southeast.

The Queen's own rooms looked southward, over the terrace gay with its beds of scarlet geraniums, its little clumps of shrubs, the fountain with a kneeling female figure in the centre, water dripping from the wide granite basin raised above the lower pool into which it ultimately fell. Her sitting-room looked straight out seaward, a large bow window giving a view in all directions over the terrace below, over the broad, straight gravel walk leading down between the slopes, with its margins adorned with standard evergreens, trees cut into cupola-shaped tops, till it passes from view down among the arbutus and

pine and other evergreens, which grow among the oak-trees, to the shore of Osborne Bay beyond. Under these windows her Highland pipers played every morning.

On the left, the slope rises to a plateau bordered at a distance of about one hundred and eighty yards from the house, with more pines, and a little wood called the Ladies' Wood, on the margin of which, looking seaward, was erected a fancy cottage which had served the Queen as a pavilion at the great Agricultural Show at Windsor. The level lawn to the northwest is bordered on the left with an artificial mound, on which is the reservoir supplying the house, while beyond are open fields, the paradise of the golf player, terminated by another depression which is the dividing-line between the Queen's property and that belonging to the grounds of Norris Castle, whose woods intercept the view of Cowes. On the west side of the house there is an avenue of ilex formerly alternated with aracaria, planted by the Prince in a broad avenue leading to the entrance lodge at the head of what is now called York Avenue, which descends to East Cowes and the banks of the Medina River. The evergreen thickets and shrubberies, and the fresh look of the grass even in winter, always draw admiration from the stranger coming at that season from the Continent; and indeed it would be possible in the Isle of Wight to have evergreen forests of ilex and even of cork trees, and to procure verdant shades which, except in snow time, would never betray the presence of winter.

Another wing was added to the house after the marriage of Princess Beatrice, for it had become evident that when French and German fleets came, as they did, with large numbers of officers, there was no room large enough wherein to entertain them. A tent of great size was at first made to do duty, but, with our climate, could not insure adequate comfort for the Queen's guests during the prevalence of southwest storms, which are fond of exhibiting their power in the Isle of Wight even during the hot months of summer.

The new wing possessed a very fine room, decorated in Indian style, with pure white plaster, and with teak wood. The whole interior arrangements of this hall were executed under the superintendence of Ram Singh, a pupil in the famous school of art established under the guidance of the father of Mr. Kipling, who has obtained so great and so just a fame as the singer of the later years of the empire under Queen Victoria.

It is pleasant while we cast the stone upon the cairn of our dear Queen to look back upon those few years after Princess Beatrice's marriage when she felt herself able to take more part in the little gayeties which made life more cheerful for her. The various alliances of her children on the Continent gave her new interest in the ever-expanding circle of relationships made by their settling in homes on the shores of the Danube, in Roumania, and, nearer, at Darmstadt, or on the Main, or, as in the case of Princess Alexandra of Edinburgh, married to the Prince Hohenlohe-Langenburg, at Strasburg.

The journeys made to attend their weddings, the renewed recollections of the old German home life, of which she had heard so much in younger days from Prince Albert, mingled pleasantly for her with the continual round of duty at her own homes; while the time spent in Italy gave a still greater change, and awakened interest in subjects historical and political, with the novelty of personal knowledge of the actors in the life of Southern Europe, and of scenes associated with historical memories of the great ancestry of the Italian people.

In looking back upon these times as a part of her long life, they fall on the mind's eye like the after-glow which comes upon the Alps, for when sunset has faded with its brightest tints from their snows, and all for a while is cold and gray, a paler but beautiful glow of rose color again lights them for a short time before the dusk deepens into night.

At Balmoral she again attended the dances held in the hall, decorated with Highland targets, battle-axes, and

plaids, and the heads of deer. She was also present from time to time at the Braemar gatherings, where she took keen interest in the sports.

At Osborne she incessantly took the greatest personal trouble, and showed the liveliest interest, in the arrangements for the tableaux, or representations, by the house party, of famous scenes in pictures, Meissonier's "Quarrel Scene," as well as some of Gustave Doré's compositions, being very successfully rendered. These little entertainments were at first held in the Council Room, but after the Indian Hall was built large audiences assembled before a wider stage. The children in the house, as well as the ladies and gentlemen of the household, became important actors and actresses, and the Queen always liked them to keep on the dress in which they had appeared until the reception of the guests, which was always concluded with a supper, was over.

All, indeed, was the revival of the old English country life, and especially at Christmas-time, when everybody in the Queen's employment had the old-fashioned good cheer. Every one received something as a memorial of their gracious mistress, and wherever she was she took care, if it was at all possible, to be present at the distribution of her gifts. Sometimes it was on Christmas Eve, sometimes on the day itself, but all the aged and infirm were assembled that presents might be made to them, and given by her own hands.

Then there were all the servants to consider in the same way, and sometimes to the number of nearly three hundred if the Court was at Windsor. The Queen chose the gifts with careful thought for the wants of each. A lighted tree, with snow-laden branches, appeared as a centre around which the presents were arranged. These, however, were too numerous to be grouped in one place, and had to be spread over long tables. Then in another room another Christmas-tree was placed, where other souvenirs awaited the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. Thus all were thought of and gratified, before the Queen

allowed herself to devote time to family affections, about which most people think first and foremost at such times.

At six o'clock in the evening came the hour when the family and immediate guests staying with the Queen were to have their turn. A large room was reserved for them, and they all entered it following her Majesty. There they saw a row of separate tables, each covered with a white cloth, and stretching right and left of the lighted tree, which was full of what used in those days to be called French and German bonbons. It was to the tables that attention was turned, for each member of the family or guest had a separate little table, and on this were laid out the remembrances sent from far and near.

The Queen's table was inspected first, and each of her guests or children pointed out to her that which was his or her gift, and many things were sent by persons who were absent in other parts of England, or by friends or kinsfolk abroad. The number of gifts for the Queen and Prince were always great, and she always took the keenest pleasure in viewing and examining those especially intended for herself. Then she would turn, and make a round of the other tables on which the articles were laid out, the name of the recipient and donor being inscribed on cards. The thanks offered the Queen for her contributions gave her as much pleasure as the offerings made to herself. Then, after a time, the rest of the Court were invited to enter, and the exhibition of the lovely objects was generally admired.

Music would follow the dinner, at which a wonderful baron of beef was placed on the side table—not quite a whole ox, but the greater part of one. There was usually a boar's head sent from Germany by the Duke of Coburg or some other relative, and there was a mighty pie, the interior of which held I do not know how many woodcocks from Ireland, and another great game pie into whose mysteries it would be profane to inquire.

On Christmas Day itself there was a beautiful service, with the choristers of St. George's Chapel to sing the

lovely carols, of which the Queen was always very fond. Then came the visit to the people who deserved notice, afterwards the lighted tree, and a fresh inspection of the gifts. Following this there was often music, as when Mendelssohn came with his choir to give "Athalie." And so the stately cheer went on, work and hospitality mingling with the family happiness. As it was in the early days, so the customs were continued as far as possible; but, alas! how many changes, how many old faces, came to be missing, how many honored ones could no more be seen! But there was an abundance of young faces, whose merriment cannot be marred by any such thoughts. It was in children that the Queen took delight. Though her own share in joy might be small, yet she watched with sympathy the enjoyment of all others, and in the observance of the festival she kept to what her husband did. This was always good in her eyes. As he ordered things, so she desired that they might be fulfilled. He was no niggard in anything, and his wholesome discipline and the rein he gave to pleasure remained the ideal of his widow to the last, and in unselfish thought for others she found her best reward.

One of the best pleasures we can have is to keep a family and its connections together in harmony and well-doing. Christmas festivals give an opportunity to do this, and it was always the Queen's wish, and a wish that found fulfilment in success, to make her family life an example to her countrymen. Her lifetime was, as far as she was able to influence it, that of which the Christmas-tree may be thought to be a symbol—namely, stanch and strong and bright with lights to gladden the grateful faces of children and children's children forming the family circle around the Christmas-tree at Windsor or at Osborne.

Returning for a moment to our description of the Queen's seaside home, we note that southeastward of Osborne, with its appurtenances and offices and outhouses beyond, further belts of oak and Scotch fir form a plantation designed to show the mildness of the climate. These are

close to an ancient Elizabethan abode. In the days of the Tudors it belonged to the Bishopric of Winchester, and is called Barton. The acquisition of this was a very necessary addition to the Osborne estate, lying as it did almost within the grounds, and its possession enabled the house party to have excellent skating in hard winters on a piece of water in an orchard-clad little valley.

The Queen could be seen almost every afternoon between half-past three and five o'clock driving in an open carriage drawn by her gray horses, and preceded by an outrider, and accompanied by an equerry or two on horseback, visiting Newport, Ryde, and the various places in the neighborhood. Previous to this, in the morning she always took a walk between twelve and one accompanied by some of the family, and followed by two servants. Very often she visited the families of those in her service, or inspected her home farm, which is close to Barton. Or, again, she would spend a little time either in the morning or in the evening at a favorite place not far from the old bishop's dwelling, where a house, in the likeness of a Swiss cottage, with projecting eaves and a gallery running round above the ground floor, had been made into a little museum of curiosities, collected by herself and by the Prince, or by her children—a collection which became in time so large that another ornamental wooden building had to be erected so that they might be better seen. They comprised objects from all lands, collected during the visits of the Princes to the Colonies and foreign shores, and they made this building a little school of history, archæology, and zoology.

The excellence of the houses the Queen built on her estate to insure the comfort of everybody in her employment was one of the first cares of herself and the Prince. Her people were, indeed, well housed before she herself had entirely finished her own dwelling. It was always her aim and object that every one, from the laborer to the head of some estate department, should be well cared for while in her service.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN

THOUGH Christian faith may comfort sorrow, a funeral is always inexpressibly sad in the solemn journey to the tomb with one whom we have loved, and whose soul we would fain believe has gone to await in peace the eternal enjoyment of our Creator's presence. There is so great a shrinking from the recollection of the parting we have witnessed between body and spirit, there is so keen a pain, that we would resent all intrusion and would wish to endure our grief alone. But when that grief is shared by many, and the respect and love we bore to the dead has been felt also by all our countrymen, we must bear not only with acquiescence but with pride the knowledge that the public feel our loss to be theirs as well. Sorrow, like love, may be inclined to be selfish, but it may be good that in loving a great life we should throw open wide the doors of the house of mourning, and seek to feel some solace in the thought that we are not alone in our judgment of the dead. Still, for us the blank may be a loss, telling each day on the relations of life, while with the stranger it must be only an incident like others in his existence.

Such thoughts may have moved those who gathered in the Queen's beautiful home in the Isle of Wight after her death. All who had served her in recent years, all who had known her go out and in among them, who had dwelt on her land, the cottagers who worked her fields, the men who attended to her daily wants, the women and servants whom she treated so well, who had become friends as well as attendants—these all mourned with a

bitter mourning. The Duchess of Cleveland wrote that she, her bridesmaid, hoped to have gone before her, and grieved to be her survivor. The Ministers who had served her in both parties in the State received the news, which seemed to come so suddenly and so strangely, as the announcement of an event which struck, as with a personal blow, the sense of each. For so long a time had Britain's Queen been the head and representative of the great Imperial State they served, that it appeared unreal that there could be so great a change in what had endured for so long past the memory of all men concerned in public affairs. She, through whose hands all great affairs had passed; she, who, ever loyal to the unwritten Constitution, had made that Constitution more defined than many that are written by her life-long usage and practice and example; she, who had never shrunk from the daily task of learning the movements in public feeling, and the measures by which her Ministers proposed to meet the needs of the hour; she, who had ever given advice when desired, or when she deemed it her duty to do so, with an unwavering sagacity, with the advantage of a memory tenacious and stored through the valuable lessons of experience; she, whose judgment had ripened with the long years, and whose way of conveying her opinion had never lacked in tact or knowledge of men—the woman who was sovereign, and as sovereign was thorough woman, could now no more be heard or seen. Her place was void in the centre of her Empire. Her dominions, commonwealths, her States and provinces over sea, would know that the mother of those who loved to live under the triple crosses of her flag had been lost to them. No such natural death, occurring at so great an age, could have in past times awakened such sorrow as that now honestly and heartily expressed. It was because through all lands the very greatness of her people, their very freedom from all undue restraint, had made her life better known to them than that of many of their own relatives, that the news, "The Queen is dead," seemed so unreal.

There had also been so little warning even for those nearest to her. "Some little wildering of a tired brain" had been marked with anxiety, but hope always came to restore confidence in the strength of heart which had beat on so regularly that passing ailments had gone, to leave little trace of their passage. There had been moments of depression during the last stay at Balmoral; the weather had been cold and gray and heavy, and the Queen had not been able to enjoy her stay as usual. She had felt unwell after her return to Windsor, where the very size and stateliness of the Castle appeared to oppress her, and she felt the burden of having to talk to many visitors.

Yet all was still done with that unfaltering courage which could not yield to any weakness. But the hours were at last not so punctually observed. There was increasing uncertainty as to whether the Queen would appear at lunch or dinner. She was told by the doctors that she must consent to consider how to save her strength, and that for a while she ought to lead the life of an invalid. She must not write so much, she must do nothing to bring on unnecessary fatigue. For the first time she did not write herself the good wishes for Christmas and New Year which she was wont to send to each member of her family. The despatches were all read to her. She was resolved not to abstain from inviting those who ought to have an interview on any public business. They came, and there was nothing in her speech that betrayed any change. It was observed that her eyesight had become very dim, but she heard all that was said, and answered promptly with all the old kindness and judgment and gentleness.

Instead of holding her after-dinner talk with her guests in the corridor outside the Oak Dining-room, she was wheeled in her chair to the White Drawing-room, and sat there near the table to listen to any music played on the piano, or to call up those she desired to speak to. All this was as before. The time at which she retired was the

same, and when the day fixed for the departure to Osborne arrived, those who had been told by the Scotch servants and others, who had watched her at Balmoral, that she was "failing," were glad to see the smile still upon her face as they took leave of her. When she entered her carriage only a few said to themselves they feared it might be the last time. A gangway was arranged at the carriage porch under the Oak Room for her to walk with the help of the arm of her Indian scarlet-robed servant to her seat, and have the plaids "happed" around her by the Highlanders, and be driven to the station by the gray horses. That was her passing from Windsor.

The journey to the Isle of Wight fatigued her greatly, although, as a rule, railway travelling did not affect her. Yet, again, at Osborne she saw Lord Roberts twice, and nothing in manner, look, or conversation betrayed the failing power of the brain. Indeed, any failure of memory was only noticed momentarily by those who were with her until the last few days of her life. Then, on one sad morning, there was serious alarm, for there was a thickening of speech and loss of power, and the Prince of Wales left London, on a message being sent, and, hurriedly crossing to Osborne, found that Sir James Reid, the Queen's able and devoted physician, was very anxious. Other members of the family were sent for, until the house was full of sorrowful watchers, and Sir James Reid and Sir Douglas Powell, famous for his skill, could give no comfort. The Queen recognized her children, naming them each, and they were with her to the end.

Her eldest grandson, the German Emperor, left Berlin as soon as the bad news reached him, and hurried to Osborne. The Duke of Connaught had been with him at the German Imperial capital, where the two hundredth year of the existence of the Prussian monarchy was being celebrated with magnificent pomp and circumstance. The great pageants by which the German people are wise enough to commemorate the events affecting their national existence—thereby giving lessons in patriotism

and expressing a just pride in the heroic deeds of ancestors to the youth of their country—were in full progress. The festivities of State were following each other in splendid succession. The Emperor commanded they should cease, for his sorrow was also the sorrow of his nation. He broke off all the gorgeous ceremonies, and left instantly with his uncle to attend our sovereign in her illness. The English people, as well as his own countrymen, felt to their hearts' core the love and sympathy he thus showed. If one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, it is doubly thus when the kindred Teutonic races see the holy bonds of family love revered, honored, and observed.

The Emperor was with the Queen to the last, and, despite his own great cares, remained with her and his English relatives until the final scene at Frogmore Mausoleum was over. He sent also for his eldest son, the Crown Prince, and for his brother, Prince Henry, who came with a German squadron to take part in the last sad ceremony. Queen Victoria died, with many of her children and grandchildren around her, at 6.35 in the evening of January 22, 1901.

With the commencement of a new reign, cares of State came forthwith upon her successor. It was necessary for King Edward VII. to leave early the next morning for London to meet his Privy Council, and formally take over the inheritance that had come to him. He had to prove at once the resolve to tread in his mother's footsteps, to leave no task of sovereignty undone, whether of ceremonial or of those duties and labors of which ceremonial marks the culmination and stamps with the State's approval the result of service rendered to the realm. The fine features, the gray hair, the head that had always thought and wrought for the nation, lay with a bridal veil and a widow's cap, like a piece of beautiful carved ivory, on the bed which was now no longer one of struggle and of pain. "Her body rests in peace, her soul lives for evermore."

The functions of monarchy had to be fulfilled, as she

would have wished. In London the train carrying the new monarch was awaited by dense crowds in black, who silently filled the sides of the roadway between Victoria station and Buckingham Palace. At St. James's Palace the next morning, the Privy Councillors, to the number of over a hundred, had already assembled, wearing uniform. There also, according to usage, were the Lord Mayor and his Councillors. The King entering, forthwith delivered his touching speech, saying that he desired his title to be Edward VII., leaving the name of Albert to be borne alone by his father in history, who had been so justly named "Albert the Good." The oath for the maintenance of the Presbyterian religion in Scotland was taken with hand uplifted according to Northern custom, and then one by one the Privy Councillors knelt and kissed hands, after taking the oath of allegiance.

Then, when the assembly had dispersed, all arrangements had to be made for the bringing of the Queen to the place of her last rest, and much had at once to be arranged. Already it was known that the Kings of the Belgians, of Portugal, and of Greece, the heirs to the thrones of Russia and Denmark, and Italy and Germany, with many other princes and representatives of foreign powers, would come to show the veneration in which the memory was held of her who had now gone to her home, as the Germans beautifully express, in one word, their faith that the dead only depart homeward.

The mournful ceremonies had necessarily to extend over three days. The first stage, from Osborne to Portsmouth, gave the navy an opportunity of rendering the last honors; then, secondly, the procession through London, where the army could line the path, roads, and streets through which the funeral *cortège* should pass, and then the Windsor Church service; and on the final day the placing of the Queen in the tomb at Frogmore.

All was splendidly achieved in the given time, and before the end of the first week in February the visitors from the Continent were able to return, their mission being

fulfilled. Nothing could have been more in consonance with the desire of the Queen that the feelings of her people should be considered and deferred to than the manner in which the obsequies were carried out. There was first a quiet assembling of her own kinsfolk and servants at her own home. The latter part of the first day was the time for the naval display; the morning of the second that for the army in London.

She had always a dislike to the black trappings commonly used, and desired that black should be avoided as far as possible in the hangings and appurtenances used at her funeral, preferring purple and white before these, and even that black horses should be dispensed with. As in the case of the King of Italy, who went to his grave coffined in white and gold only a few short months before in Rome, so was our Queen also to be buried. In white she was borne from her dwelling, while the bright color of her standard and the crown and the two orbs, belonging from of old to her sovereign office, shone as they lay upon the crimson, blue and gold, and white of Britain's Imperial banner.

At Osborne, with the great candelabra around her, and her faithful servants and soldiers keeping watch and ward, she lay in the room where she had seen her daughter Princess Alice married. Now the pictures were covered, and the room transformed into the likeness of a chapel. The paintings displayed were on the subject of the life of our Lord, and the furniture and ornaments necessary in this chapel were gifts from the Empress Frederick and others of her loving children.

So she lay until the day came for the last journey of her mortal body. The winter's sun shone brightly as the mourners formed up behind the gun-carriage which had been driven by the artillerymen under the portico where she had so lately gone forth for her drives about the island. The princes in uniform, the princesses walking behind them, and all on foot, passed from the door opening on that court which the Queen had enclosed on three sides

by the Italian architecture of her home, out to the long avenue of ilex which she had planted, and the boughs of which now all but meet above the broad roadway to the entrance gates. Thence down the hill to the red-roofed town and to the banks of the Medina, and so on board her little yacht, the *Alberta*, which she had used so often in crossing from and to the mainland, or for a brief afternoon cruise in the hot summer days.

At the mouth of the river was the guard-ship, the *Australia*, which was to give the signal for the fleet's salute. There, stretched away to the eastward from that guard-ship, the magnificent array of battle-ships and cruisers lay upon the waters to the distant horizon off Portsmouth. For leagues along the gray wintry waters the line of the British fleet was visible, and far off, near Ryde, could be seen other war-ships, apart from the regular rank of the floating forts that lay so low and so darkly on the silver tide. These others were the ships of the Germans, and yet another powerful vessel under the command of a gallant French admiral. And then, near the Medina, as the *Alberta* steamed slowly away from her pier, were a number of sharp, low-hulled, black vessels, the destroyers—the advance guard to the yacht of the Queen of the Sea—which slowly glided from the estuary into the broader waters of the Solent. The long, low destroyers formed in processional order before it. Then from the guard-ship broke fire and smoke at the cannon's mouth, and loudly, near at hand and lessening in volume of sound as the salute proceeded, came the flash and report from one ship after another along that line of eleven miles, the minute-guns answering from ironside to ironside, and then flashing and rolling forth again their thunder from the west to the east in continuous shocks of sound.

And the black hulls in advance sped slowly on down the mighty line, and the silver and gray of the sea was clouded with the smoke, which, drifting in a haze that became golden as the sun declined, was brightened by stronger light near Portsmouth, whose people, in dense,

black, silent masses, fringed all the shore. They saw the dark advance guard of the flotilla coming through the haze. They then made out the little yacht with its bright standard, ahead of the two larger vessels, the *Osborne* and the *Victoria and Albert*, which in turn were ahead of the great gray *Hohenzollern*, the floating palace of the German Emperor.

All glided slowly into harbor, passing Nelson's old flag-ship, the *Victory*, while the gleam of evening light remained for a time bright and clear. In the harbor that night the yacht flotilla remained, waiting for the morning, when the railway journey began, and London was reached—London with all her people waiting along street and park and station—every man bareheaded and every woman with some mark of mourning. The silence seemed as though one were looking at dumb masses through a glass that prevented sound from coming to the ears. Here, past the ranks of troops in great coats, fringing the roadway which they kept clear, the King, the German Emperor, the princes, and others rode, cloaked and plumed, carriages conveying the princesses, while officers of the household and others marched on foot. No disorder took place, but the pressure of the crowd was so great that the heavy iron railings of the park gave way before it.

Only two trains left the Great Western station for Windsor. One was filled by the ambassadors and other visitors; and soon afterwards the second was seen by those who watched from the walls of Windsor Castle to traverse the sinuous course of the viaduct and bridge over the Thames. This was the train that included among its cars the Queen's own travelling carriage, which had been made with a wide door to allow her chair to enter during those last years when she could not go far on foot. Alas! now the width of the entrance had made it to be the chosen vehicle for the crimson, blue, and white draped coffin.

As soon as this had been carried to the gun-carriage at Windsor, the gunner's horses became restive, owing to the long wait they had endured in the cold, and the guard

of honor of bluejackets seized their chance to render a last service by assisting the gunners to unharness the horses, and by putting themselves in the place of the team. The change was made with marvellous quickness and silence, and the band of straw hats and white shirts, with the broad, blue, falling collars, drew the heavy burden with ease and certainty up the ascent to the road bordering the ancient fosse, below the walls reared by Henry III., then down the street to the beginning of the Long Walk, and so up to that last bit of the great three-mile-long avenue, traversing its last and most open section from the gate to the Castle grounds, up to the archway between the York and the Lancaster towers, through the Upper Ward, and then, passing the Norman gateway, down the Lower Ward to the west door of the great Chapel of St. George.

Except within the Castle, where troops only were allowed to be stationed, there were many people assembled. These had thronged all the day before to see the thousands of beautiful wreaths of flowers sent in token of sorrow to be laid near the Queen. Their blossoms filled all the cloisters and all the grass space enclosed by the cloisters. They made the whole of this plot of ground one bright garden bed of bloom; they lined all the base of the outside walls of the church, and were piled in beautiful profusion within the Wolsey Chapel.

Within St. George's the mass of the congregation was confined to the nave. The invited visitors were in the chancel, the mourners marching in the procession filled the choir as they followed the dead, and streamed in their bright uniforms, filling the central space with color—for their great-coats had been laid aside—as they passed into the candle-lit shadows of the church.

Here glorious music, beloved by the Queen, rose from organ and choristers. The white coffin, with its gleaming crown and orbs, and with the beautiful colorings of the silk standard covering it as a pall, was lifted on to the bier above the throng standing around it in their black and scarlet and gold. The words of hope and peace and

faith of the burial service were said; the herald proclaimed the departure of one mighty sovereign and the accession of King Edward VII., and then gradually the mourners left, and the banners in gorgeous array above the dark carved pinnacles of the chancel walls drooped alone over the Guardsmen, who, in their bearskins and with arms reversed, remained to watch over the dead.

Guests and representatives of foreign powers passed away to the Castle above or, returning through the gate of Henry VIII., in some instances went direct to London, and so over sea. Only the family remained in the Castle for the last rites on the morrow. On that last morning of this sad pilgrimage, one of those tales which, even if fanciful, possess a certain poetry, from the sentiment that gives birth to the idea, was heard to the effect that a child had noticed two gray doves fly out from St. George's archway to wing their way slowly in advance of the procession to the grounds to which the mourners were setting out. It revived in some the memory of the old belief that the dove, taking its place near the window of the dying, was the embodiment of another soul waiting to receive the one about to join it.

Yet another fancy was heard that day. In far-off South Africa a Zulu chief, on hearing of the death of the great White Queen, said, with a simple sorrow: "Then I shall see another star in the sky."

Now, again on a gun-carriage, this time horsed by bays, the artillery team proudly and quietly took their burden, and, followed by the family and those allied to her by marriage, the Queen was again taken through her ancient fortress. This time it was down the descent towards the forest, and all those connected with Windsor were allowed to line the roadway, the Life Guards, in their long crimson cloaks, keeping clear the route. At the foot of the slope, the Guards relieved these, and the train of cloaked figures turned into the Frogmore road, which was kept private, save for the soldiers still forming a living avenue. The pipers blew their lament in front, muffled drums

rolled out plaintive notes of subdued sorrow, and the bands relieved them at intervals; and so, with lamentation and solemn dignity, her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren following her, our dear Queen was brought to where she would be at rest beside her Prince.

In the tomb, sunk into the gray granite sarcophagus, his coffin was seen, and upon it lay the sword that he wore. Her own was lifted, and then slowly lowered by her faithful Life Guards until it lay by his. For thirty-nine years the loving spirits had been separated. How long it seems, and yet what an unfelt moment in the being of the Eternal!

"DEATH'S Angel to the Island went
And took Her from the Throne,
But not from place pre-eminent
Within our hearts by sorrow rent,
Yet proud one love to own.

"The love to Her who, now at rest,
Is mourned Her Empire through;
Whom men of alien nations blessed,
Whose love the poor and the distressed
Could tell was quick and true.

"For over sixty years Her reign
Had been so full of good,
No honest homage sounded vain,
No prayers that Time might long retain
Her Empress widowhood.

"We took Her silent form to glide
Where reached from shore to shore
Her glorious Fleet. Each war-ship's side
Rang, mile on mile, above the tide,
The Queen's salute once more!

"And through Her city, mightiest,
Her Army stood, where rode
Her kindred monarchs, and the best
Of those whose warring could attest
Where honor brightest glowed.

THE PASSING OF THE QUEEN

"We brought Her to where Windsor shows
Her church, her walls, her tower;
A dream in stone, whose river flows
Beneath fair wooded slopes, and knows
The secret of Her power.

"The power of love was Hers that strives
Through holiest charity,
The need supremest in our lives,
That through the might of God deprives
The grave of victory!

"Then last we laid Her down, where love
With her dear Prince had been,
And prayed our earthly love may prove
A splendor caught from God above,
Like Hers, who reigned our Queen!"

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